Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
AUGUST 1987

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

MOSSAD:
ISRAEL'S SECRET WEAPON

BESTIALITY:
ANIMAL LOVERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT

SUPERLIGHTS

No buxom blonde.
No French champagne.
No black tie affairs.

Nothing but taste.

Leo Burnett PMLP 4953 APB4964–C

SUPERLIGHTS

SUPERLIGHTS 30's

30
SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning

Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 8/August 1987

Bambi

Snow Ponies

Training Against Terror

Animal Acts

REGULARS

CONTENTS		PAGE
COVER	*By Nick Brokensha*	
HOUSECALL		*4*
FEEDBACK		*6*
FORUM		*9*
ANGER	*Opinion by Steven Gibbs*	*17*
LUST	*Sex by Louis du Buisson*	*18*
AVARICE	*Finance by David Quicksilver*	*20*
ENVY	*Opinion by Ken Stevens*	*22*
VANITY	*Fashion by Mary Ellen Dyster*	*24*
GLUTTONY	*Food and Liquor by Elisabeth King*	*28*
SLOTH	*Travel by Adrian Treahy*	*30*
CALL ME MADAM	*Advice by Xaviera Hollander*	*104*
JOHNNY TOPPER	*Cartoon by Gerhart*	*125*
LOOSE ENDS	*Edited by C.J. Mackay*	*137*
SOUNDS	*Edited by Jeremy Cook*	*138*
FILM	*Edited by C.J. Mackay*	*139*

FEATURES

ANIMAL ACTS	*Greg Hunter*	*32*
MARTIAL LORE	*David Halpin*	*50*
ARE YOU A LATENT HOMOSEXUAL?	*Quiz by C.J. Mackay*	*56*
TRAINING AGAINST TERROR	*Robert Rosenberg*	*74*
FRENCH FORCE	*Profile by Peter Sikowitz*	*82*
SNOW PONIES	*Walt Hiltner*	*98*

PICTORIALS

MASQUERADE	*Alan Vertue*	*40*
AMAZON/BAMBI	*Nick Brokensha*	*59*
WET AND WILD/CONNIE	*Carl Wachter*	*88*
STAGE FRIGHT/LAURI	*Stephen Hicks*	*112*
MERGER MANIA	*Earl Miller*	*128*

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Graham Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0818-2892.

*Recommended price only

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL
Art Director: Doug Finley; *Senior Editors:* Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; *Copy Editor:* Graem Sims; *Assistant Art Directors:* Rosanne Hyndman, Brett Fuller; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Contributing Editors:* Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Dr Geoffrey E. Smith, Adrian Tame, Jeremy Cook; *Office Manager:* Nicky Carnegie; *Typesetting:* Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING
Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; *NSW Advertising Manager:* Sarah O'Rourke; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Cynthia Ragga; *Vic:* Woodside Media Pty. Ltd. 29 Agnes Street, Jolimont 3004. Tel: (03) 63 1811; *SA:* Gary Jaffer, 8/43 Blyth Street, Parkside 5062. Tel. (08) 373 1047; *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069, Tel. (07) 202 6813; *WA:* Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 7 Fore Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833; *Japan:* Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 — Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ)

PUBLISHERS
Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES
PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS
Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition)
Bob Guccione *(Chairman);* Kathy Keeton *(Vice-chairman);* David J. Myerson *(Chief Operating Officer);* Anthony J. Guccione *(Secretary-Treasurer);* John Evans *(Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)*

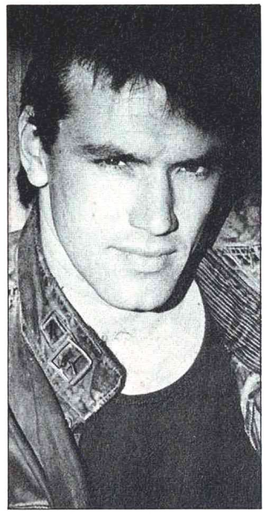
EDITORIAL
Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino

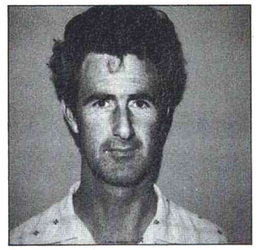
ADMINISTRATIVE
Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice President:* David J. Myerson; *Senior Vice President/Production Director:* John Evans; *Senior Vice President/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Eriko Kusomoto.

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824 -9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS
Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112, *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

AUGUST


GRAHAM MONRO


RAY CONDON

C.J. MACKAY

DAVID HALPIN

GREG HUNTER

HOUSECALL

ANIMAL ACTS
Just when you thought there were no more taboos left for *Penthouse* to shatter, Senior Editor Greg Hunter gets down and dirty with a comprehensive study of mankind's oldest perversion — bestiality. If fornication with a four-legged friend doesn't turn you on, you're bound to get plenty of laughs out of this outlandish piece of barnyard journalism, beginning on page 32 with an illustration by Ray Condon.

MARTIAL LORE
When Marcel Behring, otherwise known as "Mr Deadly", came to Australia to find an opponent for a full-contact, no-holds-barred bloodbath in Rio this November, he sought the roughest, toughest, meanest fighter of any style in the country. The man he picked was John McDonald — and that decision has Australia's martial arts "establishment" up in arms. Who is this McDonald and since when was he the king of tough guys? David Halpin's investigation, with photos by Graham Monro, begins on page 50.

SNOW PONIES
Freestyle skiing is without a doubt the greatest show on snow. Its exponents have forgotten about trying to look cool and pretty on the slopes; freestyling is all about sheer balls, bravado and commitment. Kate Sampson's camera captures a dazzling display of moves to complement Walt Hiltner's words. Turn to page 98.

ARE YOU A LATENT HOMOSEXUAL?
Have you ever thrown a party where nobody spewed? Have you ever worn your pyjama pants backwards? The answers to these and a host of other penetrating questions will determine once and for all whether or not you have any pillow biting and/or freckle punching tendencies. Turn to our psychograph, compiled by C.J. Mackay, on page 56. What's the matter? Scared to take the plunge? Come on, we're all grown-ups around here, you pathetic limp-wristed panty-waisted faggot . . .

TRAINING AGAINST TERROR
Israel has a great record when it comes to counter-terrorism — so great that dozens of countries are willing to pay big money to learn how to handle their own crises the Israeli way. Robert Rosenberg got an exclusive glimpse inside one of the Israeli companies exporting its expertise in controlled, surgically accurate violence. The accompanying photos were contributed by Jeffrey Rotman. Turn to page 74.

FRENCH FORCE
Why would France's premier sporting hero, the world's number four tennis player, entertain thoughts of suicide at the very moment of his greatest triumph? *Penthouse's* profile of Yannick Noah is a powerful insight into the pressures that operate at the top end of big-time international sports. Ironically, Noah's sensitivity — his Achilles' heel as a sportsman — may be the factor that saves him as a human being. Our profile is on page 82.

PET OF THE MONTH
Since the Americans have seen the best we've got to offer, *Penthouse* redresses the balance with Canadian-born New York fashion model Bambi, a classic beauty who cast off the haute couture of Fifth Avenue to venture back of Bourke with photographer Nick Brokensha.

OUR HOTELS ARE DIFFERENT. (FOR A START, THEY'RE NOT ALL THE SAME.)

The Parkroyal Collection isn't a chain of Identikit hotels.

Rather, each hotel within The Collection has its own architectural style and interior decor.

Each one has its own personality and reflects the individual character of its location.

The Parkroyal you stay at in Sydney, for instance, isn't a carbon copy of the one you experience in Perth.

Yet there are important constants.

Parkroyal hotels are all smaller and offer a more intimate, club-like atmosphere. They impress with personal service and small touches rather than with loud splashes.

And whilst there is an undeniable elegance about each hotel, the emphasis is always on the guest, making you feel more important than the hotel itself.

As you will discover, they're more than an alternative to the other hotels.

They're a relief.

THE PARKROYAL COLLECTION

The Sydney Boulevard ◊ Old Sydney Parkroyal (formerly Old Sydney Inn) ◊ Parramatta Parkroyal ◊ Newcastle Parkroyal ◊ Canberra Parkroyal ◊ Capital Parkroyal, Canberra (open late 1988) ◊ Parkroyal on St Kilda Road, Melbourne ◊ Brisbane Parkroyal ◊ Gold Coast International Hotel ◊ Cairns Parkroyal (open mid 1988) ◊ Adelaide Parkroyal ◊ Perth Parkroyal ◊ Tahiti Beachcomber ◊ Auckland Parkroyal (open mid 1987) Wellington Parkroyal ◊ Christchurch Parkroyal (open late 1988) ◊ Queenstown Parkroyal (open late 1987).

Call the hotel direct or Australia (02) 267 2144. Outside Sydney (008) 221213. New Zealand: Auckland (09) 73 2269. Outside Auckland Area – Freefone (09) 39 4777.

Foster Nunn Loveder SPH0115

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The Brotherhood

Having read Dr Geoffrey E. Smith's expose(?) on Freemasonry, titled The Brotherhood, in the May edition, I must take issue and say — from my standpoint as a Freemason of many years' standing — this is a classic case of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing.

Dr Smith has picked up bits and pieces of Masonic information, freely available from many books written on the subject, and written what he believes to be a "warning" *totally* out of context. But what is more surprising is *Australian Penthouse*, supposedly an *avant garde* publication, allowing this purblind nonsense to be published without first-hand research. Any Grand Secretary worth his salt would have *freely* discussed the subject matter and corrected the many mis-truths — the most glaring of which being that Freemasonry is a tool to further business prospects. Sheer rubbish. One of the prerequisites of joining the craft is a declaration *never* to use the privileges in the furtherance of position or work.

The basic attraction to Freemasonry is tradition. If this is explained in allegory and symbol, more power to it, as it *makes* men think.

I am proud to be a Freemason, prouder still to be part of a worldwide brotherhood of *good* men. However, there are always a few detractors who, through their own lacking, bring to public scrutiny by half-truths and misquotes the wrong impression. I'm sure the author is among those few. — *Jerry Hughes, Montrose, Vic*

I am writing to let you know how much I enjoyed The Brotherhood. To Dr Geoffrey E. Smith and his helpers, I would like to nominate you for several literary awards as follow:

"The Golden Typewriter Award" for the best comedy/satire in a magazine.

"The M16 Award" for the writer proved incapable of distinguishing between a secret society and a society with secrets.

Finally, "The Bullshit Award" to all the unknown people who contributed so much bullshit for this writer to assemble as factual information. As so much bullshit was collected by so many people (there is obviously too much for one or two people), the trophy will need to be held in perpetuity on their collective behalf by a responsible member of the community — I suggest the local garbage collector. But be careful; he might be a Freemason in disguise. You'll find us here, there, and nearly everywhere. — *Name and address withheld*

The distracting Libby Buchanan

As the author of The Brotherhood I would make this brief reply: if Freemasonry has nothing to hide, why does it admit to being "a society with secrets"? These secrets are only revealed to individual masons as they progress through the various degrees of Freemasonry. From my own research I can state categorically that no Grand Secretary will discuss anything at all beyond the idea that Freemasonry is "not a secret society but a society with secrets." Apart from that, there are numerous examples of Freemasons apparently using masonic connections in the furtherance of their careers. If you don't believe that, I suggest you start by looking at the extraordinary rise of the former chief of MI5 and alleged Soviet mole Sir Roger Hollis, documented in Steven Knight's book The Brotherhood. — Dr G.E. Smith

Usual distractions . . .

Australian Penthouse has surpassed itself again with the pictorials in the May issue. Linda Johnson, and Libby Buchanan in particular, are so exquisitely horny that I was quite distracted from my usual appreciation of your magazine's excellent journalism. In fact, this just gave me an idea. Why not select the raunchiest girls from the preceding year's issues and produce a *Penthouse* calendar so these beauties can be proudly displayed in readers' homes? — *John R. Spencer, Queenscliff, NSW*

Setting the pace

As a dedicated amateur photographer and subscriber to your Black Label magazine, I would like to congratulate you on your consistently excellent selection of models for your pictorials which, now almost traditionally, leaves other magazines (including European and US) trailing well behind. With the April edition, however, you have achieved the impossible: to surpass even the standards previously set by your own magazine. The appearance of Lee Ann Barker is by far the best I have seen in years, anywhere. — *R.V., Boronia, Vic*

On the ball

The title for the feature in the May issue, White Trash, was exactly on the ball. It was the most distasteful piece of unadulterated crap I have ever seen in a magazine. Keep using farcical shit like that and you'll be losing my $4.95 each month. There should be more class in the magazine, such as "hotpot" Linda Johnson. — *Pete Thorn, Chester Hill, NSW*

Come the Red Dawn, brother

We appreciate the contribution *Penthouse* is making towards the undermining of freedom under capitalism.

We communists believe that if the highest form of human relationship is treated with disrespect, even degradation, all other relationships will be degraded. This will bring about a breakdown of moral and spiritual integrity among the people and, in turn, create social corruption and conflict.

In this situation people will turn to socialist controls or communism to restore social order and justice. Keep up your disrespect for and degradation of human sexuality; you are doing a magnificent job in contributing to the undermining and breakdown of Western civilisation. Long Live World Revolution! — *Anonymous, postmarked Moss Vale, NSW*

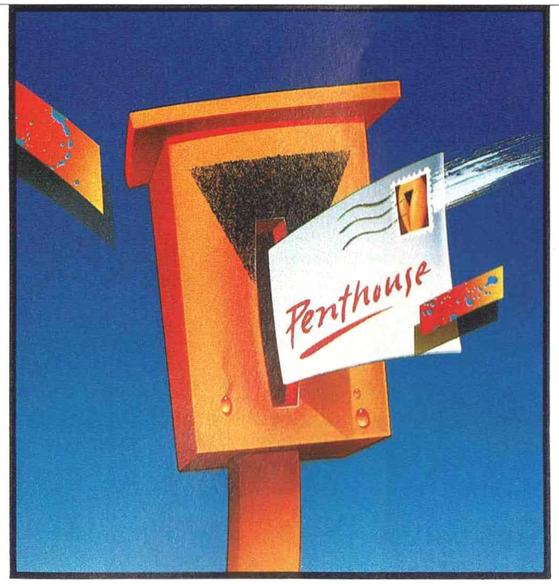
Dunhill De Luxe 25's
Always in good taste
dunhill
DE LUXE FILTER
25
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Created by our blenders from tobaccos of exceptional quality
Also available in De Luxe Mild
dunhill

What to tip in the best restaurants.

APB4384-A HKN0268 Foster Nunn Loveder

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request.
Letters become the property of Australian *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



Near neighbors

I am a 30-year-old divorcee. When Sue and Jim moved in next door, we met over the fence in the usual neighborly fashion. Soon it was natural for me to go next door for a lie in the sun and swim in their pool whenever I was in the mood. One day I'd had a swim and was lying in the sun. I must have dozed off because the next thing I knew someone was rubbing oil on my back with a firm but gentle hand. I lay there half awake, thoroughly enjoying it. The hands strayed down to the top of my brief bikini bottoms, then played with my arse. It felt so good. I didn't object because it really turned me on and I'd been wondering what it would be like to fuck Jim. I thought I was about to find out.

I moaned with pleasure as a finger started to work its way in and out of my arsehole. Then a breathless voice said "Turn over" and I felt a tingle of shock as I realised it was Sue, not Jim, who had got me in such a horny state. Being so turned on, I did as she asked and her lips were on mine in a passionate tongue kiss. Her soft lips travelled down and she was sucking and tongueing my nipples like no man had ever done before.

Her fingers were busy playing with my cunt, and then her tongue thrust in and out of my mouth, making my juices run down my thighs. I was wet and wanting more. Her hot, moist mouth travelled down my body until it reached my mound. Her lips and tongue played with my pubic hair and outer lips; then she thrust into my cunt and I gasped with pleasure. Her tongue was seeking juice and finding it; her finger was pumping my arse. I was writhing and moaning uncontrollably as my hand found her tits. I tugged on her nipples in passion. I almost cried when I came, it was so good. Then she was coming too and I pulled even harder on one of her tits and plunged my fingers into her cunt.

We were just getting our breath back, still fondling each other, when Jim arrived. I expected fireworks, but all he said was, "I see you've been properly introduced to Sue. Now it's my turn." With that, he offered me his fly to unzip. By this stage I didn't care anymore. I knelt in front of him, undid his pants and took his thick eight-inch cock into my mouth. I licked and sucked greedily. Sue knelt behind me, her hands pulling and squeezing my tits. Jim tried to prolong it, but come rushed into my mouth and down my throat within a couple of minutes (he'd been watching Sue and I and was halfway there before he walked out to us). Some of his juice ran down my face and Sue was there licking it off and tongue-kissing me again.

We both stripped Jim's clothes off and pushed him down. I mounted him, slowly lowering myself on to his still-hard cock. Half kneeling, half laying, I moved my cunt up and down his cock. Sue was licking and sucking my arse. I felt Jim's cock harden even more inside me. Then with an animal growl, his hot juice spurted inside me. My own screams and juices mingled with his as I reached another fantastic orgasm. Then Sue told me to turn around and let him taste my cunt. I knelt above his face as her lips sucked and teased his cock until it was hard enough to enter her. His tongue was working on my cunt as Sue's tongue was exploring my mouth once more. Her body was grinding on to his, and as his hands squeezed her arse, our hands were grasping each other's tits. After a few minutes I was coming again and Sue was right there with our cunts hot and our mouths gasping together. A little later Jim's juices were pumping into Sue and she was coming again.

After cooling off in the pool, they were all over me again. The position that left me trembling in orgasms for ages was Jim riding me from behind while Sue lay under me using her wonderful mouth and her hands to roughly pull my tits around. My breasts were sore for days and my boyfriend talked about me seeing a doctor if it persisted. Sue, Jim and I take pleasure in each other at least twice a week. In a few days a married couple whom they're on "friendly" terms with will be back in town. I can hardly wait to meet them. — *Name and address withheld*

Holy rolling

I had never read a single page of your magazine until the night my pastor burned 20 of them in an oil drum. One day, the Pastor worked the congregation into a frenzy over adult magazines, *Penthouse* in particular. "The time to strike out at the devil is now!" he shouted as he led us out of the church, singing hymns all the way to the local store. The plan was to exorcise Satan by burning all the copies of *Penthouse* we could lay our hands on.

The store's owner said he didn't care if we burned everything he had — from *Ms* and *Popular Mechanics* to *TV Week* and *Penthouse* — as long as we paid for them first. Pastor did what he's best at; he passed the collection plate and bought as many magazines as he could. With a lot of singing and testifying, the mobs of parishioners came to an orgasmic peak watching the flames caress the naked centrefolds.

The scene haunted me. I had the angry feeling that I had been manipulated and conned, and began to think that maybe I should see for myself just what all the fuss was about. I can't say I was immediately won over by your comfortable, casual approach to life and sex. But I will also admit that years of indoctrination might have prevented me from appreciating almost any unconventional views. I honestly could not see why your approach should be persecuted.

I needed to talk to someone about my changing attitudes, so I took the magazine

over to the Pastor's house, thinking maybe we could get a detailed dialogue going about the whole issue. When I arrived at his home, he wasn't in, but his wife Rebecca let me in and offered me some coffee. Most people would call Rebecca mousy or plain. She was about 37, always wore her hair back in a severe bun, and never wore makeup. She did have smooth, clear skin though, and I got the impression that underneath her heavy, shapeless clothes, she possessed a heavenly body.

Rebecca asked me about the magazine I was holding. I figured she and the pastor probably talked about *Penthouse* a lot, as she helped him type his hell-raising sermons. I said that I had read it, and it had given me misgivings about her husband's crusade. She didn't even blush, although I'm sure I did. We discussed in detail the contents, and much to my chagrin, I felt my member growing. I was very embarrassed, and tried to cover my expanding hard-on with the magazine.

Rebecca noticed and said, "Don't be ashamed. It's natural, isn't it? Didn't God create biology, after all?" I didn't know what to say. "Maybe this is to test us," I ventured. Rebecca just smiled, took me by the hand, and said, "Come with me."

In moments we were in the master bedroom, where a handmade quilt covered the big bed. With one hand squeezing the bulge in my corduroys, Rebecca told me of her frustration with her evangelical husband. He did his conjugal duties regularly, once a month. He even marked it in his appointment book so he wouldn't forget. She went on to tell me that if she so much as twitched during his brief lovemaking, gave even the slightest indication that she was enjoying herself, he would stop and give her a stern lecture about keeping a pure mind and heart.

By this time she had my shirt off and was working on my pants, passionately kissing me between her commentary. I had never dreamed that a woman's kisses could be so thrilling! My cock was finally released from the prison of my pants, and it was harder than it had ever been. Thinking I should contribute something to our tryst, I reached out and freed her hair from her bun. She shook it loose, and as the locks framed her unblemished face, I began to realise that she was a very beautiful woman who had been hiding her loveliness. Quickly she removed her clothes and got down on her knees. She began to touch, fondle, and devour my maleness with an intensity that bordered on ravishing hunger. I was astonished and nearly lost control of my seed while being orally ministered by the minister's wife.

Rebecca pulled me down with her on to the bed. Bathed in the evening sunlight streaming through the lace curtains, her body was a marvel of pale perfection. I could feel my organ swell even more as I looked at her. If this was the road to hell, I thought, it was a mighty smooth and fine highway. I lowered my face to her moist, hairy mound that rested between her shapely legs. She gasped loudly and began crying out in pleasure. She guided my head where she wanted, and in seconds she was climaxing, again and again and again. We made love several times, feeling more abandoned and having more intense orgasms each time.

When the Pastor returned, he found me sipping coffee with his now demure and proper wife. I tried to engage his interest in *Penthouse*, but he only berated me for succumbing to fleshy temptations and ripped the magazine to shreds. I felt only pity for him as I cast Rebecca a sly, sidelong smile of satisfaction. As I left, she shook my hand, smiled coquettishly, and politely said, "Do come again!" I suspect I will — many times. — *Name and address withheld*

Volleyballs

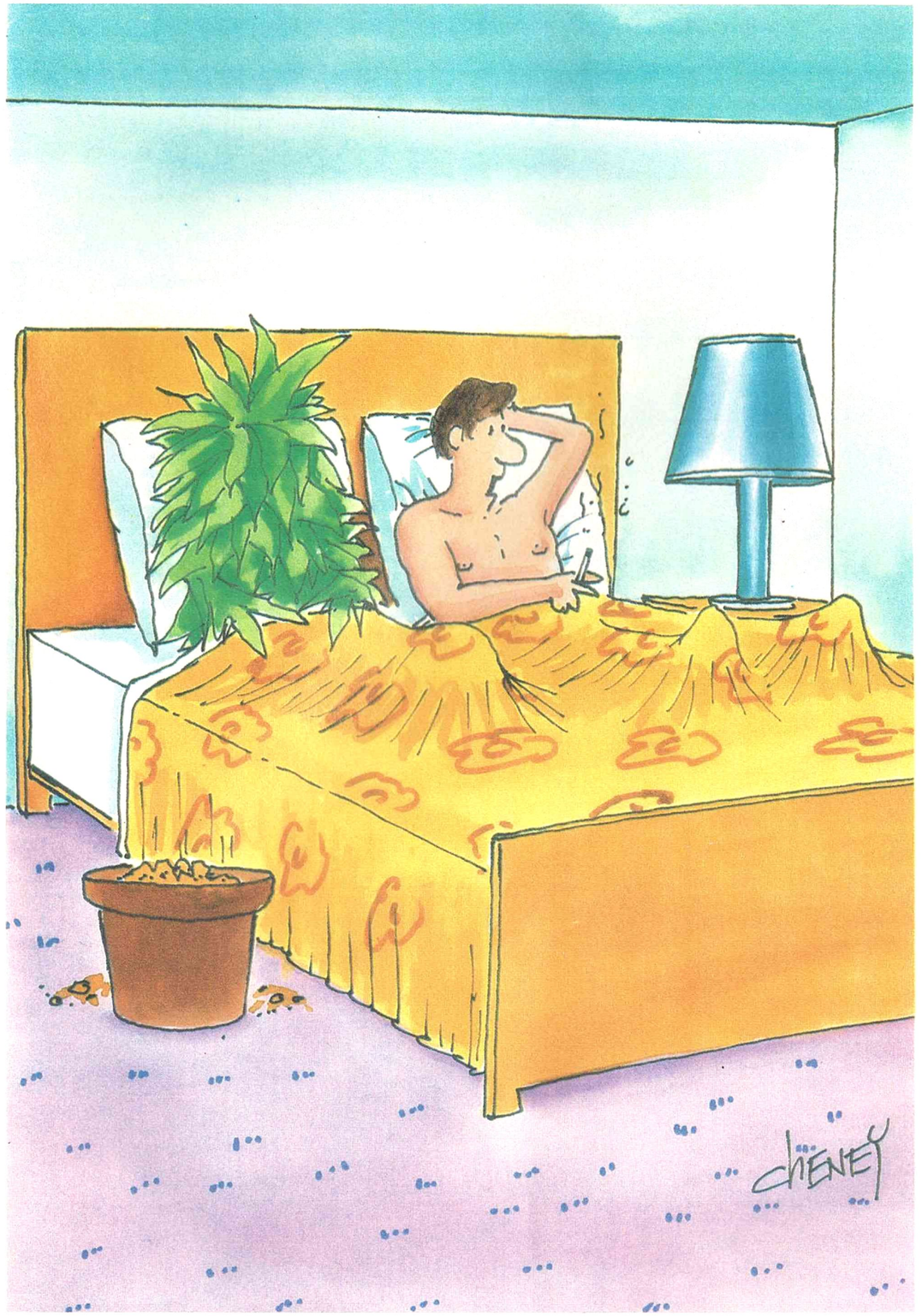
My friend Mitch and I spend our holidays travelling around coaching at high school camps. We're both attractive, athletic guys and it's no secret to our female colleagues on the staff that we like to indulge in the pleasures of the flesh.

One night, after a long day's work, we were relaxing in our room with Pauline, one of the female staff members. As it often does, our conversation turned to sex, as Mitch and I exchanged old "war stories" and offered Pauline pointers on how to improve her oral technique. Mitch playfully suggested to Pauline that the three of us strike up a game of "Swedish Tag Team." Much to my surprise, Pauline played along, admitting that it sounded fun but expressing some apprehension about doing Mitch and me at the same time.

I left the room to get some more beer, figuring the proposal had been written off as a joke. When I returned I found Mitch smiling and immediately knew that he had pressed the issue successfully in my absence. I looked over and saw Pauline giggling. *My God*, I thought, *this is actually going to happen!*

Now it was my turn to be apprehensive. As Pauline closed the door, my palms began to sweat. Like a seasoned veteran, Mitch peeled off his clothes, leaving me with no alternative but to follow suit. We sat on the bed, one on each side of Pauline, and lifted her tank top. I was pensive, waiting for Pauline to stop us at any minute; but by the time we had exposed her small pert breasts, her resistance and my anxieties were gone. As I seized her left nipple in my mouth, Mitch did the same with the right. Pauline responded by grabbing our leaping love darts, one in each hand, and moaning her approval.

Mitch was a natural leader. "The key to a successful Swedish tag team," he said, "is



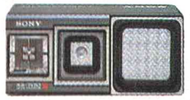
"What's really *crazy is that my wife is always telling everyone I have a green* thumb."

SONY

Sit back. Buckle up. Turn on your Sony stereo.

And take your mind off things. Forget the traffic snarls.

Ignore the successive red lights.



Relax behind the Hillman Hunter driven by a woman wearing a bowling hat.

You're listening to the ultimate car stereo system.

Developed by the same Sony engineers

who brought you the revolutionary Walkman and the portable CD, Discman.

Sony are unsurpassed at getting big hi-fi sound out of small

systems.

And with 38 audio components available, it's not difficult to piece together a system worth more than some cars.

From only $300 to over $3,000.

Hop in your car and lose yourself.

Sony Car Audio

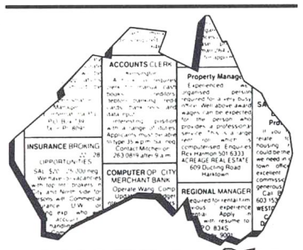
SSB(S) SNY 009

HOW TO FIND THE PERFECT JOB WITHOUT OPENING A SINGLE PAPER.

THE AUSTRALIAN FINANCIAL REVIEW

Australian Employment Monitors can provide comprehensive information on the employment market in over 700 professional categories right across Australia. We scan 21 newspapers and 257 specialist and trade magazines daily to provide professionals, executives and tertiary institutions with an employment service no-one can afford to ignore.

For more information call toll free today.



AUSTRALIAN EMPLOYMENT MONITORS
008 023 166
Open 7 Days, 8 am – 8 pm

FORUM

good communication." On that note, I manoeuvred on to my back as Pauline lowered her flickering tongue on to my flesh pop for a good round of fellatio. I communicated with her in a Morse code of throbs and thrusts, sending a message of intense pleasure. I watched as Mitch raised her hips to the proper trajectory and landed his moisture missile in her seething silo, prompting her to increase the speed and depth of her masterful mouth work.

I knew it wouldn't be long before my love pump spouted a meal of hot protein into Pauline's oesophagus, but I didn't want her to begin her liquid diet just yet. She was responding well to the beefy injection that Mitch had prescribed, and now it was time for my part of the treatment. I reached out and slapped a "high five" to Mitch, signalling the big switch. As I swung around and hoisted her dripping snatch on to my tool, Mitch shouted, "Lay that pipe, brother!" We were whooping it up like kids, but after a few strokes in Pauline's pleasure pot, the mood switched to one of serious ecstasy. I was now giving her the full length of my shaft with each progressively rapid stroke, and by the look on Mitch's face I knew that Pauline was dealing him the same potent pleasure that had brought me to the brink of climax.

As I increased my velocity, I felt a pressure building that could have broken a dam. For at least three minutes my orgasm welled within, until at last, with one ferocious thrust, I spewed what felt like a gallon of man milk into Pauline's torrid tunnel. In between mouthfuls of Mitch's cock, she squealed as the jets of jism found their way home. Knowing that it was Mitch's turn, she gave his cock one last throating, then turned to avail her receptacle for another fill-up. I watched for a while from the edge of the bed, never having had two people perform sex in my presence. The scene was so erotic that my shaft rose quickly to attention, and I moved over to receive some more of Pauline's oral art. Soon Mitch and I were both bucking away, and by the time his wad had shot in to join the earlier baked batch, Pauline was gargling on my copious load.

I'll never forget that night. Before the sun peeked through the shades, Mitch and I had irrigated Pauline's fertile canal with six orgasms worth of semen. She had exceeded our wildest fantasies, weathering our spermathon like a champ. We each went to a different camp after that, but all agreed that when our paths crossed again we would stage a rematch. — *Name and address withheld*

Acting out

A recent stay with my parents in my home town became a mission in dick diplomacy when one evening they lent me their car and told me to "enjoy myself." After about half an hour on the road, I settled on a bar that boasted "show girls of a different sort." I parked the car and headed in.

I took a seat at the bar and looked around. Dehydrated old stockies and lovesick businessmen seemed to make up the majority of the crowd, and soon the waitress arrived and asked me what I wanted. Enough of her tits were showing to make that answer obvious. I told her I was from out of town and was just checking out some arse. She turned around, thrust her practically naked rear end in my face, and asked me how it compared. Then she informed me that when it was her turn to dance she'd show me some arse all right, and she left without taking my order.

She reappeared onstage, dressed in something that looked like a skintight version of a *Star Wars* costume. It didn't hide much, and pretty soon I was having a hard time hiding my awakening tool. She seemed oblivious to the other guys at the bar, and did her ball-bothering stunts right in front of me. These included stripping to her G-string, flashing me her gorgeous pink slit, and fingering herself in front and behind. I must have stuffed ten bills into that open joy nest.

After her act was over, she came to me again and asked if I had seen enough arse for one night. I told her I wanted to meet her sex hole in person, as my tortured prick was going to rip straight through my jeans. My cock was so intent on getting wet that my lap had an eight-inch teepee growing in it. She went and said something to the boss, came back licking her lips, and announced she was on "break."

Out in the parking lot she began to massage my hard knob with both hands, and then opened up her skimpy blouse to reveal her perfect braless jugs and erect nipples. She reached into her heavenly hash box and raised her fingers, wet with her love juices, under my nose. The erotic fragrance made my balls quiver against each other.

I barely got the keys into the car door before we both piled into the back seat. I gave her nipples a tweak, then practically tore off her short skirt and panties, which were drenched in fuck fluid.

I pushed my face into her soaking loins and began licking and nibbling at her soft pubic mound. She was moaning loudly and playing with her nipples while her legs grew lighter around me. I found her engorged clit and engulfed it as if eating a honey-coated gumdrop. When I could tell she was wet and wild and ready for anything, I quickly stripped and moved on top of her.

I parted her steaming lips and pushed my iron rod into her sex furnace. Her body was heaving and bucking in rhythm with mine, and each time I thrust my throbbing manhood into her, she gave little cries of ecstasy. Finally I felt the lava coming, and just as she began to shriek in the throes of an orgasmic spin cycle, I poured a shud-

When Ferdinand A. Porsche sat down to create a shaver, he combined elegance, precision and reliability and came up with Le Mans Dual Voltage Electric Shaver. The handsome, compact body contains a shaver pack and cord housing module. Hidden away is a beard trimmer which operates telescopically to stand clear of the shaver head, ensuring an efficient, expert trim. Le Mans is a great performer with an unbeatable track record.
Ahead of the best
Sunbeam Le Mans
Sunbeam Corporation Limited (Inc. in N.S.W.)
Sunbeam is a Registered Trademark
Sunbeam

dering cargo of creamy love sap into her pulsating furry come basket.

She proceeded to pounce on my stiff-swollen member, and encircled its bulk with her dainty sucking machine. She fellated the length of my itching meat bat, and juggled my balls like a carnal clown at the same time. In a couple of minutes she brought me to yet another spectacular jam gush, and she greedily digested the scalding jism that spurted from my aching jewels in heavy gobs.

She then told me she had to get back to work, but left me her phone number and address, which I will definitely use the next time I visit the area. I just hope that dear old Mum and Dad don't find the stains on the upholstery; I may want to have them framed. — *Name and address withheld*

Poker party

It started out innocently enough. Archie, my aunt's neighbor, had a Saturday night poker party planned with four of his cronies, and they needed someone to fix snacks and serve beer while they played. The girl who usually did this wasn't available, and he mentioned each guy always chipped in five dollars to pay her to act as their hostess. Easter holidays from my college was ending, and I agreed to fill in. The $25 would come in handy when I left by bus that Monday. Now, I have an exhibitionist streak in me, and I just love to tease the opposite sex, whether they're young or old. I like to flash my thighs and show glimpses of my panties, and I was a little excited at the prospect of teasing the old gents with a lot of skin. Archie and his friends were all in their late fifties and early sixties, so I figured why not give them a few thrills?

I wore a white blouse, a white miniskirt, and high-heeled white leather boots that came to just below my knees. The blouse was a sheer cotton and my black half-bra could be seen plainly. If one were to look closely, my black bikini panties could be seen through the thin material of my skirt. Because of my exhibitionist tendencies, men always look at me, and the old guys weren't an exception. Their eyes slowly roved over my figure from head to toe, and they didn't bother to conceal the hunger in their eyes.

I didn't plan it and hadn't expected the old coots to get their peckers stiff, but horny they got! I'm only human and I have to admit I got very horny also. As the evening progressed, everyone got mellow from the beer, including me. They wanted me to imitate a topless waitress, and after a certain amount of coaxing — about 15 minutes — I took my blouse and bra off. About an hour later, the next item of hot interest was my miniskirt. They wanted me to serve them in just my panties and boots. I knew I would, but I wanted to hear them beg before I did. They pleaded like little boys for half an hour and I loved it! Finally, I wiggled out of my skirt. With a smile on my face, I paused in the doorway for full effect. They gasped in unison and their hands visibly trembled. "What's the matter, guys?" I teased. "Haven't you ever seen a girl in her panties before?"

As I walked toward them to set the beer on the table, the only sounds in the room were the heels of my boots clicking on the floor. "C'mon guys! Cat got your tongues?" I said lightly. "Say something! I seem to be the only one talking!"

Stepping back, I cupped my tits and slid my hands down my body, drawing upward on my panties, making the crotch cut into my cunt and outline my hairy lips. Parting my feet on the floor, I arched my hips slightly forward. They gulped and stared at the stray strands of cunt hair peeking out from my panties. Stretching my arms over my head luxuriously, I slowly turned around to let them ogle my arse and asked over my shoulder, "Well . . . how do I look from the back?"

"You . . . you . . . you look fantastic!" one guy managed to croak.

"I'm glad you think so, honey," I purred, giving him a peck on top of his bald head. "Who knows? I just might give you studs a special treat yet!"

After collecting two more glasses to refill, I turned and faced them at the doorway. I gave them a show, dipping my knees slightly, hips twisting suggestively in slow motion. Blowing them a kiss, I ducked into the next room quickly. When I returned with the beer, one of the guys caressed the slope of my arse while I was bent over the table. Kneading my arse cheeks, he inquired haltingly, "Could you . . . uh . . . you know . . . could give us some pleasure?"

"You mean fuck?" I asked bluntly. "You guys want a piece of arse, is that it?"

"Well . . . uh . . . uh . . . yes!" he stuttered.

"Sure! Why not?" I replied. "We may as well go the whole route!"

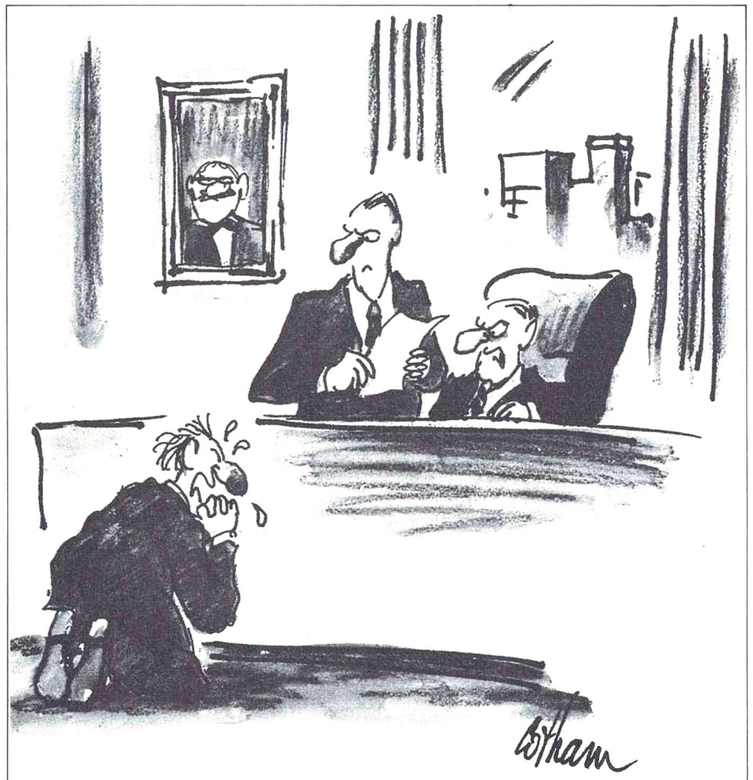
Looking at each expectant face, I smiled at Archie. "Since this is your party, would you like to be first, Archie?"

"I'll be delighted," he answered, "I feel honored!"

Raising myself on tiptoes, I hopped up on the table. Lying back on my elbows, I said: "Take my panties off, Archie. Then you can fuck me!"

He reached out and stroked my thighs, his hands moving up and down them from my hips to my knees. Finally, his hands went to the elastic band of my panties and I lifted my arse to let him peel the nylon bikinis down my legs. The rest of the old guys licked their lips and kept their eyes glued to my cunt. Enjoying the effect I had on them, I raised my knees, planted the

Continued on page 118



"So much for the indomitable human spirit."

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

PANIC FOR PROFIT

The grander the human endeavor, the more likely it is to drive you completely and damnably ga-ga. I have found this out. To give credit where it's due, and that runs against my better nature, I had been warned. I had been sternly advised that what I was about to undertake would push me to the limit of just how angry one man could become. Elwyn told me.

Now Elwyn is a very odd fellow who lives in a tent in a cave up north. The cave is gouged out of your standard tour-guide scenic headland and, as cave dwelling goes, is quite comfortable, except at high tide, when the carpet gets a tad soaked. Once you get used to the dreadful stench (bats have no bathroom manners whatsoever) cave living compares favorably with living on a park bench or under a packing crate in the railway yards.

"At least," said Elwyn, "I'll never have to sell up and move house." Which brings me to the point. Against Elwyn's advice I commenced the (I thought) simple negotiations to sell my home. Oh, dear.

Selling a house and moving to another induces the same panic and frustration as being forced to slice open your chest with a Swiss army knife and remove your heart. Never far from outright hysteria, the best thing you'll feel at any stage is a simmering anger.

This is a warning for anyone even toying with the idea. Beware. You may think you are an angry young man now. Just wait.

THE SELLING

Steel yourself for the "caravan." This is only the first of many occasions when it becomes apparent that you have little control over the future of your 3 br, b/v, w.b.i.

The first BMW pulls up at the gate and a well-heeled gent climbs out. "Buyer!" you think immediately. Ha ha, wrong. Within seconds, a battalion of BMWs, Volvos and Mercedes appears and spills out hundreds of real estate agents. All charging for your front door.

It takes the form of a raid. They don't take anything away other than the notion that your home is your castle. They jot notes, mutter to each other, then as swiftly as they attacked, they scurry. Left slightly comatose and bewildered, there was little you could have done to prevent it. Your child has suffered probable psychological damage and your dog has strangled himself in panic around his chain.

The caravan is no holiday.

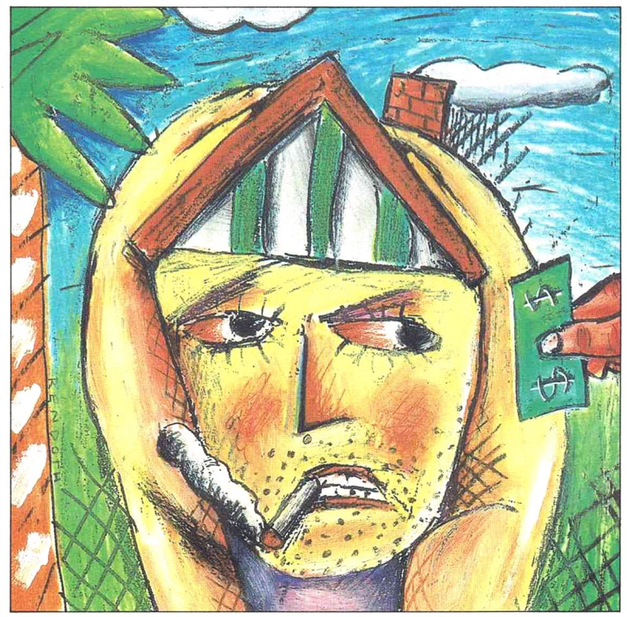
THE SALE

This is the time when you could consider something quite tragic. People you wouldn't invite to a dwarf throwing contest have permission to come into your home, peer into cupboards and down into your toilet bowl and ultimately pass judgement on your decorative ability. They ooh, umm and ugh and generally amuse themselves at the expense of your humble abode.

To your absolute surprise, one among the swarming hordes actually expresses an interest in buying. They immediately become your closest friends. You fawn from a respectable, matey distance, you joke, you're ever so polite in subtly applauding the fine taste of these folk who are to line your pockets with lucre. What are we selling here, a pile of bricks or ourselves? Greed is a wondrous thing.

You should have, by this time, engaged a solicitor. We were lucky — ours turned out to be a human being. Many of them conduct their business as if you were a pesky interference. If you don't stay up with them, the whole deal will start spinning wildly out of control. They'll have your house sold, commit you to a deposit on a Fijian landholding and have you tied up with some foreign bank whose name you can't pronounce and whose branch is designated by a post office box in Sarajevo.

There will be a maze of contracts to wade through, none of which you'll understand. Don't be concerned; nobody else can understand them so it's unlikely that someone will pull a swifty. Finally, a sum of money is handed to you and it looks a lot. This is a dangerous period in the deal. Should you invest it, you'll be required to pay so much tax you as may well save yourself a major worry and stick the damn cheque in a drawer somewhere. By this time, you will have begun the serious business of moving. And you thought the sale was chaos!



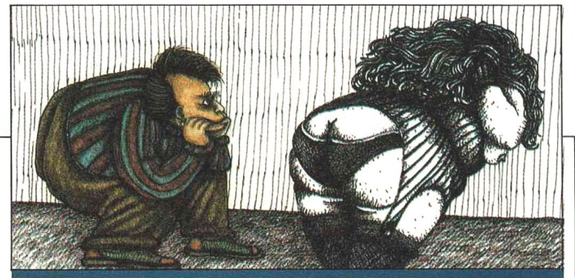
THE SHIFT

It is sufficient to say that the concept of moving house is governed by a fundamental law: you must lose or break those items you most cherish. See, it's very simple and easy to follow.

How angry can one man become? To find out for yourself, sell your house. If you go crazy at the small things that are going on in this country, you'll capsize completely at this one. Perhaps you should live in a cave. I know one for sale. Terrific water views. — *Steven Gibbs*

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

LUST



SEX IN SOUTH AFRICA

When a young Zulu woman by the name of Bongi Ndlela stepped under a public shower on a Durban beach last year and removed her bra, she inadvertently made history. Bare-breasted black women have always been part of the landscape, particularly in Durban, surrounded as it is by Zulu traditionalists. What was new was that Bongi was arrested and charged with "public indecency or obscenity."

If she had taken her topless shower half a mile farther up the beach, on the strip zoned "Africans Only", no-one would have batted an eyelid, but she did it on one of Durban's newly "integrated" beaches, in the presence of white people, some of whom objected and summoned the law.

Bongi was hauled before a local magistrate who agreed that she had indeed been guilty of public indecency and obscenity and fined her 100 rands (about $50), or 50 days. Bongi did not have that kind of money, so she was locked up. But before the day was out, Bongi became famous.

She had touched a particularly sensitive nerve in a society struggling to find an accommodation between the ways of Africa and the ways of the whites.

Despite the stop-start nature of the Botha regime's "reform" program, a great social transformation is taking place here. In the last year, hotels, pubs, restaurants, cinemas, holiday resorts, and beaches have been "desegregated." The third world is moving into the cities to sample privileges that whites have kept to themselves for three whole centuries. It is something to see . . .

Amazingly, considering the political climate in the black townships, this transformation in our cities has been virtually incident-free — except in one area, and this is the nerve that Bongi tripped. White South Africans have a real *thing* about the female nipple. *White* nipples, I should say. And here the confusion begins.

Whites are accustomed to the sight of bare-breasted black women. But it is one thing to take the family for a Sunday drive to the reserve to watch the topless tribal dancers, and quite another to take them to your favorite beach and find it swarming with women in their bras and panties, or even topless.

It's not the white men who complain so much. It's the womenfolk. For more than three centuries white men in this part of the world have sworn high and low that black women did not turn them on. But by now, with a mixed-blood ("colored") population running into the millions, nobody believes that story any more.

That's why Bongi's topless shower made such a splash in the headlines, not only here but all over the world. When the local newspapers published news of her conviction, they were flooded with phone calls and letters. Said the conservatives, "If they want to swim on our beaches, they must behave as we do." Said the liberals, "This is their land, too, and their customs must be respected. They are, after all, the majority."

Liberal whites were aghast at what the dreaded "foreign press" would make of this latest bit of South Africana. These included members of our judiciary, and the Supreme Court took the unusual step of putting the Bongi Ndlela case on immediate review. The magistrate's decision was summarily set aside, Bongi was freed, and the "anonymous Christian" who had meanwhile paid her fine was given his money back.

So, technically at least, it is now legal for black women to go topless on our beaches, but not for whites. The more liberated white women, who had been campaigning for a topless beach for years, joined the fray, protesting against "discrimination in reverse."

Somehow, officially, the black nipple came to be regarded as "decent", and the white nipple not. In fact, the white nipple has been, for as long as anyone cares to remember, the battlefield across which government censors wage war against their favorite adversaries, the "girlie" magazines. It is a war the censors have been winning. White nipples are not for display — not in public, and not in print.

The lengths to which South Africa's hyperactive censors will go to protect the white nipple are reflected in the words of Publications Appeal Board Chairman Professor J.C.W. van Rooyen, commenting on the use of stars as a means of self-censorship by magazine editors: "Although the board has found the use of stars to cover nipples as tolerable, the use of stars over the pubic area is much more problematical. The pubic area is more private and publishers should be more careful in the use of such stars."

In one classic finding, Van Rooyen approved a set of pinups in a magazine as follows: "The photographs are titillating, but mere titillation is not sufficient. To be found undesirable the photographs must be lust-provoking."

So there.

The curious anomaly is this: while the women of Africa are famous for their tribal nudity, *total* nudity is forbidden by powerful traditional taboos that cut across tribal and ethnic lines.

When the local "nudist king" Beau Brummell advertised for black women to bare it all in a film about nudism, he drew a blank even though he offered top dollars. Those who responded lost interest when told that they would have to take their pants off. Brummell was obliged to import black actresses from England! Anomalies such as this abound.

When the state-run SATV some years ago screened a bath scene in which a woman's breasts were briefly exposed, there was such an uproar from churches and moralists that they are not likely to try it again. Of course, the woman was white. Yet SATV also screened the ten-part series *Shaka Zulu*, which featured masses of bare-breasted black women, and the same moralists sat down with their children to watch it. — *Louis du Buisson*

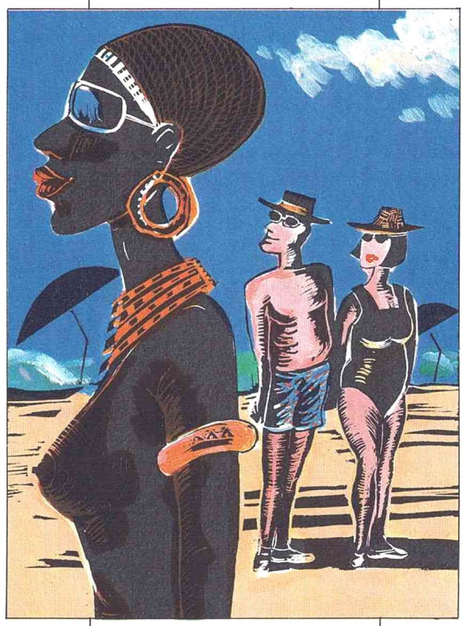


Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

"Champion Finish"

BY DAVID CORNELL

An original work of art capturing the thrill of the big race as Lester Piggott triumphs on his greatest mount, Nijinsky.

Hand-cast and hand-finished…a limited edition by a major artist in the proud tradition of British sporting art.

Great horses have powered him to the winning post in countries all over the world. Some roused with deftly flailing whip to give their best. Some nursed to victory with quiet hands and infinite delicacy. Over 4000 of them…an average of more than 100 winners a year for 37 years.

Now, Lester Piggott has moved on to training. Accordingly, to celebrate and honour his incomparable achievement as a jockey, Franklin Mint sought and obtained from him the commission to create a classic work of art; a sculpture of himself on the horse he considered the greatest he had ever ridden.

Piggott chose more than the horse! (Nijinsky, the famous Triple Crown winner in 1970.) He chose the medium — *bronze*. And the *artist*. And certainly, David Cornell — Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and the Royal Society of British Sculptors — has wonderfully captured the power and grace of Nijinsky… the unmistakable riding style of Lester Piggott…the tiny details of horse and rider that give the work — 'Champion Finish' — its vivid, true-to-life appeal.

This magnificent sculpture is a genuine, traditional bronze — hand-cast and hand-finished. It is being issued in a single edition, limited to 7500 *worldwide*. It is available only *direct*, by individual commission. And there is an attractive subscription plan, conveniently spread over ten months.

Looks superb in any room.

In your home, 'Champion Finish' will be a source of many satisfactions. For you will not only own a unique commemorative, honouring the greatest jockey of our time. You will also own a beautiful, limited edition work of art — by a distinguished sculptor — that will add interest and excitement to any room. A work whose appeal is timeless…a classic heirloom your family will long continue to enjoy.

To acquire 'Champion Finish' you need only complete and return the Commission Form below. But please note: it should be posted by 31st August, 1987.

Shown smaller than actual size of 19.7 cm (7¾") in height.

Order by telephone —
☎ 008 033 733 (Toll free).

© Franklin Mint Pty. Limited, (Incorporated in Victoria), 742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave, Vic. 3170. Phone: (03) 560 1711.

COMMISSION FORM

PEN5

The Lester Piggott Commemorative Bronze

Post to: Franklin Mint, 742 Springvale Road, Mulgrave, Vic. 3170.

Please mail by 31st August, 1987.
Edition Limited to 7500 world-wide.

Please accept my commission for 'Champion Finish', a sculpture created for me in hand-cast, hand-finished bronze and mounted on a base of genuine black marble. I prefer to pay the issue price of $1400 as I have indicated below:

☐ DIRECTLY. *I need send no money now.* Please invoice me,
- ☐ in ten equal monthly instalments of $140, the first prior to the despatch of my bronze.
- ☐ in full prior to the despatch of my bronze.

☐ BY CREDIT CARD. Please charge my credit card after the despatch of my bronze,
- ☐ in ten equal monthly instalments of $140.
- ☐ in full. (Please tick one.)
- ☐ Bankcard ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

No._____ Expiry_____

Mr/Mrs/Miss_____
Please print clearly.

Address_____

_____ Postcode_____

Telephone_____
Please include STD area code with your number.

Signature_____
All orders must be signed and are subject to acceptance.

AVARICE

ARE YOU MEAN?

You don't have to be mean to be a cheapskate. There is a difference, you know.

My girlfriend accuses me of being mean when all she means is I'm not a spendthrift — or at least a complete spendthrift. For instance, I live virtually right on the bus stop. So I'll catch a bus while she waits in line for a taxi. "It's only a dollar or two difference," she says.

She's a great one for saying that, with the emphasis and sneer positioned in such a way that I do indeed feel like a mean-hearted Scrooge just because I'll walk a hundred yards further to the butcher who sells steak cheaper than the robber just up the road. I reckon I could argue with every purchase she makes — to which she would simply say: "It's only a dollar." And I look the meanie.

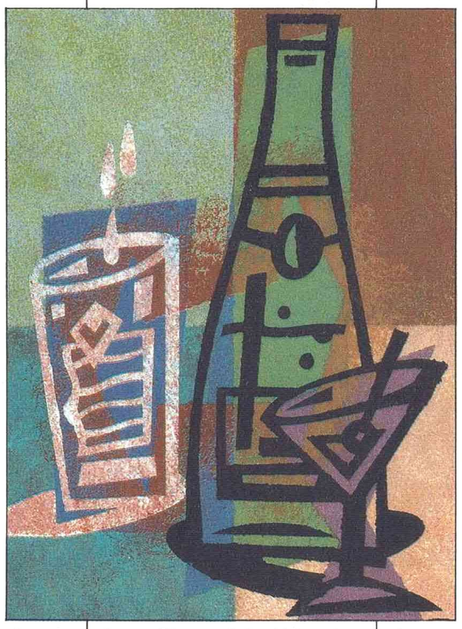
A hundred purchases a week is a hundred dollars a week. To which she'd say: "It's only a hundred dollars" and there I'd be, Mike the Meanie. Who can win against New York girls?

But I do object to being called mean. I'm not mean, just a cheapskate. I know mean, and mean is that awful miserliness of spirit and soul that runs far beyond the pennies in your purse.

Take two groups proverbially regarded by the prejudiced as being mean: the Scots and the Jews. I've dealt with both and have found them, insofar as my dealings with but a tiny sample can be held representative, to be aware of the value of a quid. They don't give much away for nothing. Not in business, anyway.

But mean? No way. Having made a deal they stick to it. They don't cheat and they don't try and squiddle out of it. In fact, in the days I ran a transport business the people I liked best for tricky jobs were chaps of the Jewish persuasion because once the bargain had been struck I knew there'd be no more arguments.

They wouldn't (unlike the typical Australian housewife) discover that a bit of technology made the job easier than they imagined, and then try and argue down the contracted price. Nor would they try to hold you to a deal if there was some genuine mistake or misrepresentation. Like stairs. I recall an incident with some slimeball blond-haired Aryan who wanted me to carry a safe to his home. I asked if there were stairs and he said only half a



dozen. Okay, so I give him a price. What he doesn't tell me is that there's a ramp instead. Almost vertical, and it goes for a hundred metres.

I'd had a similar experience earlier with a couple of Jewish clients and they apologised and soon agreed to pay more (after the usual histrionics, but they were fun). Not this slimeball. He tried to say a deal was a deal and all that crap. That's mean. It's mean to try to cheat someone and it's mean to get some poor bastard to bust his guts fulfilling a contract determined on false representations. And that sort of meanness pervades the whole being of the person.

Have you ever been to Scotland? Here's a nation of supposedly mean Scots and a friendlier, more generous place to visit you could not wish for. Or visit the home of Shylock. There's beer specially brought in for you, a stack of food, wonderful hospitality. No meanness at all.

But have you ever gone to M's? Of course not. M doesn't invite people home — at least, not the likes of you or me. Because we're not going to advance M's career at all. And I doubt if M ever invites anyone to his home. Because M is Mean. He's not merely a penny-pincher, he's totally ungenerous, a tightwad with a lock on his heart and chains on his soul.

M's a common enough type in publishing. Probably because publishing is such a game of skinny margins that we all have to be careful with our pennies — and those who are most careful survive longest.

Not that that stops any display of generosity. For instance, the Packer empire — first under the father Sir Frank (and there's been no noticeable let-up under son Kerry) — has long been known in the trade as a generous employer. A trifle brutish, perhaps, but no stinting on the basics. Freelancers like working for the group because they pay well and they pay promptly.

Now maybe you hear or read about a certain other fellow in publishing. No doubt you read a lot of bullshit but, as a lot of it is written by journalists who may have worked for him at some time, you might like to know one essential truth: his outfit can be mean.

Now, the chief difference between mere economical-mindedness and outright meanness is degree. One can save a few pennies here to splurge a few dollars there. And if that splurge involves someone else, that's not mean at all.

Like, I'll walk up the road to buy a couple of bottles of champagne, not catch a cab. That's mean? Of course it's not. But if I have guests and say it's too far to walk up the road so we'll have to drink water — that's mean. And it's not just a matter of saving cents. It's not enjoying the bounties of life.

Meanness is not just saving cents, paying contributors slowly and little, and ignoring the Salvo girl when she comes round with the box at the pub on Friday night. It's all those things and more. It's only having friends who won't put the bite on you, it's only going out when it won't cost you anything, it's saying no all the time and never yes, it's always looking for an angle, it's egocentrism of the worst kind. It's "What's in it for me?" to everything.

And such mean people lead mean lives, no matter how many times they appear laughing and smiling on the social pages and no matter how big their house and pool are. For such lives are, ultimately, devoid of any love other than self-love; and lacking any joy.

So, lest we ourselves be accused of meanness, we must pity such lives, such loveless joyless lives. Feel sorry for the mean, for they live a misery. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Ray Condon

ENVY

NEW AVENGERS

Like any cumulative poison, neglected or frustrated revenge is bad for us. It erodes our self-respect until — if you'll pardon a dental metaphor — little cavities occur in the soul. Turning the other cheek may work for some (though I doubt it), but most people carry about a burden of envy which is the residue of a lifetime's neglected revenge.

There are lots of reasons why we let this muck accumulate. We may be too busy to get even with someone who has done the dirty . . . or too scared, or polite, or unimaginative. We may convince ourselves that wreaking vengeance is beneath our dignity, which gives the Mongol hordes out there *carte blanche* to jump up and down *on top* of our dignity. When it's as flat as a raw papadum, even revenge won't fit beneath it.

What brought the subject to mind was a tiny photograph, in the social pages of a Sydney newspaper, of a man who owes me $800. It's a very old debt, so old I'd almost forgotten it. Almost. But seeing his sleek little jowls masticating lobster on the vowel-stretchers' pages made me snarl involuntarily, so that my lip rose and my wife leaned anxiously forward across the breakfast table.

"You have a cavity," she said. For a moment, I thought she'd glimpsed my soul, which — I suddenly knew — had been minutely scarred by my failure to settle the account with this turd.

If the picture had shown him minus an arm, or adjusting the venting pipe on his new colostomy bag, my reaction might have been different. But there he was, intact, unrepentant, eating my favorite food. There may even have been, I fancied, a defiant glint in his cod-like eye.

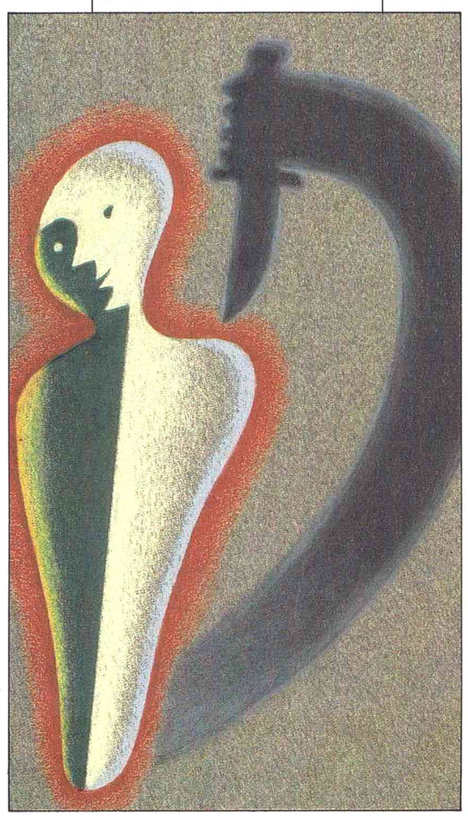


Illustration by Chris Payne

It ruined my day. Around nightfall, considering the energy I'd wasted impotently despising him, it struck me: *There must be a way of putting envy to work for Australia!* From there, with my surname, it was a small step to devising a business venture that will shortly make me a millionaire.

My company, Even Stevens Pty Ltd, will devise and implement revenge plots on behalf of every poor sucker who can't or won't do it for himself. Call me, if you like, an orthodontist of the soul. Tell me details of your grievance, lodge half my fee in advance, and I will guarantee swift and appropriate revenge. Revenge that will lighten your step, lift your heart and excise the rot from your psyche.

Naturally, you'll want proof that the bone has been well and truly picked. On receipt of my full fee (no cheques: you wouldn't want me to turn on a client!) I will hand over a video recording of the Hated One's humiliation, embarrassment, anguish etc. Play it in the privacy of your home. Play it over and over; it's yours for life.

The advantages of having a detached third party exact your revenge are manifold. Most obvious among them is the involvement factor; do the job yourself and the enemy may derive satisfaction from knowing you care enough to bother. People of this type will go to extraordinary lengths to negate your revenge by feigning indifference to whatever befalls them. They may even pretend to derive pleasure from it, like the man who — shot in the stomach by a jealous lover — fell at her feet with a ghastly leer, moaning: "Lower, lower!"

Of course, if you *want* the victim to know of your involvement, Even Stevens will broadcast the fact, in skywriting if so desired. Our operatives, handpicked for vindictiveness from the ranks of the public service, will be the sort who enjoy the work; the sort for whom revenge need not be focused in order to give them satisfaction: bitten by a dog, they would feel better for kicking the nearest cat.

You may be troubled by the detail of my own neglected revenge against the lobster-eater. Doubt not my bona fides, for within days of registering Even Stevens with the Corporate Affairs office — when I had begun to think as a *professional* — the ideal reprisal occurred to me.

To appreciate the crude symmetry of what we'll call the *Cockodile Dundee* routine, you should know that my debtor has a near-pathological fear and hatred of homosexuals. At a forthcoming social function, then, he will be flattered by the attentions of a young woman so overtly sensual she makes Kathleen Turner seem dowdy. They'll go to her apartment (rented for the evening), where she will throw herself upon the bed and insist that he undress before her.

When he's ready for action, fairly quivering to lodge yet another bad debt against amour, she will point at his manhood and murmur in an enticing, playful way, "And what, have we here?"

Being a dull sort of man, he'll reply, "My cock, sweetie," whereupon the object of his passion (Sydney's best-camouflaged transsexual hooker) will leap up clutching the most rampant member this side of the Zulu homelands. "That's not a cock!" she/he will snarl. "*This* is a cock!"

It goes without saying that the victim's wife and family (summoned on some irresistible pretext) will knock at the apartment door at the precise moment that our man bursts through it, pursued by his howling Nemesis of the night.

Disproportionate revenge? Well, it was a *big* bad debt, and being a plausible sort of cad he'll find a way to patch things up with the missus. Eventually. Somehow. And of course, I'll offer him first refusal on the video recording of his adventure. At $800, it'd be a snip. — *Ken Stevens*

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

It should hardly come as a surprise to find some of the nicest ladies in Sydney enjoying a night out at Williams.

After all, it is one of the few night spots in Sydney where sophisticated, elegant and stylish ladies can feel at home.

Just look around.

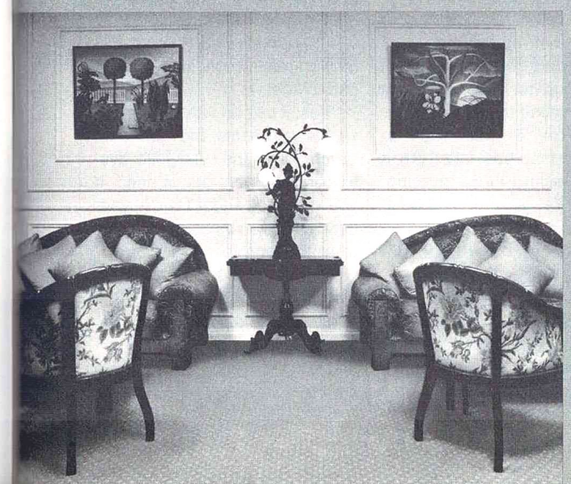
Williams more than rivals the best clubs of London and New York.

Stylish and elegant, yet intimate and welcoming, Williams provides its members with a Cocktail Bar, Supper Club and Night Club in which to unwind, relax and meet and entertain personal guests and business associates.

Williams brochure.

In addition to full details of the club itself, it details the rather extensive list of privileges members receive.

The discreet service and personal recognition that members receive, combined with the most luxurious surroundings, have attracted a Williams' membership drawn from media and sporting personalities, prominent community figures, senior business executives and members of the professions.



If the idea of becoming a member of Sydney's most elegant night spot appeals to you or your company (as Corporate memberships are available), send for the

Yes! I like the idea of becoming a member of Sydney's most elegant night spot. Send me more information.

To: Williams, 100 William St., Sydney.

Name: _____

Address: _____

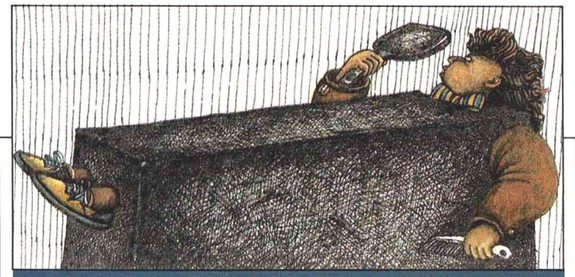
_____

Postcode: _____

WILLIAMS
100 WILLIAM STREET

Foster Nunn Loveder/SPH 0096

VANITY



GETTING YOUR TEETH INTO FASHION

People are really odd," said my dentist, poking around my mouth with a ruminative air.

"Aarrgg?" I responded.

"Their values are all round the wrong way. You should see the people who come in here wearing a thousand dollars worth of designer clothes who haven't bothered to check in with me for five or six years. They only appear when something hurts or they can't get rid of a bad case of halitosis."

"Urrggh!" I sympathised, smugly pleased that he wasn't talking about me — this was, after all, my twice yearly check-up. Yet some of that sympathy does extend to all those fraidy cats who still compare a visit to the dentist to a hands-on encounter with Torquemada.

No amount of assurance that new state-of-the-art dentistry has done away with practically all pain can induce them into a surgery until advanced pain or a wobbly molar forces the issue — and by then it's usually too late.

Fortunately, ours is the last generation to undergo such terror; even as we speak, babies of five and six are merrily climbing into those very dentists' chairs that held such gruesome connotations for us and presenting their cherubic mouths for inspection, fluoridation and the Mrs Marsh special. Thanks to chemicals deposited into our water supply at no extra cost to ourselves, cavities are almost a thing of the past. There are even teenaged persons alive today who have never known the whine of a dentist's drill.

Once he'd finished sandblasting my teeth into their usual state of pearlescence, I asked my dentist what was going to be left for him to do for mouths of the future — weren't all these healthy teeth bad for business, so to speak?

The answer is, of course, that like any good businessman, once the demand for a service dries up, he diversifies to meet the need for another. Cosmetic dentistry is big business in the Eighties. Now that more of us come unscathed through the perils of childhood tooth loss, we arrive in adulthood with the desire that all 36 chompers look as good as they feel. Where we once only dared hope to take a few broken stumps into old age to mumble our milk-soaked bread with, we now expect to go to our graves smiling like Donny Osmond.

"Actually, saving teeth from loss due to decay has created other problems in some cases," my dentist said. "In the old days, teeth fell out or had to be removed due to decay in childhood, leaving room for second and third molars (wisdom teeth). Now that people don't usually lose their early molars, you can wind up with an overly crowded mouth."

That's where orthodontists come in. They can correct bad bites (malocclusion) and discomfort due to overcrowding, as well as straightening crooked teeth. Once the province of upper middle-class American TV brats, tooth straightening extends through every social level these days — including not a few embarrassed adults. It's no easy thing at 35 to front up to the office with a mouth encased in metal, but braces can be essential in some cases.

"A bad bite can lead to what is known as temporomandibular joint dysfunction if it isn't treated. Uneven biting pressure caused by severely crooked or missing teeth throws the joint that operates the jaw out of alignment. It can result in discomfort in chewing and may eventually lead to arthritis," warned my dentist.

Tooth capping is also big. Crowns, the artificial teeth made of porcelain fused with gold that replace the visible part of teeth, can cost up to $650 each. At those prices the desire for a million-dollar smile has taken on a whole new meaning. Yet, a surprising number of men seek the cosmetic services of dentists and orthodontists every week.

"Men who are in the public eye a lot — newsreaders, for instance — need to look good. Crooked or broken teeth can hold them back, so they get them fixed," said my dentist, unconsciously revealing how far men have come from the days when they'd rather have lost every tooth in their head than admit to caring one iota what they looked like.

"Of course, none of this matters if people don't look after their own teeth properly. Which brings me back to what I was saying earlier about people who don't observe oral hygiene."

The old law still holds: brush after each meal. Plaque is real — not some bug-bear dreamed up by advertising agencies to sell toothpaste. When bacteria in the mouth get to work on food particles that gather on and around teeth, the result is plaque. It's a very sticky substance, so regular thorough brushing, being sure to pay close attention to the gum line, plus using dental floss or sticks every day is essential to remove it.

Good hygiene plus twice-yearly visits to your dentist for check-ups will ensure dental health. "People will spend any amount of money to make their teeth more attractive, but it's a waste of time if they don't look after them properly. It's like owning a Porsche. You take it for regular tune-ups and use the proper fuel. Well, teeth are a lot more impressive examples of structural engineering — and a lot more rare," said my dentist expansively.

Out of pure curiosity, I asked my dentist about that well-known phenomenon of tooth grinding, known in the trade as bruxism. Do a lot of people suffer from this tension-related condition, and is it bad for teeth?

"Yes, it can be very bad; it can wear away enamel and contribute to temporomandibular joint dysfunction if it gets out of hand. If you know you suffer from it, your dentist can fix you up with a splint to wear at night to help prevent it.

"Funnily enough, I tend to see more women who suffer from that particular complaint," he mused.

Come to thing of it, I don't think that's funny at all. — *Mary Ellen Dyster*

Illustration by COLLIDE

*Guaranteed Quality

The world's most popular Condom

durex

They're used by more couples around the world than any other brand.

NOW AVAILABLE MAIL ORDER

Goods sent in plain wrapper

Enjoy the stimulation of safe, enjoyable sex.

Experience the discretion, privacy and convenience of mail order.

5 unique styles or try the special mixed dozen.

*GUARANTEE

We guarantee that every Durex condom is manufactured to Certified British Standard B.S.3704 and is electronically tested. There are many brands of condoms sold in Australia but the only brand manufactured and certified to a recognisable international standard are Durex condoms. Certified means that the condoms are monitored and tested independently at all stages of manufacture.

ORDER FORM:
To: OLNER PTY LTD, Health Resources Division,
PO Box 774, BROOKVALE 2100
1st Floor, 535 Pittwater Rd., Brookvale (Sydney).
Tel: (02) 938 4488

DUREX PRICES	2 Doz.	6 Doz.	12 Doz.
Gossamer	$11 ☐	$26 ☐	$48 ☐
Fetherlite	$12 ☐	$28 ☐	$51 ☐
Fiesta	$12 ☐	$28 ☐	$51 ☐
Excita	$12 ☐	$28 ☐	$51 ☐
Extra Safe	$13 ☐	$29 ☐	$53 ☐
Mixed	$12 ☐	$28 ☐	$51 ☐
Add for Post, Handling & Insured Delivery	$1 ☐	$2 ☐	$3 ☐

SPECIAL OFFER
2 Free with each DOZEN Purchased
Number FREE 4 12 24

I enclose my cheque ☐ Money Order ☐
Credit Card Details ☐

Name: .....
Address: .....
..... Postcode .....
☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club
☐ Bank Card ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Cardholder's Signature ..... Exp Date .....

FULLY GUARANTEED
AS SEEN ON NATIONAL TV

DO YOU ATTRACT WOMEN?

Get to first base every time with Aeolus 7, the undetectable female attractant Pheromone. The scent that attracts women without them being aware of it.

WHAT ARE PHEROMONES?

Pheromones are scents which all of us exude naturally. Although undetectable they affect the way we react to each other both socially and sexually. Recently, scientists have managed to isolate certain of these Pheromones and the one of particular interest to men is Androstenone, because this is the one that attracts women and the one possessed in abundance by that lucky tiny minority of men we all know who seem to attract women effortlessly.
For the rest of us the mating game has always been hard work — until now. After years of painstaking scientific research ANDROSTENONE PHEROMONE frangrance is finally available to the general public.

EXPERIMENTS PROVE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF ANDROSTENONE

There have been numerous experiments demonstrating the effectiveness of Androstenone, and these have been reported widely.

8 YEARS SUCCESSFUL EXPERIENCE WORLD WIDE

AUSTRALIAN TRACK RECORD 98.65% SUCCESS

Over 25,000 Aeolus packs sold in Australia, and 5 years experience in the Australian market – shows the effectiveness of Aeolus 7 with 98.65% successful transactions. Even with our amazing money back guarantee we have gladly refunded money to less than 1.35% of purchasers.
Many, many clients re-order Aeolus 7 time and time again. PROOF OF THE EFFECTIVENESS OF AEOLUS 7 FOR AUSTRALIAN MEN.

WHAT THE UK PRESS SAYS ABOUT ANDROSTENONE

'Heaven Scent! The secret of Sex-cess — The spray gives men a heady start when it comes to the mating game' — The Sun.
'Minute quantities were sprayed on a chair in a dentist's waiting room. Women patients made straight for the chair!' — Sunday Times.
'Dr Alex Comfort suggests that the musky scent may act directly on the brain's sex centre to highten sexual arousal — but at a level below the threshold of awareness' — Cosmopolitan.

USER'S REPORTS CONFIRM SUCCESS WITH AEOLUS 7

A salesman writes he was unable to get past the secretary of an important businessman he wanted to see. He paid another visit and after one discreet spray on his lapel he suddenly found her previously cold attitude completely altered, and he was now able to see the boss. Another Aeolus 7 user, middle-aged, reports that while travelling by train he was surprised when a pretty young girl entered the carriage and ignoring empty seats, sat close to him and started talking in a friendly manner (reported in a letter to Forum Vol 13, No. 1).

GUARANTEE

We guarantee that Aeolus will live up to your high expectations within 90 days or the money you have paid for the product will be refunded in full. All you need to do is return the Aeolus 7 container, tell us your impressions about Aeolus 7 and its effectiveness (for our research) and your money will be returned in full.

AEOLUS 7

ORDER FORM: To: OLNER PTY LTD, Health Resources Division, PO Box 774, BROOKVALE 2100.
1st Floor 535 Pittwater Rd, Brookvale (SYDNEY). Telephone (02) 938 4488

Please send me ..... container(s) Aeolus 7 at $29.95 per container, 3 for $81.00.
I enclose my Cheque ☐ Money Order ☐ Credit Card Details ☐ Goods sent in plain wrapper

Quantity	Article	Price	Total
	Aeolus 7	$29.95*	

Add $2.00 for Postage and Handling

NAME: .....
ADDRESS: .....
..... Postcode .....
☐ American Express
☐ Bank Card ☐ Visa
☐ Diners Club ☐ Mastercard
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Cardholder's Signature ..... Exp Date .....
*Add $4.00 extra for overseas orders — Registered

THESE GUYS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN CAUGHT DEAD WEARING A CONDOM.

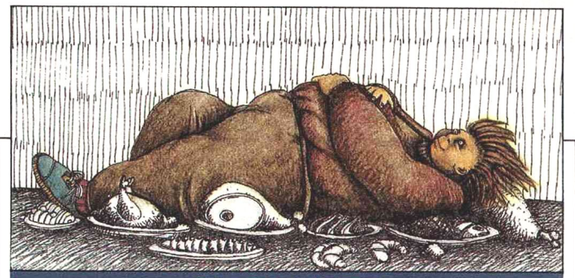
You don't have to be homosexual to get AIDS. Just sexual. And casual sex without a condom is a death wish. The frightening fact is that more than 50,000 men and women in Australia now carry the AIDS virus. But what's even more frightening is that most of them don't know it. And anyone of them could give it to you. So if you have sex, do it with one safe sex partner. Or do it with a condom. A safe sex partner is someone who is not sexually involved with anyone other than you. And not involved with intravenous drug abuse and needle sharing. If you don't know where the person you are sleeping with slept last night or a month or a year ago, don't take the risk. Wear a condom. Precautions as simple as these will stop the transfer of infected body fluids such as semen, vaginal fluids or blood. Follow them as if your life depends on it. It does. You can find out more about AIDS in a brochure prepared by the National Advisory Committee on AIDS which is obtainable from Doctors, Pharmacies, Medicare and Department of Social Security Offices.

Please read this brochure thoroughly. If you don't the penalty could be death.

NACAIDS
NATIONAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON AIDS

AIDS 19.DPS.47.PE

GLUTTONY



CACTUS JUICE

Tequila, the direct descendant of the oldest alcoholic drink in the Americas, the *pulque* of the Aztecs, is fast becoming nothing short of a craze. From Jupiters Casino in Surfers to the Regent Hotel in Sydney, everybody is ordering tequila sours, tequila sunrises, and salt-encrusted margaritas. Those with balls, on the other hand, are drinking it straight, in the classic manner. Putting a little salt on the backs of their hands, licking it, throwing back the tequila, then having a fair suck of the lime wedge to anaesthetise the tastebuds.

Tequila, despite Humphrey Bogart's efforts in *The Treasure Of The Sierra Madre*, was virtually unknown outside Mexico until the Seventies. Almost all tequila production emanates from in and around the town of Tequila in the state of Jalisco.

Cactus juice isn't a derogatory sling-off at tequila; the liquor is distilled from the sap of this giant, spiny-leafed member of the amaryllis family. More than 100 million plants cover the scrubby foothills of the Sierra Madre west of Guadalajara in precision-planted rows, roughly 1200 to the acre. The plants need eight to ten years to grow to maturity. Only then are the spiny leaves macheted off and the *pinas* (pineapple lookalike hearts), weighing 40 to 60 kilos, sent to the distilleries.

In the days when scrofulous characters with three-word vocabularies (gringo, tequila, cantina) roamed the Hollywood film sets, the harvested mezcal hearts were cooked out in the open in huge, stone-jammed pits, then carried by mule to low-tech distilleries, to be crushed on round, mule-powered presses.

These days such picturesque imagery is no more. The mezcal hearts are split open and steamed in Bauhaus ten-tonne pressure cookers. After cooling, the fibrous bulk is mechanically pressed and shredded. The pressed liquid flows into large steel vats for fermentation, which takes 58 to 72 hours. Following a double distillation process taking a further two weeks, the result is 110 proof tequila. This white, "silver" tequila is then tamed to 96 proof for the Mexicans, 80 to 85 for gutless gringos.

"Gold" tequila is only produced in limited quantities, mostly for Mexican connoisseurs. The amber-colored liquor is produced by ageing tequila in oak barrels for roughly four years. It's the Cognac of tequilas.

About 50 tequila factories operate in the state of Jalisco, but only ten account for three-quarters of total production. *Numero uno* is Tequila Sauza, with over 300 plantations. Jose Cuervo is second.

The name tequila is only of recent vintage. Until the beginning of the 20th Century, it was known as mezcal brandy or tequila wine. The ancestor of tequila was a very potent Aztec drink called *iztac octli*, made by fermenting several varieties of the maguey plant. Unlike distilled drinks, fermented ones tend to go "off" rather quickly. The Aztecs, never squeamish, merely renamed the sour-tasting brew *octlu poliquhqui* and drank it anyway. Unable to pronounce the name properly (surprised?), the Spanish shortened it to *pulque*.

The Spaniards brought the art of distilling to South America, and because of the dearth of grapes and familiar grains, the conquistadors started to experiment with *pulque*. After a conspicuous lack of success, they turned to other varieties of the maguey plant and finally found several from which they could ferment juice and distill it. The resulting drink was called mezcal.

Although they had a much higher alcohol content than pulque, the early mezcal concoctions were rough as guts. Experience brought refinement. By the early 19th Century, the mezcal produced in the town of Tequila began to achieve a reputation for high quality. The reason was the exclusive use of the agave tequilana weber, making tequila the equivalent of Cognac to mezcal's "brandy." Just as French law protects Cognac, so by Mexican law true tequila is a special form of mezcal from a select region of Mexico.

Good tequila is never cheap. Anything that depends on a plant that takes a decade to mature is never going to be in the economy class. The good news is that most manufacturers, because everyone makes tequila in the same way, do not hike their prices significantly more than their competitors.

Although it may be traditional to drink tequila straight, for most of us it is far more pleasurable mixed. The following drinks are for those who only want to prove that they appreciate a good liquor.

Margarita: First wipe the rim of a glass with a wedge of lemon and then dip it into a saucer of salt. Place a few lumps of ice in a shaker or jar, add 45 ml tequila, 15-29 ml Cointreau, 30 ml lemon juice and a little caster sugar. Shake vigorously and strain into glass.

Martinez: Combine 60 ml tequila and 15 ml dry vermouth with cracked ice in a mixing glass; stir until liquors are mixed. Strain into a martini glass; serve with a green olive.

New Tequila Sunrise: Combine 60 ml tequila, 15 ml each fresh lime juice and Curacao and 1 teaspoon creme de cassis with cracked ice in a cocktail blender; shake until mixture is blended and chilled. Strain into tall glass, half-filled with ice. Top up with soda water.

Tequila Sunset: Combine 45 ml tequila, 15 ml each lime juice and grenadine and ½ cup crushed ice in a blender; blend at low speed for 10-15 seconds. Pour over ice-cubes in a chunky cocktail glass.

Mexican Bloody Mary: Combine 250 ml tomato juice, 125 ml fresh orange juice, 1½ tablespoons lime juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon Tabasco sauce, a pinch finely chopped onion, ½ teaspoon salt, cracked ice and 125 ml tequila in a cocktail shaker, or blender. Shake or blend until chilled; strain into tall glasses, over ice. Serves two. — *Elisabeth King*

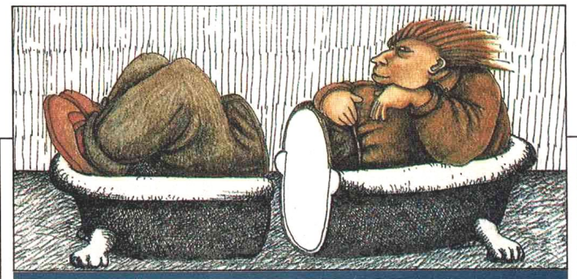
Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1

WARNING — SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

LEO BURNETT PMLP0605 CC2244/85

SLOTH



VIRGIN PARADISE

Only a handful of destinations around the world still hold a fascination for most travellers. If you've "done" Europe, "been" to Bali, "checked out" India, "cruised" the Pacific and sampled the States — and still seek a holiday paradise offering diversity, sunshine and absence of civil war — the choices start to look pretty thin. Of these, the Virgin Islands rate highly.

This sailing Mecca, once attracting the wealthiest of yachtsmen, is now blossoming into the Mediterranean of the United States.

The balmy climate, a welcome retreat from the harsh North American winter, attracts America's glitterati. Yachtsmen from around the world dream of sailing these idyllic waters. The many coves, bays and beaches offer superb diving, deep sea fishing and lazy days sailing the island-speckled waters. If rubbing shoulders with the elite on yachts and cruisers appeals to you, the Virgin Islands is the place to be.

The flight from Miami is the most scenic imaginable, taking you through the Bahamas over Puerto Rico before landing you in St Thomas. This enchanted island (the second largest of the US Virgin Islands) has more than the odd deserted beach to recommend it. The palm-shaded streets of Charlotte Amalie Bay are lined with quaint shops offering everything from carved coconut monkeys to gold watches. A morning spent exploring the ancient passage-ways, visiting the boutiques and market places tucked away in the 18th Century buildings, is a distinctly Caribbean experience.

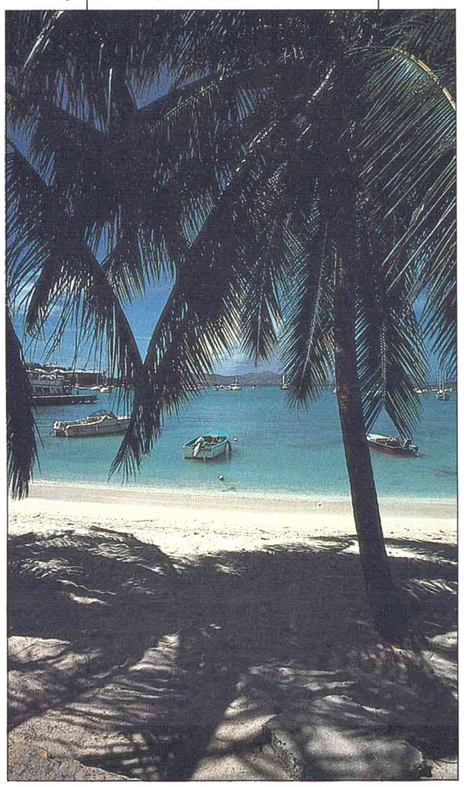


Photo by Adrian Treahy

Placid Cruz Bay in the Virgin Islands.

The view from the picturesque waterfront across Charlotte Amalie Bay to the hills rising from the turquoise waters, with a flotilla of elegant sloops and cruisers gliding across the bay beneath glamorous villas draped upon the foothills of Charlotte Amalie, is the perfect accompaniment to a meal.

As we bumped along scented trails, exploring the 50 square kilometres of St Thomas by car, we were surprised by the remarkable beauty of the island. Many areas are reminiscent of the French countryside, with cattle grazing the lush green fields, especially around Frenchtown. Beautiful palm-lined beaches mingle with fascinating ruins, adding to the magical atmosphere. Among the army ruins, Old Fort Christian is spectacular. Dating back to 1666, it's St Thomas' oldest landmark.

National Geographic rated Magens Bay among the ten finest beaches in the world. Situated on the north side of the island, Magens Bay was once a smugglers' hideout. The Coral World, adjacent to Coki Beach, is one of the best marine parks in the world. It's a must, as are the glass-bottom boat trips for viewing live coral and the tiniest of sea horses. The vibrant color in both the coral and fish will surprise even the most seasoned diver.

In St Thomas we joined the beautiful ketch *Stornoway*, our charter vessel, and headed towards St John. The afternoon's sailing was perfect as the yacht slipped through the crystal clear waters, its huge spinnaker billowing in the breeze. A deck barbecue of freshly caught snapper accompanied the sunset. The clinking of the rigging, the rocking of the yacht, and the still water lapping against the hull inspired a peaceful night's sleep.

St John is a delightful island, living up to all our expectations of the Caribbean. As we sat at one of the many roadside restaurants, under rustling palm fronds, we enjoyed the view over the placid waters of Cruz Bay. Almost two-thirds national park, St John retains the original beauty of the region. Hiking through the national park, along flower-scented trails speckled with orchids, hibiscus, oleander, jasmine, and bougainvillea, every now and then discovering 18th Century plantations hidden deep within, we were given a taste of the history of the region.

By utilising the extensive ferry and charter services available, it's easy to visit the many islands in both the US and British Virgin Islands. From St John we sailed for the island of Tortola in the British Virgin Islands. The islands in the British group tend to be a little less touristy. Tortola, like its neighbors, is mountainous, and a drive around the island is spectacular.

The West Indians are extremely fun-loving and friendly. Throughout the year they have various carnivals, the dates of which are easily obtained from the US travel centre.

Most people have heard of the Jamaican carnivals; the partying on the other islands is just as colorful and exciting, with Jamaican rum flowing like water. The Virgins have an eclectic culture — a result of the various occupations over the centuries. The English, Spanish, Danish and French all inhabited the Virgins and fought for them. Mix those influences with the African cultures of the Negro slaves brought to work the sugar plantations and you end up with a truly unique atmosphere.

You can holiday on a tropical island much closer to home. A trip to the Virgin Islands is more than that; it's also a journey into a past steeped in adventure and mystery.

* The Virgin Islands are located 1000 kms south of Florida. Pan Am and Eastern offer direct flights from both New York and Miami. Information regarding travel to the Virgin Islands can be obtained from the US Travel and Tourism office, 4 Cliff Street, Milsons Point NSW, 2061. — *Adrian Treahy*

Photography Exposed!

Camera Craft
Australia's popular magazine published monthly for the photographic enthusiast.

Professional Photography
News and views for professional photographers.

Post to: Iris Publishing Co., PO Box 64, Dee Why NSW 2099

Yes I wish to subscribe. Please send me the following:

☐ Camera Craft ..... 12 issues $25.00
☐ Professional Photography ..... 12 issues $48.00

I enclose a cheque/money order for $ .....
or please charge my Bankcard/Mastercard/Visa Card.

..... Expiry date:____/____
SIGNATURE
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Please begin my subscription(s) with the next issue.
Name .....
Address .....
State ..... Postcode .....

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY CONDON

ANIMAL ACTS

Mankind's oldest perversion is alive and kicking in the suburbs

BY GREG HUNTER

Like his counterpart in the RSL, Victorian RSPCA President Dr Hugh Wirth is not a man who minces words. In January this year he told the Melbourne *Truth* that he had recently carried out post-mortems on several chickens allegedly killed when a man had intercourse with them. "I was asked," said Dr Wirth, "to explain why the chooks were dead. The answer is that you can't go thrusting things into chooks without knocking them off." Dr Wirth went on to itemise another recent case where a man allegedly fed his goat two ounces of marijuana before coupling with it. He added: "This sort of thing has always been a problem in the Dandenongs district [the eastern outskirts of Melbourne]. You can't leave goats, or a mare, or a cow in the Dandenong markets overnight without bringing the beasties out."

Sounds like a beat-up? Not at all. A spokesperson for the NSW branch of the RSPCA told *Penthouse* of numerous cases which had been brought to the organisation's attention in the past few years. One involved a young man convicted in a Sydney suburban court on a charge of interfering with his Alsatian dog. When asked by the magistrate why he did it, the man replied: "Because the dog had a beautiful face." There had also been a report of a fellow who interfered with chickens in the Liverpool area of Sydney; the case of a man in the Narrabri district who dressed a cow in women's underwear before having his way with it; a gruesome case involving a cat which had been slit open to the stomach to allow sexual penetration; and "last week", according to the official, "we received a re-

ANIMAL ACTS

port of a woman in the Blue Mountains area who, along with her 17-year-old daughter and two young sons, allegedly cavorted naked with two pet Alsatians, masturbated the animals and allowed them to mount her in order to prevent them from chasing after other dogs. The spokesperson added: "We've had constant problems at saleyards, both in the city and country areas, usually involving sheep and calves. The culprits are normally adolescent boys and it's very hard to catch them."

Bestiality — the love that dare not squawk, bark, grunt or growl its name — is a great deal more common than most people think. Sex researcher Alfred Kinsey found that 40 to 50 percent of American boys living on farms had some kind of sexual contact with animals; 17 percent of them had reached orgasm with an animal. Kinsey concluded that of the total population, about 8 percent of males had indulged in bestiality, compared with 3.6 percent of females. Other researchers, using populations outside the US, have stated that bestiality is far more prevalent among women than men.

In Australia there are no precise figures for convictions, but even if there were they'd represent only the tip of the iceberg. You have to be pretty dumb (or very unlucky) to get caught *in flagrante delicto* with a four-legged friend — which is why animal humping has traditionally been regarded as "a vice of clodhoppers." Nonetheless, it's fair to surmise that in the land where men are men and sheep are nervous, there are a great many Australians, both male and female, who have cause to reflect on how convenient it is that animals don't talk. Indeed, as the eminent Dr Dolittle remarked: "If we could talk to the animals, think of all the tales that they could tell . . ."

Bestiality is, of course, as old as mankind. It was undoubtedly in vogue long before the wheel was invented, and may even have predated the discovery of masturbation. The Christian and Jewish Adam supposedly had intercourse with every beast of the field before Eve came along and convinced him he was wasting his time.

According to sexologist William H. Masters, "Bestiality . . . existed as a rather widespread practice in all of the nations of antiquity of which we have adequate records." The ancient Egyptians believed that living animals partook of the divinity of the gods and godesses whose forms they shared. The Goat of Mendes was thought to be the incarnation of the procreative deity, and in the Temple at Mendes countless men and women engaged in worshipful copulation with goats especially trained for the purpose. Along the sacred Nile, she-crocodiles were often disturbed from their slumber, rolled on their backs (making them incapable of resisting) and ravaged by men who believed this would bring everlasting prosperity and restore flagging sexual powers. Such beastly behavior was not always practised as a form of worship, however. It was apparently *de rigueur* for young shepherds to offer their penises to suckling goats; this was considered highly refined and preferable to simple intercourse. If the animal was unco-operative the youth would smear honey on his organ as an inducement.

In the Nile and Indus valleys monkeys were instructed in the art of manipulating the genitals of both sexes. But the favored sex partner for women in Egypt and throughout the length and breadth of the Arab world was the dog-faced baboon, a semi-divine creature whose talents also ran to waiting on tables and removing weeds from garden plots.

BEASTLY BEHAVIOR

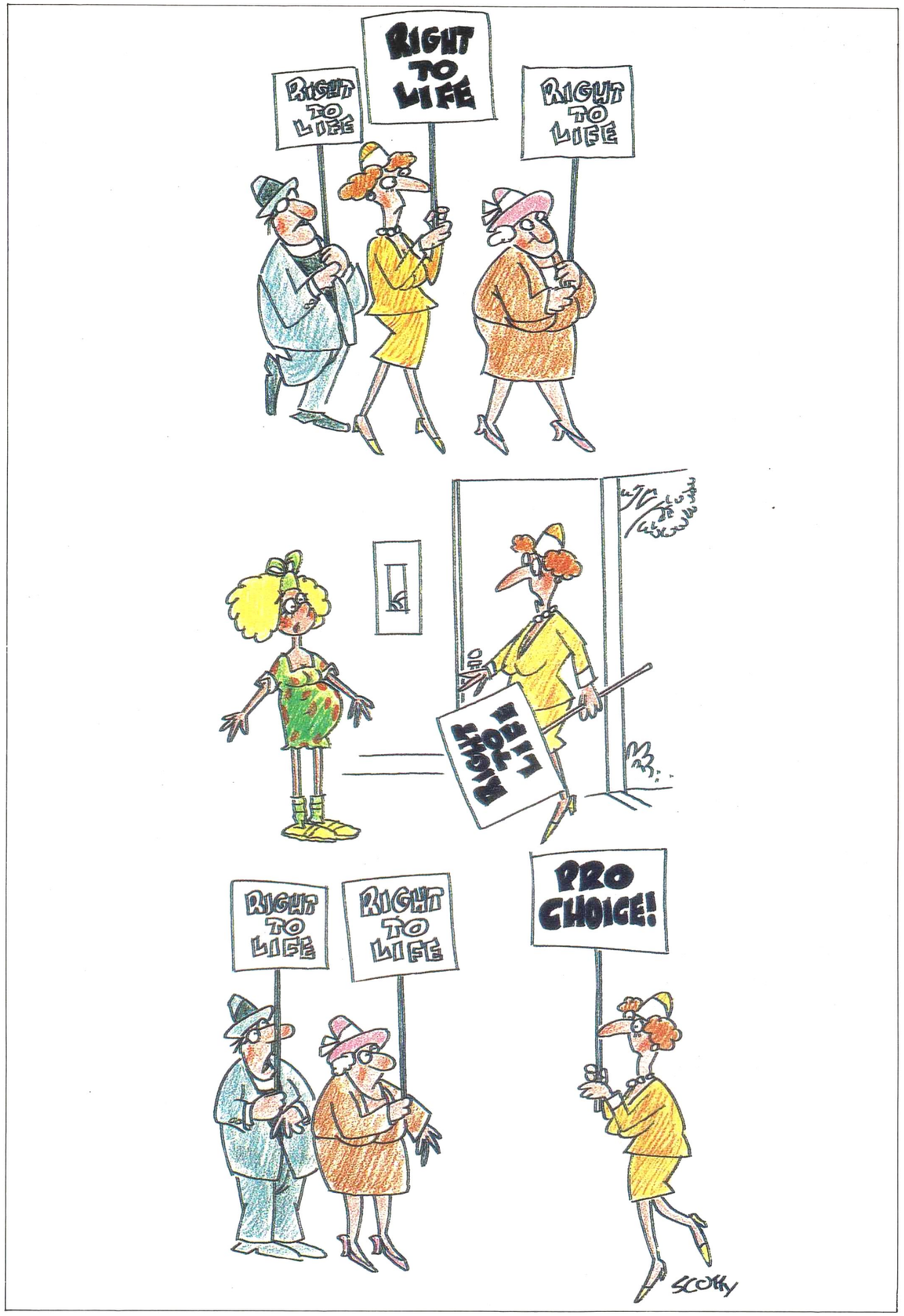
• **Algernon Charles Swinburne** was an innovative English writer and poet of the Victorian era. In a profession riddled with deviants, both social and sexual, Algy stands out from the pack. A dedicated lover of the lash, this homosexual masochist was also a confirmed bestialist. When Swinburne and his literary chum George Powell were staying in a French cottage they were visited by the writer Guy de Maupassant, who recorded that both men were regularly getting it on with their pet monkey and with their clean-cut 14-year-old servant boys. The monkey was later hanged by one of the jealous servants. Another man claimed to have visited Algernon when he was living in a tent on the Isle of Wight, again with a monkey, which he had dressed in women's clothes. Swinburne made advances to his visitor after expounding his views on "unisexual love", at which the jealous monkey attacked the man. Swinburne somehow persuaded him to return for a second lunch. This time the dish was grilled monkey.

• **Tipoo Sahib**, sultan and "Tiger" of Mysore, was for many years the scourge of the British and a sadist as vicious as any who ever lived. Crediting the Chinese with conceiving the technique, the sultan delighted in sodomising geese and cutting off or pulling off their heads at the moment of orgasm; the death convulsions of the bird were said to heighten the intensity of the climax. Tipoo Sahib also enjoyed buggering sows and goats, and defaecating on the bodies of captured British children, whom he then raped, mutilated, murdered and necrophiliously violated. A really nasty piece of work.

• **Mademoiselle Dubois**, an 18th Century French actress, kept a logbook of her paramours over a 20-year period. During that time she supposedly totalled 16,527 men — roughly three a day. If you believe that, you'll believe the story circulated at the time of her death in 1796 — that she was killed by a stud bull which fell on her after being suspended by ropes from the ceiling above her bed. It was said that she was trying to couple with it at the time.

• **Claudine De Culam** came to trial at Romagnon, France, in 1601. The 16-year-old girl had allegedly been caught in a compromising position with a white, spotted dog. At the urging of Claudine's mother, who was certain of her daughter's innocence, the magistrate agreed to put the matter to a scientific test. In the company of court-appointed female "experts", Claudine and the dog defendent were taken into a chamber adjacent to the courtroom for a physical examination. As soon as the matrons had completely undressed the young lady, Spot took a flying leap at her and "went about knowing her carnally, which he would perhaps have accomplished had we not prevented him", wrote the matrons in their official report. On the basis of this evidence, both Claudine and her spotted friend were burned and their ashes thrown to the winds.

• Cases of true zoophilia — where humans literally fall in love with animals — are quite rare. The most bizarre case, recorded by William H. Masters, concerned an East German ex-nobleman who was in love with a Great Dane bitch and maintained a passionate sexual relationship with her for many years. He kept a pack of these dogs to provide her with companionship, until the fateful day when he discovered her copulating, adulterously, with a male Dane, whereupon he flew into a jealous rage and slew not only the animal that had cuckolded him but the entire pack — except for his unfaithful mistress. This gentleman was observed by his servants running at night with his dogs, travelling on all fours, and joining them in other canine activities such as chasing rabbits and howling at the moon. Tales of his strange affliction eventually reached Berlin, where they were received with amusement by The Fuehrer. On his death, the Great Dane bitch was said to have languished by his graveside, refused all food, and soon perished. The noble zoophile left to his heirs a journal allegedly describing in great detail the author's "all-consuming love and passion" for his canine partner.



ANIMAL ACTS

The Hindoo of ancient India, especially the religious fanatics, generally played fast and loose with sacred cattle and monkeys, and recommended the same to lay worshippers. The priests, who collected a tidy sum on the side for arranging these divine couplings, promised the act would free the body of sin and remedy all ills.

As in ancient Egypt, baboons had all the fun. According to Allan Edwardes in his classic work *The Jewel In The Lotus*, Hindoo priests kept a huge white-bearded ape, known as Lord Lungoor, in their temples for religious rites. During the clandestine ceremony, "Hunooman-Poojah, the Chosen One, a virgin priestess, gave Lord Lungoor a drink of *soma* [a drug]. Then she wailed hallowed *muntrams*, writhed blissfully, and beckoned with serpentine desire. Rending her garments, the ape embraced and attacked her carnally until she, screaming in shock of ecstasy and through repeated orgasms, became senseless with exhaustion; whereupon Lord Lungoor, thoroughly trained, draped her body with the cloth-of-gold stained by hymeneal blood and retired to his throne of honor above the sacrificial altar." Following this performance, to the beating of drums and the blare of conch shells, spread-eagled virgins were assailed by other baboons directed by the priests, who led the animals on leashes.

Greek mythology is riddled with satyrs, centaurs, minotaurs and the like, all supposedly the fruit of bestial unions by both men and women, and scholars suggest that bestiality appealed not only to the Greek imagination but to the Greek gonads as well. However, it was the Roman civilisation which raised animal humping to the level of an obsession. Bestiality permeated every layer of society, from the rustic bumpkin smitten by his sheep to, in some cases, the Emperor himself. Roman women inserted snakes into their vaginas, not only as a means of arriving at orgasm, but also as a way of keeping cool and averting genital stenches in the summertime (naturally, births of scaly and slimy offspring were widely reported). Snakes were also taught to suckle the breasts of voluptuous noblewomen.

For the Roman Games, male animals of all sorts were trained to copulate with and forcibly ravish girls. According to Masters, "Bulls, giraffes, leopards, cheetahs, wild boars, zebras, stallions, jackasses, huge dogs, various kinds of apes, and other animals were taught — not without considerable effort on the part of the trainers — to perform these functions. Some of the more adaptable and enthusiastic ones were further tutored to commit sodomy on human males and females." Not surprisingly, the bulls, stallions and giraffes often inflicted terrible suffering and sometimes death on the objects of their desire — who included virgins and small children.

History records one lavish spectacle in which 100 young blonde girls were simultaneously raped by a horde of drunken baboons. The victims' genitals had been drenched with the urine of female baboons. Sometimes the debauchery climaxed with the beasts devouring their victims after assaulting them — an outcome which invariably brought the house down at the Games.

In some primitive societies, bestiality was required of young boys in the belief that otherwise they would not mature properly. The American Indians of the Plains were known to use freshly slain animals to assist in their personal development.

All of these forms of animal copulation were more or less socially sanctioned. However, in Europe during the witchcraft epidemic of the Middle Ages, and again in the 18th Century, bestiality was practised as a vice — an act of defiance of God and morality. The idea that demons sometimes took the form of animals in order to cohabit with humans was regarded in medieval Europe as undisputable fact. Not only that, the Devil could appear in human form to copulate with animals, or transform humans into animals and induce them to copulate with other humans, so that the question of precisely who was up whom and why baffled many a legal brain in cases that came to trial. Francois Secretain, a witch who was burned alive, admitted that the Devil had known her carnally in the form of a dog, a cat and a hen; Collette Du Mont, who confessed to having sex with a demon in canine form, claimed the dog stood on its hind legs and rested its paws on her belly.

> "De Lancre told of "witches loving a violently stinking goat, becoming intimate and coupling with him horribly"

But the animal form preferred by demons was the goat, and it was in goat form that the Devil himself presided over Sabbat. De Lancre, a noted demonologist, told of "witches loving a violently stinking goat, caressing him amorously, becoming intimate and coupling with him horribly and imprudently." (Incidentally, recent research has shown that witches were heavily into hallucinogenic drugs which they smeared on broomsticks and absorbed through the membranes of the vagina, giving rise to their belief that they could fly around on broomsticks. Various hallucinogens are found in the skin of certain frogs, hence the oft-quoted formula: "Eye of newt, skin of frog . . .")

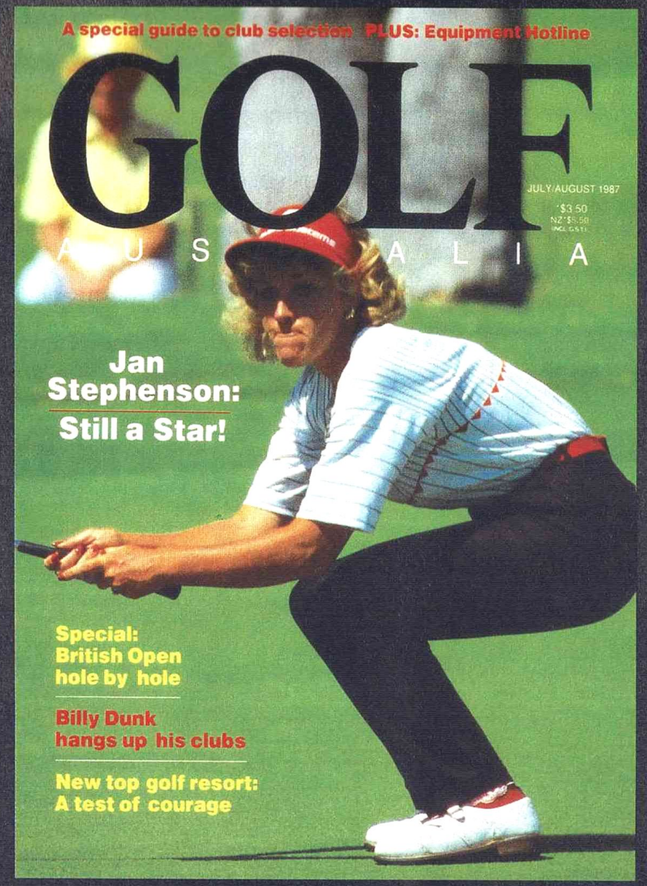
Bestiality as an heretical vice was revived by intellectuals, artists and other fringe types in 18th Century Britain and France, and later still by organisations of occultists and debauchees. During his residence at the abbey of Thelema, Sicily, notorious 19th Century black magician Aleister Crowley induced his mistress and other Thelemites to copulate with a sacred goat, supposedly in order to generate "magical currents" and no doubt also to entertain Master Crowley, who enjoyed that sort of thing.

In practically all cultures bestiality has emerged as myth, fairy tale and folklore and been abundantly depicted in literature, painting and sculpture. It seems that the idea of coupling with animals is profoundly embedded in the human psyche. Although in the Western world authorities have done everything possible to erase this preoccupation, in Africa and the Middle and Far East and in primitive societies the world over, animal humping continued to be a socially acceptable pastime well into the 20th Century and often to the present day.

There are numerous examples. The Manghavei of Madagaskar are especially fond of calves, kids and cows, and even children copulate merrily with them. The Malay women of Kamatcha are even fonder of their dogs than the British and regularly couple with them. Like their Moorish ancestors, young Moroccan boys practise bestiality with she-asses in order to make their penises grow (probably as effective as any other method). Grown-up men are ridiculed for doing the same, but not punished as long as they don't covet their neighbor's ass and stick to defiling their own livestock. The Suaheli and Arabs of the African coast have traditionally practised necrophilious sodomy on sea-cows, or dugongs, believing that if the dugong hunter failed to perform this ritual his next catch would be dragged into the sea by another animal.

The Koran makes no mention of sex with animals and the Arabs have never had any real hang-ups about it; a popular Arab saying decrees that "The pilgrimage to Mecca is not perfected save by copulation with a camel." Awareness of the Arab's attachment to his camel has led to numerous jokes *(Q. Why are camels called ships of the desert? A. Because they carry Arab semen.)* but in fact this is an unfair slur on the camel, a particularly unfriendly and arrogant beast which will stop at nothing to preserve its chastity. A French officer on Napolean's staff reported that he saw an Egyptian youth trying to mount a she-dromedary in the God-forsaken town of El-Feyyoom, but the camel kicked him

At last, golf with an Australian accent...


A special guide to club selection PLUS: Equipment Hotline
GOLF
AUSTRALIA
JULY/AUGUST 1987
$3.50
NZ $5.50
Jan Stephenson: Still a Star!
Special: British Open hole by hole
Billy Dunk hangs up his clubs
New top golf resort: A test of courage

On sale now at selected newsagents

ANIMAL ACTS

into the air "and ruined him", the amused soldier observed.

Arab ladies have had to be a bit more clandestine in their relations with the local fauna, but they are apparently just as easily seduced by the charms of baboons as their ancestors were. Edwardes records: "Neglected or pathologic women, especially in Abyssinia [now Ethiopia] and the Sudan, smuggled dog-faced apes into the harem. These were lusty brutes, known to kill men and rape women in many parts of the country; and an old Egyptian saying declared: 'Nothing poketh and stroketh, nor lusteth after a female, more strenuously than the baboon.' Trained, the *cynocephalus* [baboon], drilling vigorously, endured much longer than the hardiest eunuch. The only shortcoming was that the penis of the animal proved more stiff and sturdy than long and thick, and concubines demanded ample girth for proper response . . ."

In 1979 the Ayatollah Khomeini made it clear that bestiality is a man's game. He pronounced: "A woman cannot have any sort of sexual relations with an animal; that is reserved for men alone. A man may have sexual relations with animals only if the animal is female . . . What is recommended is coitus with domesticated animals such as dogs, cats, pigeons(?), donkeys and lambs." The Ayatollah showed an uncharacteristic sense of humor when he added: "Coupling with wild animals is not recommended, especially with a lioness."

In the Western world, both men and women are no less resourceful in their use of animals for sexual gratification. Apart from the standard ovine, bovine, equine and porcine couplings, there have been documented cases of women inserting the tail ends of live fish into their vaginas and causing the fish to squirm, and even a report of a lady who smeared honey on and in her vulva in order to attract flies, which would tickle her until she was satisifed. But for Western women, at least, by far the most fancied sexual playmate is the humble dog. The age-old practice of training dogs — particularly lap-dogs — to perform cunnilingus (ruff, but effective) on lonely and neglected women persists, while Alsatians seem to be the most popular choice for coital partners.

Commercial exhibitions of bestiality have always existed on the seamy underside of Western society, and although horses, goats and even snakes have occasionally made their stage debuts in X-rated performances, Alsatians have most often basked in the limelight. According to British psychiatrist Dr Alan Cooper, "For this type of exhibition the Alsatian is almost ideal: he is about the right size and can readily become expert in mounting human females which, if his expression is anything to go by, is enormously relished. He has a rapid genital arousal response and is an extremely uninhibited thruster, with seemingly limitless stamina."

Canine copulation might be fine for exhibition purposes, but getting caught in the act with a dog can be dangerous. For no apparent reason, all dogs have a massive ball or knot near the mid-point of the penis; once the organ has been inserted into a vagina or anus and the ball has become engorged, painless withdrawal is almost impossible until after the animal ejaculates. Thus there was the unfortunate case of a Washington woman who was discovered in a compromising position with a large English mastiff. When the terrified couple tried to suddenly sever their connection the woman suffered a fatal haemorrhage. (The fate of the dog has not been recorded.) Pioneer sexologist Havelock Ellis also noted the case of a "smart, pretty, well-educated girl" who suffered vaginal lacerations after spending more than an hour trying to free herself from the swollen phallus of a dog.

> The age-old practice of training dogs to perform cunnilingus (ruff, but effective) on lonely and neglected women persists

The dangers don't end there. In 1974 an American negress was admitted to hospital suffering from welts on the skin and dizziness. The 42-year-old woman, deserted by her husband, had taken to coupling with her pet Alsatian. On the third encounter she had an extreme allergic reaction to the dog's semen. The treatment was successful, but such reactions can be fatal.

Male animal lovers usually take the active part in these affairs, but not always. There is on record the death of a European farmer resulting from his attempts to be buggered by a bull, and several other cases of severe injury from passive intercourse with bulls, stallions and dogs.

It's no surprise to find that bestiality among men is much more prevalent in rural areas than in the city. Men are nicely matched anatomically with animals like goats, sheep, pigs, ponies, mares and heifers (although the less well-endowed are know to prefer the company of chickens, and in one case, the nostrils of horses). The reverse is true of women, who can get all their sexual requirements from more urbane animals.

Traditionally, Australia has ridden on the sheep's back in more ways than one. According to Robert Hughes in *The Fatal Shore*, convict shepherds introduced Aborigines to the delights of sodomy but "if The Man From Snowy River's convict forebear was not content with the brusque embraces of Jacky-Jacky, there were always the sheep." A juryman told a committee of inquiry in 1838: "I have had opportunities of hearing many trials for unnatural offenses, with animals particularly . . . I think they are much more common than in any other country inhabited by the English." When a committee member interjected: "That is among the convicts?" the reply was "Yes" — dispelling any fears that the colonial gentry were taking their animal husbandry duties a shade too literally.

In Australia, of course, the unique fauna provides opportunities for much more exotic couplings. However, wombats, kangaroos, emus, dingoes and the like are not easy to catch, and dogged research uncovered only one case, lacking in detail, of a patriotic Aussie who managed to tie his kangaroo down long enough for a bit of sport.

There have been other novel variations, though. In November 1986 a butcher employed by a leading Melbourne supermarket chain was hurriedly placed on extended sick leave after he was found in the cool room having sex with a pig carcase. Perhaps he'd never heard that wise old saying: "It ain't the meat, it's the motion." In January this year a man appeared before Brisbane Magistrate's Court charged with attempting to have sex with a sheep. Police said he stole the animal from a suburban paddock and tethered it to his bed before making his move. When the sheep refused to co-operate he allegedly killed it for dinner. Some guys just can't take a knockback.

Another recent Australian case was that of a 22-year-old man from Cockatoo in the Dandenong Ranges, who pleaded guilty in Melbourne Magistrate's Court to a charge of having sex with a goat. On November 18, 1984, the offender became inebriated at a 21st birthday party and, realising he was too drunk to drive, did the right thing and started walking home. He ventured into a paddock, where he was disturbed by a female goat. He could only vaguely remember touching the goat, but clearly recalled the flash of a torchlight and admitted the offense when questioned by police. Counsel for the defendant told the court: "My client has had to suffer jibes, comments and noises. That has been his real punishment." When examined by a vet the goat was found to be in good health and not distressed. The man received a two-year good behavior bond.

We can only guess at how often such cases occur. Dr Paul Wilson of the Australian Institute of Criiminology told *Penthouse*: "I have been informed by criminal lawyers of an amazing number of cases, mostly involving adolescents in rural areas . . . I'd be surprised if the figure for the whole country in any one year wasn't into the hundreds."

That figure would of course only refer to those who've been caught and put away. According to a Sydney forensic psychiatrist, "The offenders who are charged are usually suffering from some degree of mental retardation. They're often found in backstreets assaulting dogs in public, not really aware that what they're doing is wrong." A classic case was that of an 83-year-old man who in August 1985 was charged with two counts of bestiality after being discovered in a laneway in the Sydney suburb of Waterloo carnally cavorting with a cockerspaniel.

The psychiatrist related another story illustrating the simple-mindedness of an English gentleman who was accused of carnally knowing a pig. The police had no proof of the offence until the pig fancier, pining for his porcine paramour, wrote a letter from his jail cell asking relatives for a photograph of the animal in question.

Sounds like the rural answer to the urban legend? Well then, how about this: noted sexologist Dr Jules Black recalled a case heard in the NSW country town of Cooma in which a man faced a charge of copulating with a cow. "The witness went through an incredibly elaborate description of how the accused led the cow to the corner of the paddock, climbed up on to a corner post, pulled the cow by the tail so that it backed on to him — and the cow shat on him. The court burst into uproar. A man in the jury box stood up and said: 'Don't laugh — it happens all the time.'"

It would be a mistake, however, to think that bestiality is the exclusive preserve of the feeble-minded. These people, along with the jaded volupturies at the other end of the intellectual scale, make up only a tiny minority of animal humpers; according to Masters, "By far the larger proportion . . . are normally sensual persons without strong inhibitions against such contacts who have found themselves in situations where desire coincided with opportunity for gratification by means of bestiality." In other words, ordinary people like you and me.

Those unfortunates in our culture who are caught in the act pay a terrible price for their harmless pleasures — although not quite as terrible as the one exacted in ancient times. *Leviticus 20:15-16:* "And if a man lie with a beast, he shall surely be put to death: and ye shall slay the beast. And if a woman approach unto any beast, and lie down thereto, thou shalt kill the woman, and the beast: They shall surely be put to death: Their blood shall be upon them."

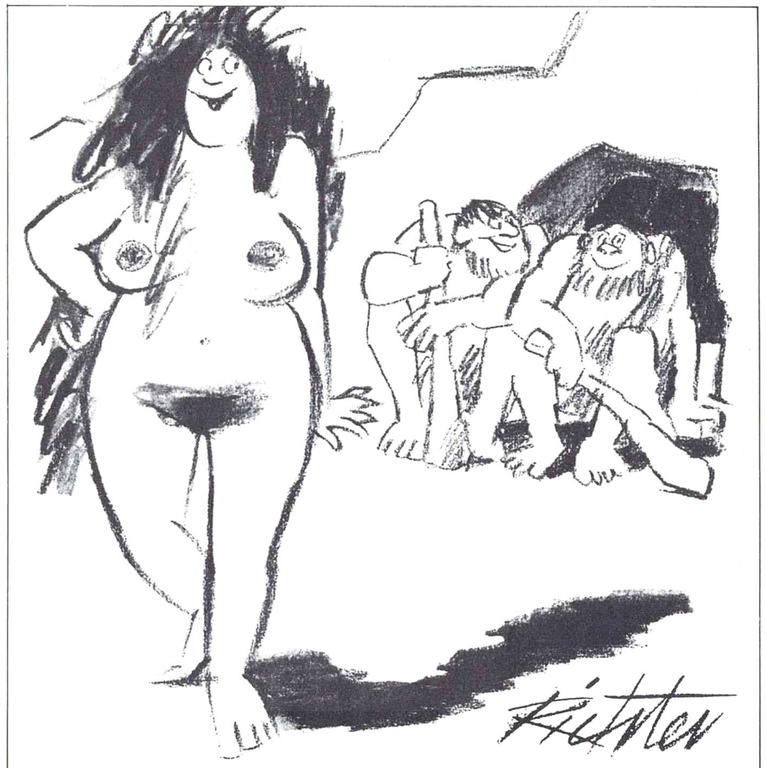
This archaic penal code was implemented to the letter throughout the Middle Ages; in many cases, both human and beast were executed together, and on occasions they were even tried together by the same judicial body — although the question of whether the animal could be credited with free will, and was thus capable of acting sinfully, was always a matter for rigorous debate. Torture was of course part and parcel of the legal process — not only for the human offenders but for their four-legged partners as well. The yelps and howls of the animals, as they were roasted over slow fires or suspended head downwards by hooks inserted in their flesh, were taken as confessions of guilt. In a case tried at Chartres, France, in 1606, a dog was tried *in absentia* and hanged in effigy for its part in an act of bestiality.

These harsh sanctions against the innocent animals undoubtedly arose from the belief — reported as historical fact by writers of all ages and in all places — that bestial unions often resulted in the births of grotesque monsters. The idea that such hybridisations are possible is still embraced by ignorant people in our own culture today. (As late as the 1930s, a group of Russian scientists spent several years deep in the wilds of Turkestan, ardently endeavoring to cross-breed men with chimpanzees in an attempt to establish the validity of the theory of evolution).

In the age of the RSPCA and Animal Liberation, the four-legged parties to the offense have at last been let off the hook. Not so their human suitors. Bestiality (formerly called "the abominable crime of buggery") still carries a maximum 14-year penalty in NSW and five years for an unsuccessful attempt; in Western Australia and Queensland the penalty is the same; in South Australia the maximum is ten years; in Victoria the penalty was death until 1949 but has been reduced to five years (bugger all, you might say, by comparison); and in Tasmania (where one might expect greater leniency, owing to the rugged and sometimes lonely environment), the maximum price for a few moments of bestial abandon is a staggering 21 years.

What possible justification can there be for these Draconian penalties? There are ample laws prohibiting cruelty to animals which can and should be applied in cases of sadistic bestiality. However, the idea that animal humping is necessarily a cruel act is simply wrong. Ancient historians right up to Kinsey in our own time have reported that animals often become very attached (in more ways than one) to human partners, and sometimes even become exclusively devoted to them, losing all interest in intercourse with their own kind. This is especially true of male animals, who show markedly good taste in preferring the tender caress of a woman's hand to the clumsy embrace of a paw, hoof or trotter.

Maybe it's time the Old Testament was banned not only from the bedroom but from the barnyard as well.

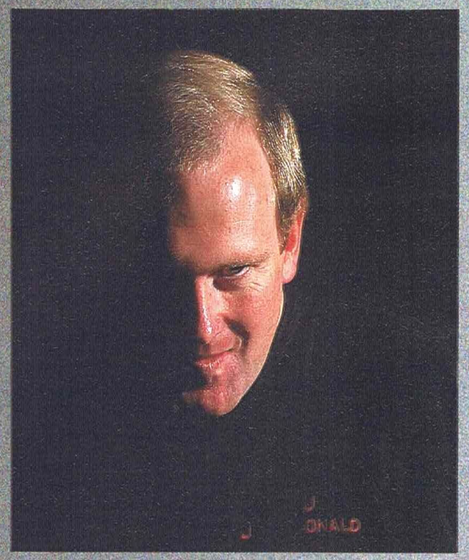


"She's a member of the world's newest profession."

MASQUERADE

Some would argue that the masking of passions merely avoids facing up to the inevitable . . . Outstanding Australian photographer Alan Vertue and his Pet subject would not agree. We may be lost in a masquerade, but they suggest there's nothing two-faced about savoring the thrill of a few well-chosen moments of anonymity, and have engaged in a little time travel to prove a point. Evoking the era of chamber music, Mozart mania, and the barely-masked bawd of masque balls, they have arrived at the conclusion that woman cannot live by cake alone . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN VERTUE



Australia's martial arts "establisment" wants three questions answered: what is shinobi, who the hell is John McDonald, and since when was he Australia's most vicious streetfighter?

MARTIAL LORE

BY DAVID HALPIN

It's an old argument. From the time when every man is a little kid it goes something like this: "Who's the toughest kid in the school?" Then it's the adolescent gang asking the same question, and the football club, then the pub, with endless arguments about the great old time boxers. Was Dempsey better than Muhammad Ali? Could Sugar Ray Robinson have beaten Les Darcy? Could a great wrestler beat a top boxer? How does a karate exponent rate against a good streetfighter?

This fascination with physical conflict fills the pockets of the fight promoters, packs the crowds into football matches, makes instant multi-millionaires of the top heavyweights, and turns professional TV wrestlers into kids' heroes.

And, since the glamorous Eastern techniques of Bruce Lee hit the silver screen, it's a topic which has led to an upsurge of interest in the martial arts, with tens of thousands of Australians paying good money to presumably learn how to kick, punch, claw and chop with such Oriental finesse that they'll be able to stroll the darkest back alley in Kings Cross or St Kilda in smug and perfect safety.

Of course, this old argument about "the greatest" is impossible to resolve, as all the experts readily agree. A ranked heavyweight boxer who ran a great little bar in New York's Village once told me, "Forget this martial arts bullshit — every Saturday night outside this bar I see good streetfighters get into it with so-called black belts and kick boxers — and the streetfighters usually cream them." Then there are the views of some of Sydney's top detectives about the fighting capacity

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO/FUJI FILM

MARTIAL

of Sydney identity Joe Meissner, who allegedly went to Japan years ago and won the "world karate title."

Even taking into account that they don't care much for Joe — especially since his line of work makes him a millionaire and provides him with a gold Rolls Royce — detectives who should know report that a notorious Sydney crim called Neddy Smith, taller, wider and heavier than Joe, once had a personal clash with Meissner. Using the good old style which made Ned Kelly the bare-knuckle heavyweight champion of Victoria, Neddie demonstrated rather brutally that Joe's karate wasn't worth an Aussie dollar in a Tokyo whorehouse.

But, despite this example of street experience being of more practical use than the ability to smash a dozen tiles with a single chop, these days in a Sydney streetfight it's more likely than not that one or both opponents will lunge out with a sidekick rather than the old-fashioned straight left or right cross king hit.

No reliable statistics are available for the numbers of Australians of all ages, sexes and sizes now learning one of the wide assortment of martial arts on offer, often from some very dubious instructors indeed. But the "sport" — although the reasons for learning martial arts have more to do with street self-defence or thuggery than sporting tournaments — has now been officially recognised by the federal and state governments, which list accredited coaches and instructors, and try to maintain some regulation over the proliferation of various styles and teachers competing for the substantial martial arts dollar.

Like most activities which grow large enough to attract government regulation, the loosely organised martial arts community has formed an Establishment clique which jealously — and many would agree, necessarily — protects the established martial arts schools, trying to screen out the pretenders and "blow-ins" who always try to cash in on any newly fashionable pastime.

Now into this comfortable set up, as they used to say in Bruce Lee parlance, enter the Dragon — in the shape of a young Sydney martial arts "master" in the secret ancient Chinese fighting technique of "shinobi." This newcomer, John McDonald, while of robust stature, has a positively angelic countenance.

Only 27 years of age, McDonald is over 186cm tall, weighs in good nick about 95kg, and is the senior of two shinobi "masters" in Australia, claiming to hold a sixth-degree black belt in the martial art, which he describes as "not a sport, but a practical and effective form of self-defence against most kinds of attack."

McDonald and shinobi are not at all well known among the Sydney martial arts fraternity, but in the past couple of months he has become the centre of a boiling and bitchy controversy in the fighting world. He has achieved this by emerging in the Sydney press as the chosen challenger in a full contact, no-holds-barred contest with a young Brazilian fighter who arrived early this year in Australia and announced that he wanted to fight Australia's best freestyle fighter — boxer, wrestler, kick boxer, kung fu exponent, or streetfighter. It will be a winner-take-all effort in Rio de Janiero next November before an expected crowd of 20,000 screaming Brazilians and tourists.

As befits the somewhat cloudy, gossip-ridden world of the martial arts, it's not quite clear how this self-confident fellow, one Marcel Behring — also known as "Mr Deadly" — went about choosing his opponent for the Big Match in Rio. John McDonald, who as the chosen one stands

> "We'll be using kicks and punches and everything else while we're standing, but I'll be too vicious on the ground for him."

to make a hefty sum in the ring with "Mr Deadly", says he's only had a "light spar" in a Sydney restaurant with Behring, but that effort and other reports from insiders about his toughness and ability led Behring's backers to conclude that McDonald should be the lucky man.

McDonald, questioned about Marcel's choice of opponent, said he'd heard that Marcel had visited a number of martial arts "dojos" in Victoria, Queensland and NSW to watch various kung fu, karate and kick boxers before selecting the right opponent.

"I believe the big problem he had in getting a challenger was that they all wanted some rules to apply, but I was happy to make the contest full contact — no gloves or protective clothing, with only attacks to the groin and eye-gouging barred," explains McDonald in his self-effacing, yet quietly confident manner.

"Over in Balmain I heard, for example, that he sparred with a couple of tough boys, but they insisted that rules should apply, while Marcel wanted no breaks in the fight if his opponent was knocked to the ground or injured.

"Marcel has been doing jiu jitsu and other martial arts since he was a child and he's apparently very effective on the ground with locks and pressure points.

"I'm very good on the ground too, and that's probably where the fight will be decided. Of course, we'll be using kicks and punches and everything else while we're standing, but I believe I'll be too vicious on the ground for him."

This view is not supported by one of Behring's main backers in Australia, Mr Shirono Masaki, a Gold Coast martial artist who admires Marcel's effective freestyle type of fighting.

"Marcel did not fight in Australia while picking the challenger but we believe Mr McDonald is the right man for the big fight in November," he explains. "I have seen Marcel fight in Brazil against a top Hong Kong kick-boxer in a similar winner-take-all contest. It only lasted about three minutes and the Chinese fellow ended up in hospital for three months. There was blood everywhere at the end — it was a great fight.

"Marcel will fight anyone any time. His father manages and organises both him and his brother and they travel the world looking for freestyle all-out fights. He finds it very hard to get opponents because he insists on no rules, as rules are no good to him. He won't use gloves or protection. It is the real thing and the best fighter wins."

Mr Masaki claims that over 20,000 spectators pay money to watch such fights in Brazil, which is why, he says, the Marcel/McDonald fight will be held there. He concedes that the law in Australia, which is pretty rigid even for official boxing and martial arts tournaments, may also be a big factor.

"Anyone is free to take on Marcel — wrestlers, boxers, kung fu fighters, karate men — he can handle them all. He is only 180 centimetres tall and about 80 kilos, but he has been freestyle fighting and training all his life. He doesn't care who he fights . . . I will go to Rio in November to see his fight with McDonald. It is great sport."

Despite extensive inquiries, it is difficult to gain an informed opinion of just how deadly Marcel really is. It appears from canvassing a range of martial arts experts in Australia that a smallish, rapid and very tough American kick boxer known as Benny The Jet would be an ideal opponent to test Marcel's mettle. One karate instructor from Sydney said he'd once seen Benny kick a 45kg barbell off its stand in a demonstration. Apart from having this kind of power, Benny, he said, was lightning fast and virtually indestructible because kicks and punches seemed to bounce off him without much effect. "Marcel would have to lose."

Mr Masaki said he believed that such a match between Benny and Marcel had once been proposed but had never occurred. He seemed keen that Marcel should test his talent against such a world-recognised opponent. But, for the moment, the big fight would be McDonald versus Behring in Rio.

So, from an ordinary Aussie's point of view, if John McDonald, a former electronics technician from Sefton, in Sydney's west, is risking life and limb against someone as deadly as Mr Deadly, he would have to rate as one of the toughest men in Australia in an all-out scrap or street brawl.

Could it just be possible that this mild mannered, articulate and intelligent young man, who has provoked some harsh words from martial arts officialdom, really is the roughest, toughest, meanest all-round street fighter in our country? Can shinobi as a means of self-defence enable the frailest citizen to walk unarmed into a bikie brothel?

McDonald began his martial arts career learning judo at the age of ten, later moving on to boxing at the local police boys' club. Curiously, for a man who now is a professional all-out contact fighter, McDonald didn't like boxing because he was "a thin kid and I kept getting pulped by the bigger guys." Then, about 13 years ago, his father, a former boxer, heard about the "hard art" of shinobi and contacted the "master" of the art then in Australia, an Irishman named Tom Cullen. Cullen, then a sixth degree "sifu" or teacher, had learnt his esoteric skills from an Irishman named John Fanning, who is still "grandmaster" of shinobi in Dublin and the only tenth degree exponent in the world.

McDonald began to practice shinobi year after year under Cullen's guidance, finding that without the big gloves and the rules which hindered him in boxing he became a far more dangerous proposition.

"Shinobi is an amalgam of many martial arts and streetfighting skills using punches, kicks, chops, nerve points, throws, special locks, raking fingers across the face, eye gouging and attacking every point on the body," John explains in a quiet voice.

"It's not a sport, it's a total fighting art for self-defence and it can be deadly. To get my black belt I had to fight off a number of opponents at the same time, all of us going full out. It's designed for actual street combat, so when we grade a black belt he is attacked by up to ten other students in a variety of ways so that he learns to fight under pressure.

"I believe that's the difference between what we teach our students and many other forms of martial arts. It's a big difference between sparring with gloves and protective padding in a dojo (training hall) and fighting full contact in a street situation, possibly against a number of attackers.

"Shinobi is realistic self-defence, not practising graceful moves in a dojo and not getting hit."

By the end of 1984, Tom Cullen felt he had taught John all he could and advised him to travel to Ireland for special training under Grandmaster Fanning to gain his higher degrees.

"Only a few people knew about shinobi in Australia when I left and it was pretty secret in Ireland when I met John Fanning — not really a secret society of martial artists, but a kind of underground skill which many hard men knew about and used," John recalls.

He was clearly overawed by Grandmaster Fanning and still speaks of him with utmost respect, tinged with relief that Fanning is in Ireland and that he is back in Australia.

"Fanning is about 179cms tall and weighs about 136kgs (19 stone) — all of it muscle, so he's extremely hard to attack. He is the only man in the world I would not give myself a good chance of beating — even people like Mike Tyson or Marvin Hagler. Fanning is now about 42 and he's a very hard man in all ways, even for a place like Ireland, where it seems everyone is a good streetfighter.

"Fanning has body control to the point where he can withdraw his testicles up behind his stomach muscles, so a groin kick is useless. His neck is so thick and tough that a chop or kick bounces off him. I can't honestly see anyone in the world beating him, not even the very top martial artists, wrestlers, or boxers like Tyson.

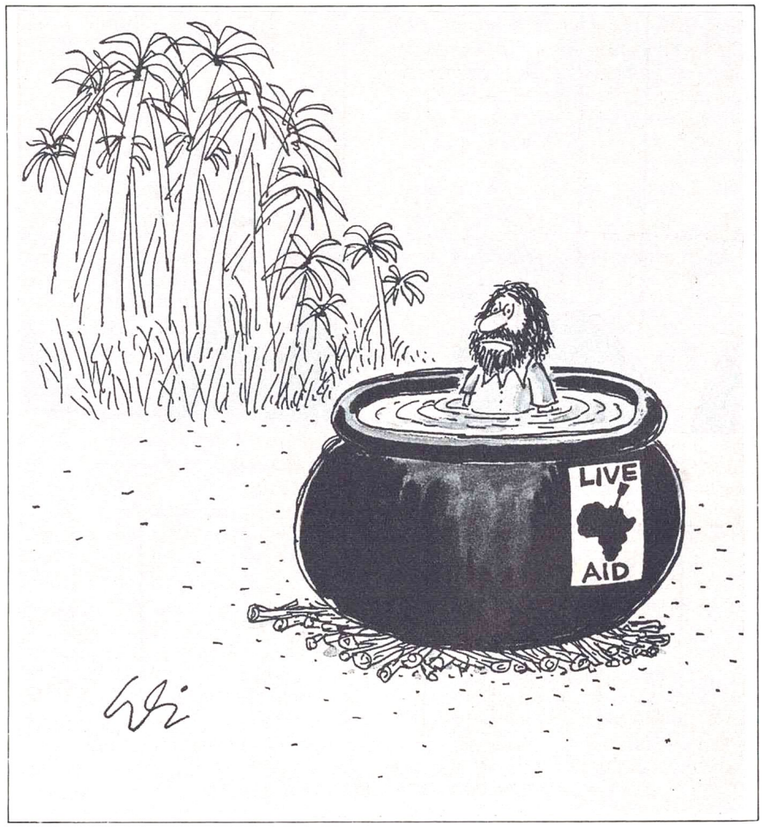
"He has such powerful fingers that in Spain a few years ago he had two heavyweight wrestlers try to pull his fingers apart from either side, but he just held the fingers together by sheer force and willpower.

"One of our nastier holds is to push the fingers into the eye sockets and then bring the fingers together while they remain in the sockets. This will instantly knock unconscious the biggest, toughest person even if he's not feeling pain because of drugs or alcohol. The hold just hits a nerve centre and kapow, they're out to it. Imagine what Fanning's fingers could do."

John says that in Ireland he had to live hard as part of the training, sleeping on a mattress in shabby flats on the outskirts of Belfast and eating second-rate food while Fanning and a few disciples put him through a kind of purgatory to toughen him up mentally and physically.

"It was the armpit of the world, full of drugs and poverty and IRA people, very cold all the time. I had to sleep with a knife under my bed to increase my awareness to reach the point where I sleep with half an eye open. It gives you a sort of total awareness to enable you to 'see' attacks from behind you, which is very useful in a streetfighting situation.

"I trained hours every day on the beach at Skerries with Fanning and Willy, the Irish kickboxing champion, and some other exponents of shinobi. Sometimes they'd take me into pubs, pick a fight, and leave me to handle a group of tough boys so I'd be able to use the techniques even under incred-



MARTIAL

ible pressure. The exercises, like five sets of 120 pushups, hour after hour, were so hard I'd pass out at times and wake up vomiting — it was just total dedication.

"One of the tests they'd use would be to send me into the toughest back streets with no money and I'd have to come back with some to prove I could survive." John claims he's only been beaten twice in 50 "sanctioned" tournament full contact bouts, both losses occurring in Ireland. He also says he's never been beaten in Australia or parts of Asia where he's travelled fighting for money.

"I've fought around the Australian clubs with champions trying to learn everything I can from different styles of martial arts. I've never been beaten, nor have I lost any of the street fights I've been caught in.

"To make money, I'd travel around places like Singapore and Hong Kong, going to martial arts clubs and challenging their best fighter for a side bet. In Singapore last year I won $1800 — everything I had — on a fight with a big Chinese karate bloke. It only lasted about 30 seconds and I had to leave in a hurry because the whole club felt they'd lost face.

"Another time, I was sizing up this opponent so I decided to try out a new dirty trick — fighting is a lot about dirty tricks. As he came in I spat full in his face and it put him off guard long enough for me to deck him and lock him up on the ground.

"Before I left Ireland I had a lot of fights for money. In one week I won about $8000 in side bets."

John laughs at suggestions that he's a kind of Australian "samurai" with a "have-fists-will-travel" philosophy, but says he won enough backing his fighting skills to leave his electronics business and start instructing in shinobi.

Last year he and Tom Cullen decided to change the name of the style from "Ming Chuan" as it was known in China 600 years ago, and as it's still sometimes known in Ireland, to the Japanese name "shinobi." They've now built up student numbers to about 200, a major expansion on the kind of garage operation it was when Tom Cullen introduced it to Australia. Even though they claim interest in shinobi is growing, with John now teaching it to women's groups and children at private schools, it's still only small beer compared to the thousands of students in some of the other martial arts. To make ends meet, John works as a bouncer at various disco joints and clubs around the Western suburbs, which gives him cash and "hands on" experience.

"Shinobi is good for controlling aggressive people because you can graduate the techniques and quieten aggressors down without having to hurt them as some bouncers do," he stresses. However, John has been in some violent street situations, both in Australia and overseas. His worst, he says, was in London when four punk rockers attacked him, although he recalls wryly that a woman in Sydney almost achieved what his male attackers never could.

"I was working at an electronics place out near here at Sefton and a karate bloke pretending to give a demonstration at lunchtime badly beat up a young co-worker. I stepped in and he tried to barrel me, but I decked him and went to the ground with him to lock him up. He fastened his teeth into my chest so I used a nerve point to knock him out. Then I looked up to see his girlfriend with a small garden scythe about to rip my head off so I had to punch up and knock her out. I've still got the bite scar, along with the small knife scars on my arm.

"When you take on a bloke with a knife, you usually have to cop a cut or a stab wound on a non-vital spot to get in and finish him off quickly. Luckily there are very few good knife fighters around because if they used the right technique, as some blokes do in Ireland, you'd be in big trouble."

While John says he finds it embarrassing to talk about himself, he claims that he would be confident even of beating someone as formidable as the new world heavyweight boxing champion Mike Tyson. "I've got great respect for boxers, especially someone like Tyson who's training all the time, who can take a punch and who is large and strong. But with an effective martial art like shinobi it's not a matter of how big a person is, it's timing and the right technique. If Tyson didn't clobber me quickly, I'd kick his knees from under him and then use grappling techniques and nerve holds on the ground.

"Boxing skills are hard to combat when a good boxer gets close in, harder than karate or kick boxing — but shinobi is not a sport; it's a deadly serious self-defence where you are fighting a total battle using everything from raking your opponent's eyes to hitting sensitive spots which can kill a person if delivered properly."

John says that even against large, heavy wrestlers, he's found that pinching the right nerve or pectoral muscle or chopping into arm muscles soon disables such giants.

One of his admirers, Tony De Stephano, who operates the Bodyworks martial arts and weight gymnasium in Liverpool, regards McDonald as "one of the most effective streetfighters" he's seen in eight years of watching karate instructors and other martial artists. Tony says he's also seen Benny The Jet at an Australian coaching clinic and believes he is the "best martial artist I've ever seen.

"There are some very strong bodybuilders in my gym, but most don't have John's sort of power. I've seen him go all out against ten guys, and he gets a look on his face that shows he likes fighting, he enjoys it.

"Struck down anything interesting lately?"

"I've also seen John against a very hard character who trains here named Nick who works a jackhammer all day and is as strong as a bull. He got John in a headlock and John just threw him off. Then he allowed Nick to grab him and squeeze on the trapezius muscle. Although John's face went red with pain, Nick was amazed that he couldn't subdue him. And Nick is the sort of bloke who headbutts brick walls for fun. So John is no show pony — he's a top fighter, especially with full contact no-holds-barred, a real handful."

McDonald seems to command respect among some of the hard men of Sydney's streets. One former Aboriginal middleweight who's reputed to be the best streetfighter in the Western suburbs, even though he's now middle-aged, said he'd heard that McDonald was "a very hard kind of bloke in the street, someone who'd give the best a rough time." He'd also heard shinobi was a "hard martial art, very practical for day to day self-defence."

But McDonald hasn't won titles in conventional martial arts tournaments, and it's difficult to locate many people equipped to make a judgement who have had a chance to watch him fight all out.

His detractors are not at all difficult to find. Since the publicity about him and the Rio fight against Mr Deadly, some very well known names in the fighting fraternity are scornful about McDonald's claims. Wal Missingham, President of the Australian Kung Fu Federation and a recognised senior member of the martial arts "Establishment", totally derided McDonald's claims to be a "master" in shinobi.

"He's not accredited by the federal or state Sports Commission as a recognised coach in martial arts, and I don't consider him to be a bona fide martial artist," Missingham stated vehemently.

"He and this so-called shinobi or Ming Chuan — which means 'noodle fist' — or whatever he's decided to call it, have come out of the woodwork and got all this publicity about fighting this Marcel fellow in Rio. It's stirred up a lot of resentment among the true martial artists and the chief instructors in different styles.

"How can McDonald say he's the best full contact fighter or streetfighter? He came to my dojo and asked for tuition in knife fighting, but after two lessons I told him to forget it. Then he asked to fight one of my senior instructors, Peter James, the 1985 super heavyweight kung fu champion, who's about 190cms tall and over 95kgs. Well, if you could call it a fight — it went three rounds and McDonald got a few punches in, but Peter just played with him; it was really no contest.

"McDonald complained that he was hampered by the rules and the gloves and the protective shields, but he just didn't have it.

"The martial arts industry has enough so-called instructors taking money from people under false pretences to teach them so-called self-defence, and we are trying to ensure that proper instructors are accredited so that people aren't ripped off.

"Just the other night on *The Investigators* they showed up some alleged Tai Chi teachers who are not accredited, yet are taking a lot of money from gullible people. There are plenty around like that.

"Obviously McDonald wants to expand his number of students and also get somebody to sponsor him for this bout in Rio. He talks about winning 48 of 50 sanctioned tournaments. Okay, who sanctioned them, where were they, and where is his record of the fighters he beat? After a *Herald* article appeared he rang me and I told him there are full contact tournaments in Sydney in August, so why can't he enter those and show us how good he is? He keeps making excuses about wanting no rules and no shields and wanting side bets before he fights, but there are plenty of good martial arts exponents who'd show him up if he agreed to fight."

> "He talks about being able to beat someone like Mike Tyson. I seriously advise him to carry a gun into the ring."

Penthouse contacted Peter James, who gave a similar account of the bout with McDonald, adding that he'd be pleased to fight McDonald full out, no rules, anywhere he stipulated.

"When McDonald wanted to fight me in the gym Wal said 'take it easy' and I had to because his kicks were a joke. Then I moved in on him and he got a few punches in, but he didn't trouble me at all. If he wants a streetfight, I'd be happy to oblige any time. I've fought people like Lee Rice, and there's just no comparison with a bloke like McDonald. He's a bit of a fake, I reckon, and if he's so good why doesn't he go in an open tournament and prove it?

"It's easy to tell newspaper reporters how tough you are and how you are going to fight in Rio in an all-out contest, but let him prove himself here first. And, if he's not joking when he talks about being able to beat someone like Tyson, then I seriously advise him to carry a gun into the ring.

"I wouldn't hop into the ring with Tyson and I've held the Australian super heavyweight title."

Contacted about James' comments, McDonald volunteered to fight James for a "substantial side bet" before he went to Rio. Wal Missingham relayed this to James, who agreed, and nominated a time and place, but said James wouldn't agree to the side bet "because Peter is a taxi driver and hasn't got the $10,000 McDonald is talking about."

Told of this acceptance of his challenge, McDonald replied he couldn't afford to risk injury before the Rio bout "because I'm risking something over $100,000 and it's not worth it." However, he said, he was eager to fight both James and Missingham (himself a kung fu "master") on his return.

Another Establishment figure, Earl Montagu, who calls himself a "master" in Tai Chi after 18 years experience, was equally vocal about McDonald's claim to fame. He also said McDonald should list the people he's beaten "before talking about being Australia's best fighter.

"No-one knows anything about shinobi — it's a Japanese word and yet it's supposed to be a martial art from China. So why haven't some of the recognised martial arts magazines which keep a close eye on the better exponents around the world published anything on McDonald?

"There are official bodies in America and the UK, but they don't mention McDonald, or shinobi, or for that matter, this Marcel Behring. There are well known top fighters like Benny The Jet who'd probably be widely regarded as the world's best, but who can say who is the best in the world? Has Behring challenged Benny The Jet or someone like Eddie Everett, known as "Eddie The Monster", who's the current world heavyweight kick boxing champion? It's hard to take all this seriously, and it's not doing martial arts any good at all, this whole controversy."

Asked if he would accept a challenge from McDonald, Montagu replied, "No, I don't take challenges. Why should I? I'm a teacher. Why should I fight? If someone like him comes around to my place looking for that sort of trouble my people would just beat him up with sticks and throw him down the stairs."

Given that the martial arts boys had just finished choking on the article on Grandmaster William Cheung in the April 1987 issue of *Penthouse*, and were feeling extremely miffed about William's claim to be the greatest with a record of once beating 27 enraged seamen in the hold of a cargo ship, the McDonald affair obviously has them feeling buffeted by the kicks and punches of outrageous fortune.

So this mild looking Aussie will travel to Rio later this year with little backing from his peers in the free fighting community. If he doesn't get the chop from Marcel in Rio, you get the feeling it's going to be a high-kicking High Noon with gloves off in the western suburbs of Sydney when our local hero returns.

QUIZ

"There is probably no sensitive heterosexual alive who is not preoccupied with his latent homosexuality."
— Norman Mailer

ARE YOU A LATENT HOMOSEXUAL?

BY C.J. MACKAY

At the beginning of this century homosexuality was regarded by medical practitioners and the general populace as an illness with which people were born. From today's perspective that belief can be seen for what it was — naive, small-minded and worthy of intellectual contempt. Better educational standards, mind-broadening social and medical changes, the Gay Revolution of the Seventies and the high profile many homosexuals now enjoy in the arts, politics, the business community and sport have combined to alter forever our outlook on homosexuality. Here in the Eighties we regard homosexuality as an illness from which people *die*.

Media highlighting of AIDS and cries of doom and destruction from ultra-conservative sectors of society are leading us to reassess our lifestyles and our views on homosexuality. The hard-won freedoms and pride among the gay community are in danger of being swept away in a regressive tide of bigotry. What should be the flowering of an era of compassion and sexual understanding is being nipped by a refusal to introspectively consider and accept that we are all made up of male and female traits.

Over the next few pages you'll find a quiz designed by leading psychologists and sexologists to determine whether you, the Australian male, harbor latent homosexual tendencies. Don't be afraid or put off by what this questionnaire might reveal about the real you. Complete it in privacy or share it with a close friend, but do it, and do it honestly. Self-knowledge is the starting point of all knowledge and in the current social climate, as we examine the mores of sexual proclivity and readdress our sexual selves, the findings revealed in this quiz may be invaluable.

This psychosexual examination has been divided into two sections. Section A asks about your early influences, your upbringing, initial sexual experiences, tastes and habits. Section B probes your current behavior. Scoring and what your score reveals about you can be found on the last page.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT

QUIZ

In your first romantic embrace what did your eager, sweaty, inexperienced hands reach for?

SECTION A
EARLY YEARS

1. What sort of toilet training did you receive?
   (a) Realistic instruction on overall cleanliness and the elimination of body wastes.
   (b) Extreme emphasis on hygiene. Half-hour nappy changes and Dettol scrubs.
   (c) Very little. I was an anal retentive baby.
   (d) I had my nose rubbed in it.

2. Were you an early walker and talker?
   (a) Yes, I was running around and displaying prodigious oral dexterity by age one.
   (b) No, but I was a great spit shot with a dummy and I crawled well.

3. What was your favorite reading matter when you were very young?
   (a) I didn't read when I was very young.
   (b) *Snugglepot And Cuddlepie.*
   (c) *Noddy And Big Ears.*
   (d) *Dick And Dora.* (Loved him, hated her.)
   (e) *Penthouse.*
   (f) I still can't read.

4. What were your favorite pre-school games?
   (a) Playing dress-ups and making daisy chains.
   (b) Playing doctors and nurses.
   (c) Playing pin the tail on the donkey.
   (d) Playing with myself.

5. What was your favorite song when you were very young?
   (a) "God Save The Queen."
   (b) "I'm A Little Teapot."
   (c) "Popeye The Sailor Man."
   (d) "Up There Cazaly."

THE 'TWEEN YEARS

6. Did you show an early preoccupation with the opposite sex?
   (a) Yes, I had a lot of girlfriends.
   (b) No, I hated girls.
   (c) I thought I *was* the opposite sex.

7. What sorts of things did you do to amuse yourself at school?
   (a) Played spin the bottle and truth and dare.
   (b) Played elastics, skipping and swapping *Dolly* magazines.
   (c) Played "who can piss highest", "soggy Sao", touch footy, and sticking crackers up cats' bums.
   (d) I didn't kid around. I sold dope.

8. When you took your partner to the pictures what sweets did you buy?
   (a) Choo-choo Bar.
   (b) Icy pole.
   (c) Pollywaffle.
   (d) Fantales.
   (e) None. I said: "If you're hungry, bitch, suck on this."

9. In your first romantic embrace, what was the first thing your eager, sweaty, inexperienced hands reached for?
   (a) Waist.
   (b) Bottom.
   (c) Knockers.
   (d) Dick.
   (e) Purse.

10. Where did your first sexual intercourse occur?
    (a) In a bed.
    (b) In a car.
    (c) In a toilet cubicle.
    (d) It has yet to occur but I will write and tell you about it when it does.

CURRENT PERSONAL DATA

11. Are you a bachelor over 30?
    (a) Yes.
    (b) No.

12. Are you a vegetarian?
    (a) Yes. I won't eat dead things.
    (b) No. If someone plonked a big slab of hot meat in front of me I'd gobble it down.

13. How much hair do you have on your face?
    (a) None.
    (b) I am clean shaven but occasionally I have short, curly growth on my face.
    (c) I have a full beard — and let me tell you that after a big day at the bath house it really is a *full* beard.
    (d) Just a neat little "cocksucker" moustache.

14. Have you ever sustained injuries while attempting to suck your own penis?
    (a) Yes.
    (b) No.

15. Have you ever sustained injuries while attempting to suck someone else's penis?
    (a) Yes.
    (b) No.

16. What is your greatest fear?
    (a) Herpes.
    (b) AIDS.
    (c) Haemorrhoids.
    (d) Chipped teeth.

17. Choose from the following list the occupation you would most like to have:
    (a) Fabulously handsome rock star.
    (b) Theatre dresser.
    (c) Window dresser.
    (d) Hair dresser.
    (e) Cross dresser.

18. Do you sometimes get a little behind in your work?
    (a) Yes, but not as often as I'd like.
    (b) No. I don't believe in mixing business with pleasure.

19. When was the last time you had an enema?
    (a) What's an enema?
    (b) Last time I was in hospital.
    (c) What time is it now?

20. Do you use condoms?
    (a) Yes, often.
    (b) No, real men don't use condoms.
    (c) Rarely, and then only when I'm having sex.

TASTES AND DIVERSIONS

21. Do you like freckles?
    (a) Yes, the very idea of a freckle makes me harder than a sanskrit sliderule.
    (b) No, I can't look at freckles without wanting to punch them.

22. From the following list choose your favorite drink:
    (a) Beer.
    (b) Campari and soda.
    (c) Fluffy Duck.
    (d) Anything long and wet.
    (e) Tadpole milkshake.

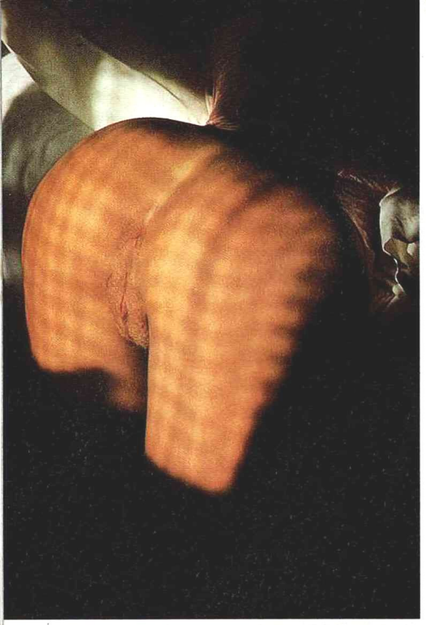
23. From the following list choose your favorite aftershave:
    (a) Brut.
    (b) I don't wear aftershave. How a man smells is his own business and no-one's going to stick his nose in my business.
    (c) A scintillating little potion my

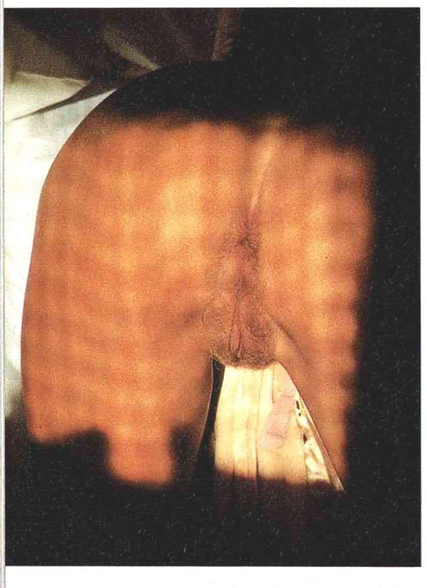
Continued on page 136

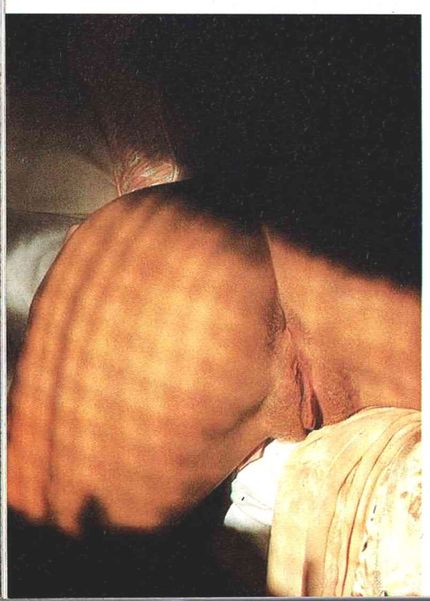
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

AMAZON

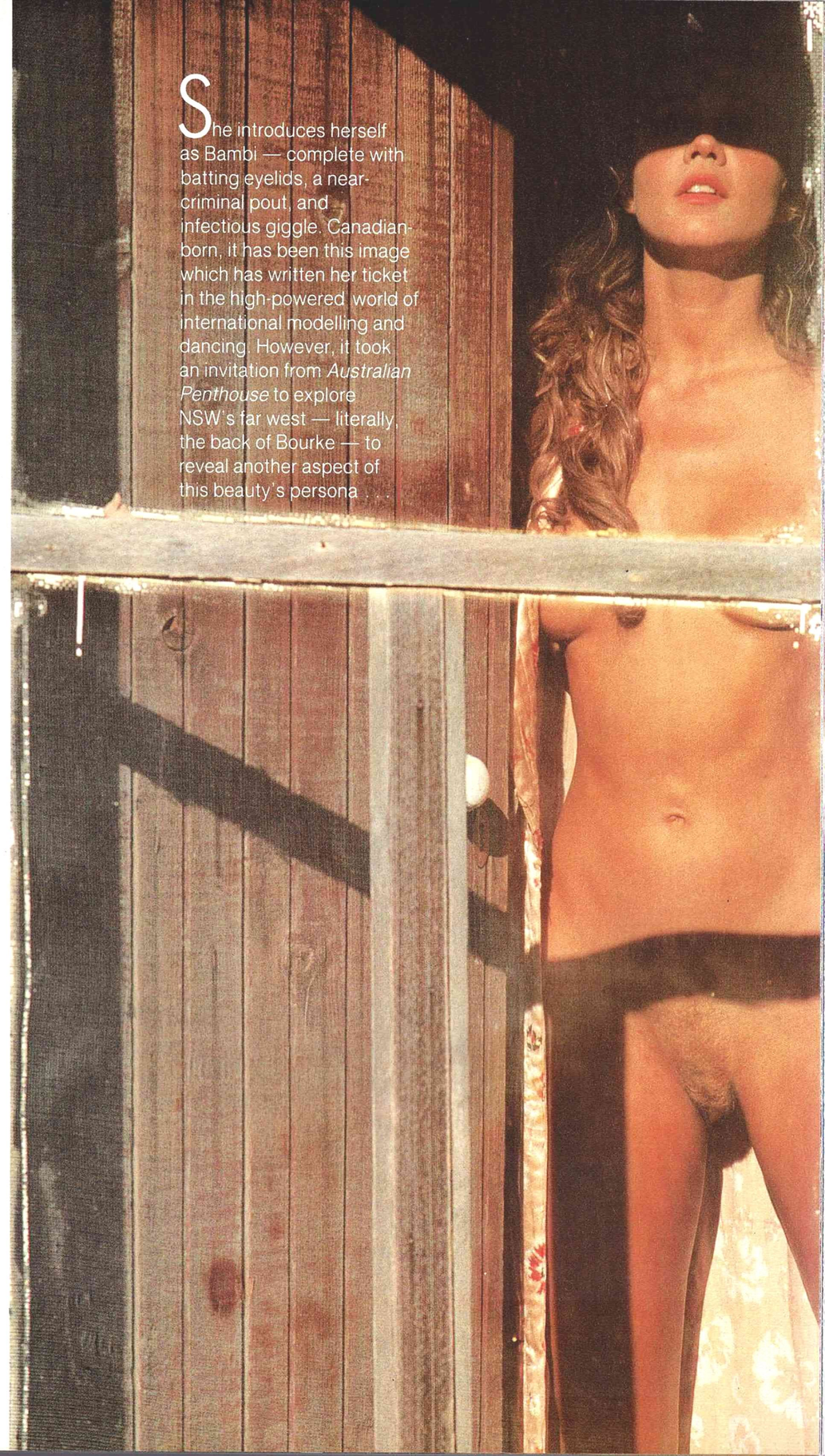
"Not far under that meek exterior is the essence of an Amazon . . ."







She introduces herself as Bambi — complete with batting eyelids, a near-criminal pout, and infectious giggle. Canadian-born, it has been this image which has written her ticket in the high-powered world of international modelling and dancing. However, it took an invitation from *Australian Penthouse* to explore NSW's far west — literally, the back of Bourke — to reveal another aspect of this beauty's persona . . .



In Japan, she was photographed in a Little Miss Muffet outfit, complete with bows in the hair and pigtails, to adorn the subways in a saturation promotion — and to be mobbed by schoolchildren wherever she went. In Australia's harsh, wild west, the *Penthouse* camera reveals that not far under that meek exterior is the essence of an Amazon . . .

Just 19, and now settled in Sydney, Bambi has come a long way in her field. She also went a long way with *Penthouse*. "Even when I was three years old, my mother couldn't keep my clothes on," says Bambi, "so I felt quite natural." Says the Amazon, "Australia's *wild* country suited me to a tee."

The monniker Bambi is just one of several trademarks in her dancing. Another is her impossible fluency and grace. Another is *that* smile.

"When I dance I feel like I'm flying. I feel like I'm being split in two, so I have this ridiculous — but honest — smile on my face the whole time. But I enjoyed this photographic work just as much, as I hope you can tell."

While men have a habit of fawning hopelessly in her presence, Bambi is sympathetic to those who habitually make fools of themselves in their efforts to endear themselves to her: "I'm always attracted to a man who will let his defences go and enjoy a bit of spontaneity..."

Israeli experts are turning their defence expertise into a $100 million a year international business.

BY ROBERT ROSENBERG

TRAINING AGAINST TERROR

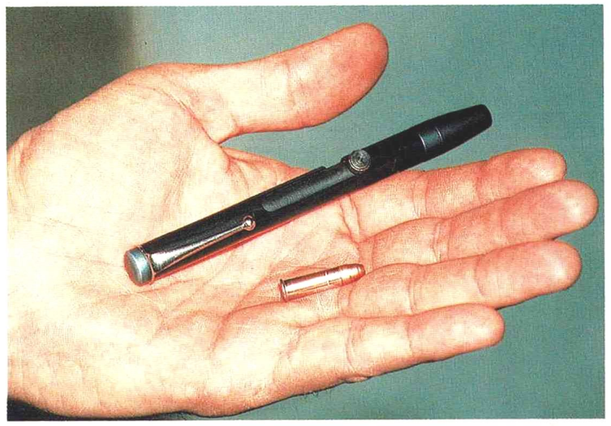
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEFFREY ROTMAN

As terrorism has spread like a political virus across the globe, veterans of Israel's elite anti-terror units have been turning their experience and reputation into a business, teaching their skills to others — and with the blessing of the Israeli Defense Ministry. Exporting Israeli security know-how brings valuable foreign currency to Israel. It is now estimated to be a $100 million a year business.

These companies now operate in dozens of countries throughout Europe, North America, and Latin America, training crack troopers from armies and private security operations for governments and large corporations.

International Security and Defense Systems (ISDS) is one of those companies. Founded and headed by Leo Gleser, a 37-year-old Argentine-born Israeli who still does a month a year — or more — of reserve duty in an Israeli combat unit, ISDS employs the philosophy, strategy and tactics of the same Israeli Army units from which its staffers graduated. Based in Israel, ISDS offers courses in subjects as varied as escape driving, forensics, terrorist ideology, and weapons handling.

The basic philosophy that underlies the strategy for all Israeli anti-terror operations is that from the moment terrorists strike, the military option is the only real option. To gain time, negotiations with terrorists may take place — indeed, as part of their strategy, Israeli tacticians use negotiations for the most crucial element of all in counterterrorism — intelligence gathering. "The mission," says Gleser, "hinges on intelligence."



Lethal penmanship: a pocket-size deadly weapon, this Israeli-made, single-shot device fires .22 calibre bullets (left and above). Tear gas is used to surprise terrorists (below).

Intelligence means information about what's going on inside the seized aeroplane, for instance, who the terrorists and hostages are, and their condition. Negotiations can facilitate the release of the elderly or the ailing, the children or the women. The information provided by the released hostages can then assist the commando team in putting together the rescue mission: How many terrorists are on board? What kind of explosives or weapons are they brandishing? Are they quarrelling among themselves? Who is the leader? Where are they positioned inside the plane?

Intelligence can be gathered with listening devices that can be attached to a plane so that an operator can hear the terrorist's conversations, or with special cameras able to see through the windows of the plane, providing the commandos with photos of what's going on inside the aircraft.

Biographical data on the terrorists is also used since few terrorists hijack a plane without their organisation broadcasting responsibility for it. In fact, commando training typically includes intense study of the various terror groups operating against their country. This knowledge helps the commandos anticipate the terrorists' behavior. Shiites are more likely to be ready to die — believing that as "martyrs in a holy war" they are going directly to heaven if killed for the cause. Leftist terrorists are more likely to try to survive a counterterror assault, believing that they can turn a trial into a political forum. Right-wing terrorists are more likely to fight back, believing in the use of arms as a way of defending national pride. These psychological considerations are as important as the technical details of the terrorists' operation.

Another important element behind the Israeli counterterror teams is ensuring the safety of both the commandos and the hostages. The most important element in the preservation of safety is the intimate knowledge each member of the squad has of every other member. The commandos are trained to work as a team practising the same manoeuvres over and over again during their basic training and throughout their careers as members of the squad.

Safety is also dependent on their skills with weapons and equipment. For example, a commando must be able to draw his own weapon and fire accurately at a target through crowded areas. That alone requires thousands of hours of training.

Almost all the actions undertaken by the commandos in an actual mission are executed in pairs, with one soldier watching out for the back of the other. This backup system is protective and doubles the firepower.

Finally, the success of the Israeli commando units depends on secrecy. The details of tactics, strategy, and equipment — all of which are constantly being upgraded

— are among Israel's most closely guarded secrets.

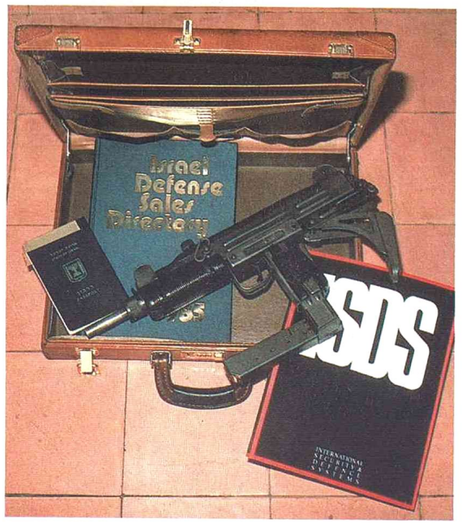
"Israel," says Gleser, "has reason to be proud" of its security record. No El Al plane has been hijacked since the late Sixties. Ben Gurion Airport outside Tel Aviv has not had a manned terror attack since the early Seventies, when a group of Japanese suicide terrorists from the Red Army shot up the terminal, killing dozens of tourists and Israeli nationals.

Gleser does not offer his services to nondemocratic countries, nor to countries that are unfriendly to Israel. As a former Argentinian, from a country where state security services have in the past conducted their own terror campaigns against thousands of citizens, he knows too well how the skills he teaches can be misused.

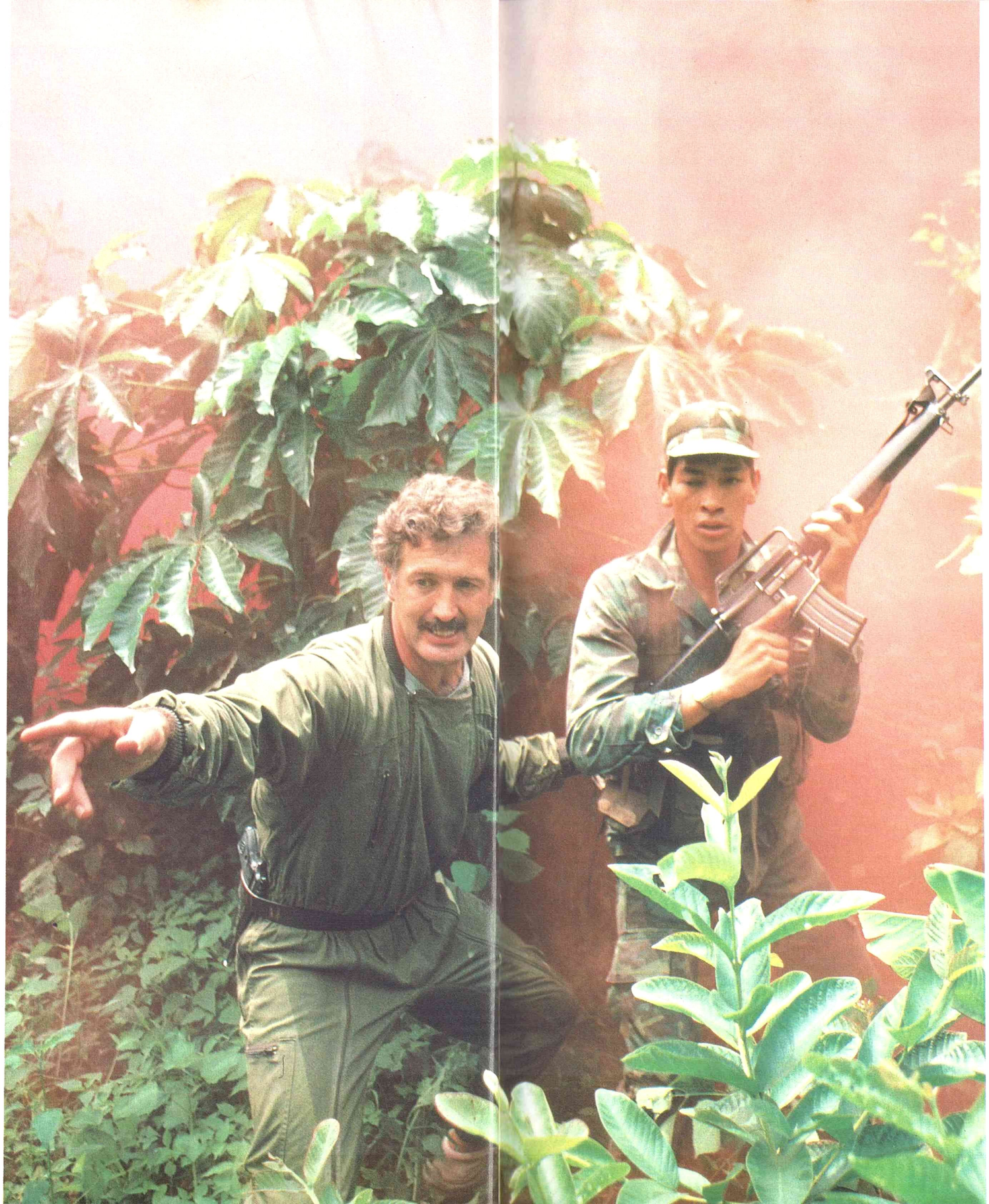
Indeed, Gleser says that the emphasis in his courses is to train soldiers for "institutional loyalty." The graduates of his VIP protection courses, he says, "are taught that their loyalty must be to the presidential institution, not to the presidential personality."

ISDS also plans security for airports and has put together a VIP protection mechanism for a soft-drink manufacturer with plants in more than 30 countries. ISDS helped rescue an executive kidnapped in Latin America, and provided security for one of the biggest cash payrolls in Central America.

"Planning is what security is all about," says Gleser. To plan security for a major special event in a large city requires years of hard work. His company worked on a proposal requested by a major European city bidding for the 1992 Olympics. For some events, like the Olympics, millions of people can descend on a city, and thousands of VIPs and hundreds of physical plants can become



The impact of surprise is all-important. Commandos train in urban and jungle surroundings (right and top). Not everyday luggage (above).



targets for terrorists. But the security has to be designed so that it doesn't disrupt normal activities. Transit routes, VIP security, hotel security, border control, crowd control, disaster management, energy, water and sewage sources — all these elements and many more are the concerns of the security planners.

Another aspect of ISDS work is preparing risk studies for corporations interested in new locations. Ranging from economic and political stability of a country to threats of conflict that country faces (or poses to its neighbors), risk studies are based not only on field operations skills, but also on expertise in such varied academic fields as history, political science, psychology, economics, and military strategy.

Only about ten percent of the students in one of Gleser's anti-terrorist or VIP protection courses passes. Anything from slow reflexes to a volatile personality can cause a trainee to fail. In Israel, a candidate for an elite unit undergoes psychological examinations as well as testing in basic soldiering skills.

The training ranges from instruction in terrorist tactics to the ideologies of the terrorists they will be most likely to encounter to basic skills and use of equipment. The equipment they learn to use can be deceptively simple in concept. A specially designed lightweight rope ladder that has a grappling hook or suction cups, depending on the need, can be used for quick access to the cockpit or door of a hijacked plane. Practised students are able to approach the plane, hang and mount the ladder, and aim their pistol into the target area in less than a minute.

Less simple are the electronic devices they use. Small Israeli-developed microphones and transmitters can be attached to a plane body, broadcasting all the sounds inside the plane to receivers hundreds of metres away. Night-vision goggles, worn by marksmen who keep long-range, accurate rifles trained on a hijacked plane, magnify starlight hundreds of times, making the view almost like daylight.

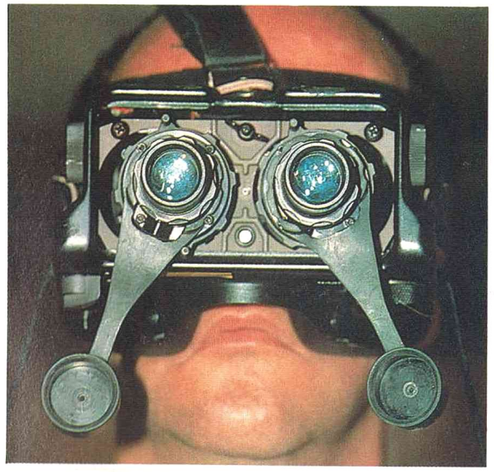
During ISDS training, basic skills become highly refined. The reflexes and speed of the individual soldier are critical for decision making; where and when to shoot must be reckoned literally in split seconds.

It takes time to get the squad to the scene of a terrorist operation. During that time, the emphasis is on negotiations and placating the terrorists so they don't panic. Once the team is on the scene, the commander establishes routes to the plane and decides whether a camouflage operation or a different kind of assault is called for. In some cases, the assault begins with subterfuge, drawing the attention of the terrorists in one direction and moving in from another. At night, lighting can be set up so that the terrorists are essentially blind to what is going on beyond a short distance from their position.

A frontal assault — charging the plane from across a tarmac, as the Egyptians did in Malta, with the result that dozens of passengers and soldiers were killed — is not the Israeli way. Rather, the Israelis emphasise using small teams that get to the plane, out of sight of the terrorists. The strategy is to strike from as many different entrances to the plane as possible. Passenger planes are built with safety hatches and storage compartments, as well as the regular doors. Small charges can be used to blow open those hatches and entryways, and if the job is done properly — and simultaneously — the explosives will distract the terrorists.

It is important to keep in mind here that once suicide terrorists have taken a plane and begun negotiations, their assumption is that they will somehow get out of the situation alive, or go down in a firefight. Once under attack, Israeli commandos assume that terrorists will respond to the attack, rather than shoot at hostages. Any harm to hostages usually occurs during the waiting

A soldier practises for instant window entry (far right). Night vision goggles magnify starlight hundreds of times, turning darkness into daylight (right). Future bodyguards drill for co-ordination (below) and respond to an ambush attempt on a moving car (bottom).



period, not during the assault itself unless something goes drastically wrong.

While approaching the entrances to the plane, the commandos move as quietly as possible. But once the assault begins, the commandos want to create as much confusion for the terrorists as possible. Smoke grenades, tear gas, and shouts to passengers in the languages they know are all used.

Passengers from the Entebbe rescue remember clearly the way the commandos, who burst into the lounge where the hostages were being held, all were shouting "Lie down, lie down, we're IDF, we're IDF!" as they moved through toward the terrorists.

Right behind the first assault team comes a second team, which includes paramedics able to begin first-aid treatment under firefight conditions. That second team's purpose is to begin evacuation of the hostages through exits that have been cleared of terrorist control.

The terrorists may be expecting an assault — but they don't know when — and when it comes, the confusion of the smoke and the tear gas, the shouts and shootings, is all routine for the commandos, while for the terrorists, worn down by the anxiety of hours or days of negotiations, the chaos created by the commando teams is disorienting, putting them on the defensive, not allowing them time to think about shooting hostages or setting off explosives. Any let-up in the assault gives the terrorists time to take cover, grab a hostage as body protection, and shoot back. Ideally, the terrorists should have no time for any of that.

Experience shows that terrorists who do manage to shoot back at Israeli commandos don't have time to empty their ammunition clips, while the commandos are taught to shoot and keep shooting until the target is down.

The assault team members all have training as sappers (bomb neutralisers), but several specialise in dismantling booby-trapped suitcases or explosives wired to go off. They begin their work while the assault is still underway, just as the medics begin dealing with the wounded as soon as they are on board.

A successful assault, from the moment the confusion begins until the terrorists have all been either disarmed, captured, wounded or killed, should take no longer than 60 to 90 seconds. The longer it lasts, the more likely there will be casualties among commandos and hostages.

Gleser emphasises that airline security begins as preventive security. All his staffers, in addition to being members of elite combat units, have extensive experience in security for international transport.

Commando assault teams are a last resort in a long line of security measures ranging from baggage searches and terminal security to undercover air marshal. Gleser's company provides training for that kind of comprehensive security, and when taking on a course to train commandos, he does so on condition that other aspects of the airline's security are also improved.

Israeli troops haven't had to contend with a hijacked plane since the early Seventies, in large part, say Israeli officials, because of the effective security measures taken before the aeroplane takes off. But the Israeli military units continue training to this day for such an eventuality. That kind of preparation is what Gleser's staff tries to teach every commando who passes through ISDS courses.

There is no guarantee that any group of soldiers, no matter how well trained, will overcome a group of terrorists without any casualties. Israeli troops have done it. West German troops, trained by Israelis, have done it. Others have not been so successful. Twice — in 1978 and in 1985 — Egyptian troops tried it, and on both occasions dozens of passengers were killed.

But even without such a guarantee, the Israeli philosophy is based on the assumption that the only appropriate response to the uncontrolled violence of terrorists is the controlled, surgically accurate violence of highly trained troops.

Why would Yannick Noah contemplate suicide at the moment of his greatest triumph?

FRENCH FORCE

PROFILE BY PETER SIKOWITZ

Roland Garros Stadium, Paris, June 5, 1983. The Final of the French Open. On the hot, dusty red clay of *le court central*, game, set, and match rest on the racquet of 23-year-old Yannick Noah. With his acrobatic and emotional style of serve-and-volley tennis, the 193cm, 81kg tower of power has been playing the match of his life, and if he can serve out the game, he will become the first Frenchman since Marcel Bernard in 1946 to win the honor. His opponent and antithesis is the defending champion, 18-year-old Mats Wilander of Sweden. The crowd of 17,000, which has cheered its native son throughout the dramatic two-hour and 24-minute contest, is silent as he prepares: He serves, Wilander responds with a forehand that sails long, and the stadium erupts. Noah thrusts his arms through the sky and screams. He pushes the frenzied fans, who have overtaken the court, out of the way and runs to his father, who is among them. Tears stream down his face as they embrace, creating an unforgettable image of triumph.

In France, Noah becomes a larger-than-life hero, a major deity and then some. The French press hails him as the "Black Panther," the "Indomitable Lion," and "*Le Sex Bombe Extraordinaire*." He is

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ALLSPORT/ROGER GOULD

FORCE

hailed as the heir apparent to French tennis legends Rene "Le Crocodile" Lacoste, Jean Borotra, Jacques Brugnon, and Henri Cochet. He is hailed as a celebrity, constantly monitored by the French press that dutifully reports every move. He is hailed by fans, who greet him wherever he goes. He is hailed by strangers, who leave dozens of messages on his telephone answering machine.

After his spectacular performance, he is rich (the French Open victory alone was an $87,656 payday), famous and — repeat — 23 years old. Clearly he holds *tout le monde* in the palm of his calloused hand.

But a few months later Noah calls a press conference in Paris. He breaks down, weeps, and tells stunned reporters that life has become almost unbearable. He doesn't sleep at night and wanders the streets crying. The adulation has become suffocating, and he has even had thoughts of ending it all by jumping into the Seine. He announces he will move to New York, where he can take the subway if he feels like it, where he can be anonymous, just another face in the crowd. He must go to find himself, to focus on his tennis so he can be not among the best tennis players in the universe, but *the* best.

The SoHo section of New York, once a mecca for impoverished artists, is now home to upscale art galleries, chic eateries, high-priced real estate, and the world's No 4 tennis player, whom I'm supposed to meet at his loft at 11am. I give him a few extra minutes before pressing a buzzer that's off to the side of an undistinguished metal door. Through an intercom, he says he'll be down in a minute. He comes down looking dishevelled in an old, faded denim jacket, a peach-colored T-shirt printed with a large American Indian's head, white sweatpants, and unlaced tennis shoes. No sunglases. He doesn't seem to notice, or care, that his wristwatch is on upside down. *Elle* magazine named him one of the world's ten most electric men. I'm pretty sure he was asleep 15 minutes ago.

We stand in the street for a few minutes and talk about some of his recent matches. There was a pretty good one, he says, that he lost, but there were many great shots and the crowd was entertained.

The crowd was *entertained?* Hell, what's more important, entertaining or winning?

"I like to win — winning is the ultimate pleasure," he says in soft, French-accented English, a sharp contrast to his overpowering style of play. "But it's great to lose and feel good, too. You have to be strong enough to lose and still enjoy the game."

I guess so, but I've seen him play. Although he has a deserved reputation as a first-rate sportsman — he's exceptionally quick to concede a point to an opponent that he feels was incorrectly called in his favor — and he's one of the nicest players off court, when at work, he's all business: ferocious, cursing at himself in whatever language suits him at the time, slapping his thighs hard when he makes mistakes. He can also rival any of the more demonstrative players on the tour when confronting a spectator who has gotten under his skin. Like other top athletes, when he's doing the thing he must have been put on Earth to do, the man is intense.

He smiles and glances around. "We could go up to the loft and talk," he says, "but if we did, my son will be crawling all over me and we won't get much done."

His three-year-old Joakim, one-year-old Yelena, and Swedish wife of three and a half years Cecilia, a former fashion model, are, besides the move across the Atlantic, the biggest changes in Noah's life since the Fateful French. He is now a happily settled European refugee and, when not playing tournaments, enjoys hanging out at nearby Guignol's, a restaurant of which he's part owner, where he plays host to other émigrés, friends, and visitors from France.

As far as pure tennis talent goes, Noah may have more of it than any other player on the tour. Ironically, he may also be the most fragile. In March, he made it to the semi-finals of the Lipton International Players Championship where he faced Miloslav Mecir, but a shoulder sprain forced him to retire from the match. Although Noah was competing a few weeks later, he hasn't always been so fortunate: he was sidelined from mid-1984 into early 1985 with an abdominal injury. Last year, a freak ankle injury (he dropped a suitcase on his left foot) caused him to withdraw from the French Open and miss Wimbledon. He played the US Open, although he still hadn't completely recovered, and lost in the third round to unseeded Tim Wilkison.

His early exit was disappointing; he had been playing great tennis before the ankle problem. But what may have hurt more than the injury was not being able to complete the tournament. He would like to win the US Open, the championship of his new homeland, badly. It's hardly an unrealistic desire. His big serve and patient backcourt game match up well with the medium-speed asphalt courts of the National Tennis Centre in Flushing Meadow, a half-hour subway ride from Manhattan. Some players complain about the US Open — like Kevin Curren, who, after an unsuccessful bid in 1985, said the place should be nuked. Granted, with the grimy late summer heat, and the brainjarring roar of jets from nearby La Guardia Airport, it doesn't exactly recall the All England Club with its genteel Pimms Cups and strawberries and cream. But the circuslike atmosphere of the event doesn't bother Noah, who now enjoys a home-court advantage, something, especially in a place like New York, that may be anything but intangible.

"He finds it hard to forget his past."

A waitress takes us to a quiet table in the back of the cafe — if she knows who he is, she doesn't let on. Over breakfast, heavy on the coffee ("a habit," he admits, along with a taste for red wine and an occasional cigarette), he talked about the bittersweet *grand tournoi*, telling how the victory was the fulfilment of a dream he'd had since he was a kid. He would often go into the stadium and sit for hours alone and daydream about the French Open.

"And then *it* happens," he says, his eyes widening, "and I say 'God, this is such a beautiful thing,' and I'm so happy about it. I had this thing inside myself, it drove me at this court and I dreamed and I achieved it. I was very happy. When I won, I felt that a lot of people felt good about it. I felt a lot of good electricity and vibes around this win — it was really beautiful."

But after the beautiful victory, things quickly turned ugly. Paparazzi in the morning, paparazzi at night. Paparazzi waiting in the bushes. Paparazzi following him on their bicycles as he walked down the street. Paparazzi hiding in places God only knows.

"I win the tournament and suddenly things are very different, and it scared me," he says. "I was not prepared for that. And when that happened I was by myself and I said, 'God, I feel terrible.' I was really confused."

He tells the story with hand gestures, occasionally wincing as he recalls the pain he felt. "What I liked about winning the French was just *winning the French.* I don't like the star stuff, the publicity stuff. The people in France, they take me as a thing, you know. It's like I'm *their* thing. I was always kind of shy, and I don't like it when people recognise me. I know a lot of guys enjoy it, but I don't. I hate it. It changed my whole life. I enjoy being able to just walk in the street.

"In Paris, maybe 95 percent of the people know me in the street. Here, maybe one or two percent know me. But if they do know me, they approach me very easily. I mean, if a French guy saw me in the street, he would hit me in the back first. In New York, someone may ask, 'Can I shake your hand?' Yeah, sure, you can shake my hand. I shake your hand and it's 'Bye.' The French guy is going to stay for ten minutes asking me what I'm doing even if I'm in the middle of a conversation. You start to feel paranoid and feel bad or sweat a lot as soon as you're in the middle of a lot of people. I mean, come on, this is not the way it should be."

Regardless of his feelings towards his French fans, Noah has been a stalwart of international Davis Cup competition since 1979, and in 1982 he led the French team to its first Cup final in 50 years. There has to be some feeling there, to put his tournaments, exhibitions, and personal life on hold when competing for France.

He leans back in his chair and considers this. "Well, you know, I don't like the idea of playing under a flag. It's always funny when I hear the national anthem because it just doesn't sound right. I mean, my father is from Cameroon, and I lived there half my life. I think it would be more appropriate to get a team of French guys together and we call ourselves the green team."

I'm confused, I tell him.

He smiles, "We like green. And the anthem they're going to play is the music that *we're* going to choose." He suddenly stops smiling, pauses, and turns serious, almost angry. "I don't like the idea of certain things between countries. Almost every time there is a fight or a tournament or something between two countries, in sports, it leads to tensions. It's not fun anymore. I don't like to play for France in Paraguay and have this anthem and have the generals there. I don't like that; it freaks me out completely. I have people insulting me because I'm playing for another country. This is not sport. It's so stupid to play Davis Cup where the worst feelings come out. I mean, we all talk about the beauty of the sport that doesn't exist. We're talking about something else. We're talking about fighting for our countries. It's like war, with tennis balls instead of bullets. That's not sport. I mean, that's not what excites me about sports."

So you would rather just get together with a bunch of guys and use colors instead of playing for your country?

"Yeah. I'm on the pink team and my friend, my teammate Henri Leconte, joins me on court, and we play Chuck Berry music when we come out to play — that's our theme. And a different team comes in and they play Mozart for their anthem. It would be fun, it would be easy."

I tell him it's a great idea, but I don't think the International Tennis Federation or anyone else will go along with it.

He shakes his head. "I'm sure not."

If it didn't exist, a Hollywood screenwriter might have concocted it: *The Yannick Noah Story — The Early Years.* Marie-Claire, a white Frenchwoman, is the daughter of a prominent sportswriter. She admires a soccer star, Zacherie, a black man from Cameroon, a former French colony in west-central Africa. They eventually meet, fall in love, and get married. The first of the three kids is born in Sedan, France, and they name him Yannick; a couple of little girls follow. An injury cuts Zac's career short and the family goes back to Etudi, a small village in Cameroon where Zac's father is a tribal chief.

The little boy is a natural athlete and plays a lot of soccer. Although there are only a few tennis courts in the country, he finds them and decides he wants to be a tennis player. Equipment is scarce so he makes himself a racket out of wood.

Tennis star Arther Ashe happens to pass

FORCE

through Cameroon during an exhibition tour in 1971. Ashe goes to a tennis club in Yaounde, the nation's capital, a couple of miles from Etudi, and notices him. They hit for a while and Ashe is impressed (he gets aced once). Ashe contacts his buddy Philipe Chatrier, head of the French Tennis Federation, and recommends he take a look at the 11-year-old. Chatrier looks, likes what he sees, and whips the willing youth into a junior training program in Nice before he can say *allez*.

He is soon beating his older classmates easily. At 17, he leaves school and moves to Paris to find better competition. He wins the French Open junior championship in 1977, takes his act on the pro tour a year later, wins back-to-back tournaments in 1979. Two years later, he wins the prestigious WCT Championship of Richmond (Virginia), upsetting a skinny little kid named Ivan ("call me 'EEE-von' ") Lendl. The tournament emcee, a guy who grew up in Richmond, presents the winner, now a young man, with a tournament trophy. The guy is Arthur Ashe.

Professional tennis players have bad reputations. They are perceived as prima donnas who probably never worked a day in their lives, guys who get paid money, truckloads of it, for whacking little yellow balls around big green rectangles.

Noah has earned more than $2 million in tournament prize money during his nine-year professional career. But the figure is only a fraction of his total earnings, which include exhibitions and product endorsements.

"People have a bad picture because they see a guy win a match and then he's given a check for $50,000," Noah says. "And what do people say? They say, 'Oh this guy just played an hour and he got $50,000.' But that's not how it works," he says with a wry smile. "When I left home, I was 11 years old, I was a baby. Suddenly, I move from Africa and I'm going to a tennis school in France. The school is different, the people are different. Suddenly, I'm the only little black kid in the school. I feel kind of lost, but I have this thing about wanting to be a tennis player. So I'm studying and playing four hours a day. I'm crying every night because I miss my mum.

"And suddenly it happens that when I play an exhibition match, now I'm paid $25,000 for a night. But for someone to give up everything to concentrate on this tennis ball — that's a big risk. It seems so easy. But there are hundreds, hundreds more and more guys who try to do it, and they can't because it's really tough. When I was young, tennis was all I did. I didn't have time to go to parties with my friends, or to chase girls or go to the beach. People thought I was crazy.

"Plus," he says, leaning forward for emphasis, "you have to give up almost everything once you're 12, 13, 14. You don't go to school, you don't study and play. You have to study *or* play."

The topic of education pops up more than once during the afternoon. He wishes he had more of a formal education and has tried to catch up on his own. He hasn't done badly: he enjoys reading the works of Celine and Camus and has intermittently taken philosophy courses at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Noah is also a music enthusiast who enjoys regional African music, salsa, Kassad from the Caribbean, and rock 'n' roll, especially Santana. He is trying to learn to play the guitar, but unlike tennis, he's no natural: "I'm trying desperately, but I have no talent whatsoever."

Noah doesn't believe athletes can change the world, but he tries anyway. He always manages to find time and has appeared in many charity events, donated prize money to an Ethiopian relief fund, and appeared on French telethons for CARE.

> "I don't think you have the right to take a position, because of your backhand, and tell people to follow you in some direction."

"I feel so privileged compared with these kids who wake up in the morning and don't know if they have enough to eat," he says. But despite genuine concerned efforts that have helped produce genuine results, Noah is still reluctant to act as a spokesman for things out of the realm of tennis. "I think an athlete does his job best," he says. "If he's interested in other things, then okay. But I don't think you have the right to take a position, because of your backhand, and tell people to follow you in some direction."

On tennis-related issues, it's another story . . .

• On drugs: "Drugs are a problem in sports because drugs are a problem in society. I think the major reason drugs are a problem is because they have been shown in a glamorous way for a long time and kids don't know what kind of risks they are taking because they saw them on TV or in a film, and it was beautiful. A lot of people are asking [athletes] what we think about it. I think everybody has responsibility, especially the way parents educate children."

• On what men's tennis needs: "I'd like to see more sportsmanship. I used to love it when guys like Arthur [Ashe] and Stan Smith played. These guys had a lot of class. It's too competitive now, there's not enough smiles, humor. There's much more class on the women's tour. Martina [Navratilova] and Chris [Evert] are two great women and they help the game very much. What is more beautiful than Chris beating Martina at the French and the two of them hugging each other because they feel it was a great match? That's beautiful. I mean, that is what sport is to me."

• On racism: "*Racism* is a word I don't understand, in a way. This feeling is a stupid feeling for me. I don't believe, I don't *want* to believe, that people are actually against me because of color. This is difficult for me to understand. If people think this way, I would love to go and talk to them. But sometimes I have had strange feelings in the places I've played. Sometimes you come to a place and suddenly you have everybody in the crowd against you."

• On tennis groupies (before his marriage): "Physically it was okay; emotionally, it was disappointing. But it was still a good experience."

West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, May 12, 1986. The Final of the Tournament of Champions. Both players in the final of this event have something to prove. Thirty-three-year-old Guillermo Vilas is trying to prove he's not too old to play competitively. Noah is trying to prove he can overcome the Fateful French, his depression that followed, his recent injuries, and still be a threat. If he wins, a message will be sent to other contenders to beware.

En route to the final, Noah makes believers out of many, including the ubiquitous Lendl, the world's No 1 player, whom he dominates with a straight-sets victory in the semi-finals.

It's hard to figure who the crowd enjoys more. Vilas, a steady, topspinning baseliner, is a gutsy underdog, a sentimental favorite who won the US Open at this venerable stadium in 1977. But the crowd digs Noah's style, which features flamboyant acrobatics, powerful athleticism, slam-dunk overheads, and a defiant arm pump on winning points. At the end of one rally, he tries to return a Vilas overhead that lands in the stands, well out of his reach. But he "struggles" through the crowd anyway to get to the ball, and the spectators love it.

Hell, they even love that hairdo, those much-talked-about Rasta-style dreadlocks, although I overhear an elderly woman confide to a friend that "he would look so much handsomer with normal hair."

Unfortunately for Vilas, it's youth over experience today and, with a ball whacked triumphantly into the bleachers, and a hug at the net, Noah is victorious in straight sets, 7-6 (7-3) 6-0.

During the post-match press conference, Vilas is asked about his age, the match, his age, his desire, his comeback and his age. Then Vilas, a man who played Ashe, Nastase, Borg, Connors, and McEnroe at the top of their game, is asked by a reporter if Noah can be No 1. Vilas, who was ranked No 1 himself in 1977, talks about the many variables involved but says Noah could do it and that "he definitely has everything."

Exit Vilas, enter Noah. He is lively and responsive, joking with reporters, giving snappy answers to their questions. The victory was an important one, he says — it was his first tournament win in his new city, his first victory in his adopted country. He says he's happy with the way he played, he's without pain, and feels his game is as good as when he won the French. He's looking forward to the major tournaments that he feels will help take his game to a higher level.

An overweight reporter asks him where he jogs.

"Why, do you want to run with me?" he jokes with impeccable timing. "You want to know *everything*. I run from my place to Battery Park . . . I never saw *you* there."

A reporter tells him Vilas said he had everything to become No 1, but in the past, Noah had said he was not interested. Before the reporter can ask his question, Noah cuts him off. "It's not that I'm not interested," he says, canning the levity for a moment. "We'll see. Let me make No 1 first — *then* we'll talk about it."

I leave the press conference and walk toward the exit, mulling over his response. A few minutes later, I notice a crowd of people in the distance, moving in the same direction. Noah is in the centre of the pack, and he never stops smiling, signing autographs as he walks. Everyone who wants an autograph gets one — no-one is left out.

When he's finished, the admirers wave and cheer as he disappears through the club gates in the direction of that most unlikely of sanctuaries — the No 7 subway that runs back into Manhattan.

For Noah, marriage and a family represent a shot at off-court happiness, an opportunity to find some normalcy, and an emotional anchor. Unlike other sports, the professional tennis circuit runs all year, a different tournament somewhere in the world every week. Living in this vacuum creates periods of depression regardless of how well a player is doing. Satisfying relationships are almost impossible.

"The difficult part is the emptiness," he says over another cup of coffee, "the emptiness of a hotel room with no escape but the stress of having to get ready for the fight of the next day, another match and all the questions you have before a match. All the stress, you know . . . there's no way you can escape it."

Noah often travels the tour with his family, but it isn't always enough to keep the demons at bay. "Sometimes it doesn't matter who is around you. You can be in the middle of a lot of people, and even if you love them, you're just alone. You have your own struggle.

"You can never go out and be sure you're going to win. It's not like when you do have a job and no matter what you do, you'll still have your same check and security.

"You're fighting against a guy who wants to beat you, who's going through the same thing you are. One of you is going to lose. So you always have this state of mind, you know, 'Maybe tomorrow I'm out.'

Noah has handled his transition to family life with grace, although he admits it was a distraction at first — he thought about his family constantly. "Being a father is great," he says with a smile and a sigh. "Kids are so great. They're so naive and true and beautiful, you know. I mean, they give me a lot, and I've tried to give them a lot of love and I think I have. It's really exciting for me to have my kids, these two human beings born out of a love of two persons. From the day they were born, it's been fascinating, the different personalities."

My breakfast with Yannick has long since turned into my lunch with Yannick and lunch is just about over. But before we part company, I finally get around to the inevitable question about being No 1.

"Well, I *want* to be No 1," he says. "But I think Lendl wants to be No 1 too. And he has the ability. I think [Boris] Becker can be No 1 too, because he has the ability and he wants it. But do you think you just *say* you want to be No 1 and then you just *become* No 1? I'm doing everything I can. But it's not easy; a lot of other guys want it too."

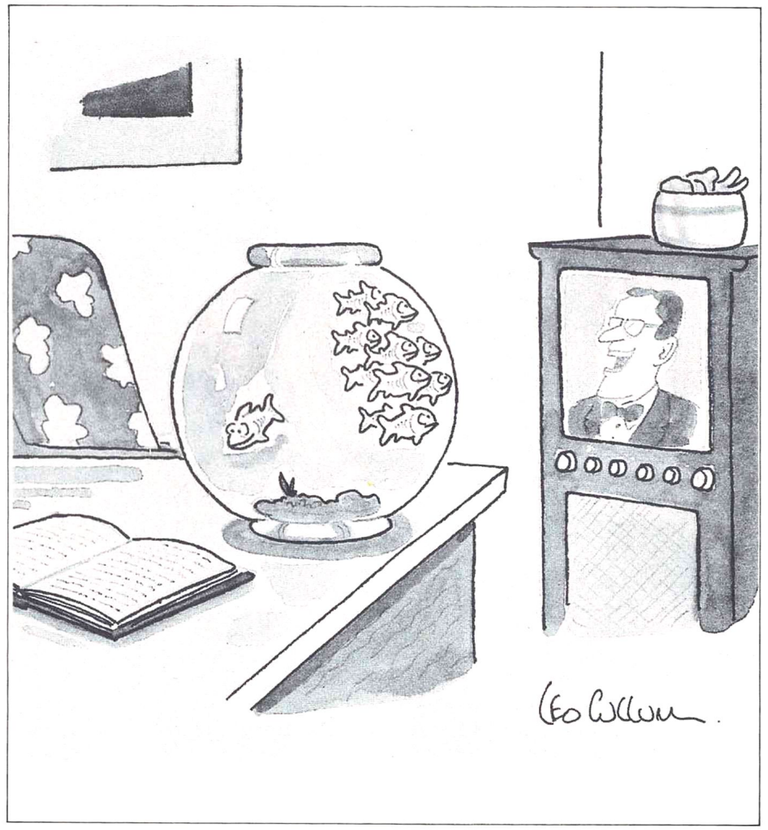
What do you think it will take?

"I believe if I could just play for one year without injuries, I could do it."

We leave the café and linger a few minutes outside before shaking hands goodbye. I watch him disappear, unnoticed, unrecognised, like any other New Yorker, in the direction of his home.

Something he said comes back to me: "You have to be very egoistic to play this game. It's an individual sport, and you're used to doing everything yourself — you work on your body, your serve, your diet. You have a lot of people around you thinking about you all the time. We never stop talking about ourselves. You know if you want to become the best you have to be egoistic, you have to think about yourself. I mean, you have to give to people. You have to give to your wife. Suddenly, you have to give to your baby. You have to give to your family. It changes a lot of things. You used to be the centre of the whole thing, and now you have to share in more ways . . ."

Yes, he really wants to be the No 1 tennis player in the universe — maybe more than he knows.



Connie Gauthier has a strong predilection for all things wet and wild. She is a "confirmed exhibitionist" for whom posing for *Penthouse* is a fantasy come true. "I'm in the spotlight now, and that's the way I like it," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

WET AND WILD

A 21-year-old nurses' aide, Connie is inordinately popular with her patients. "Working in that atmosphere gives you the chance to really develop your bedside manner. I think I've got mine down pat . . ."

The lucky gentleman in Connie's life is a sign serviceman, which has led to the odd wild encounter . . . "Once we made love inside one of his neon signs at one in the morning. The lights were blazing, anyone could see . . ."

BY WALT HILTNER

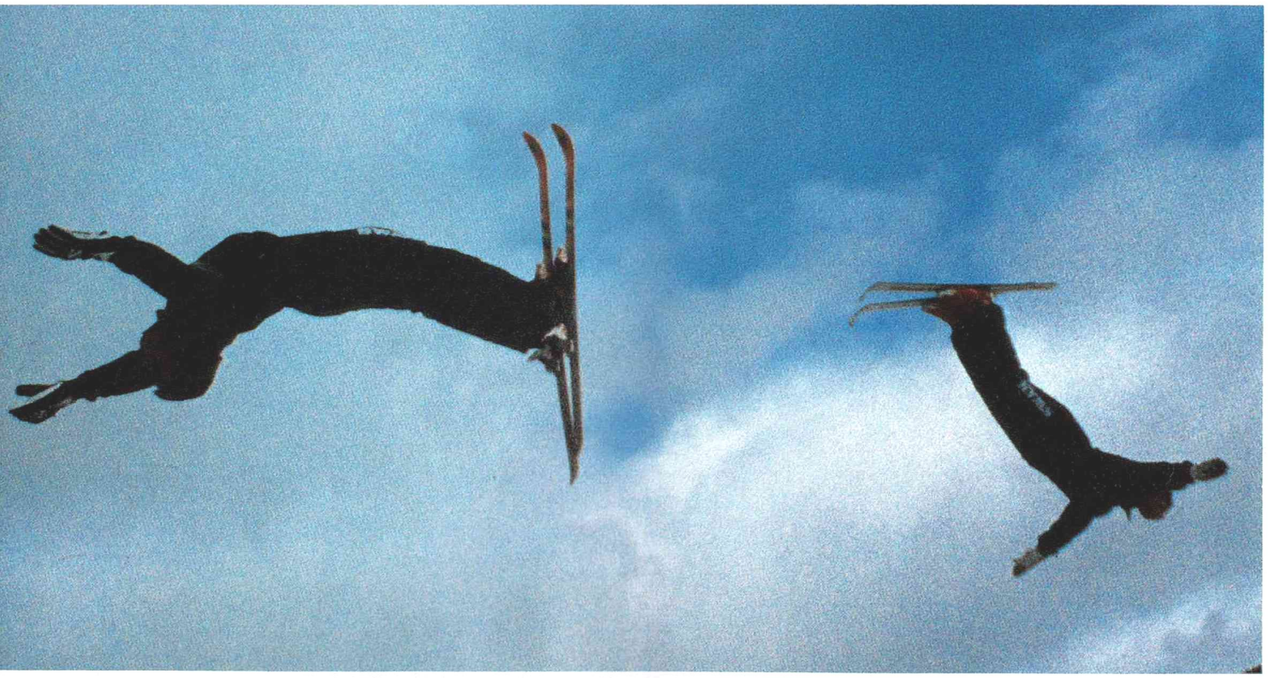
SNOW PONIES

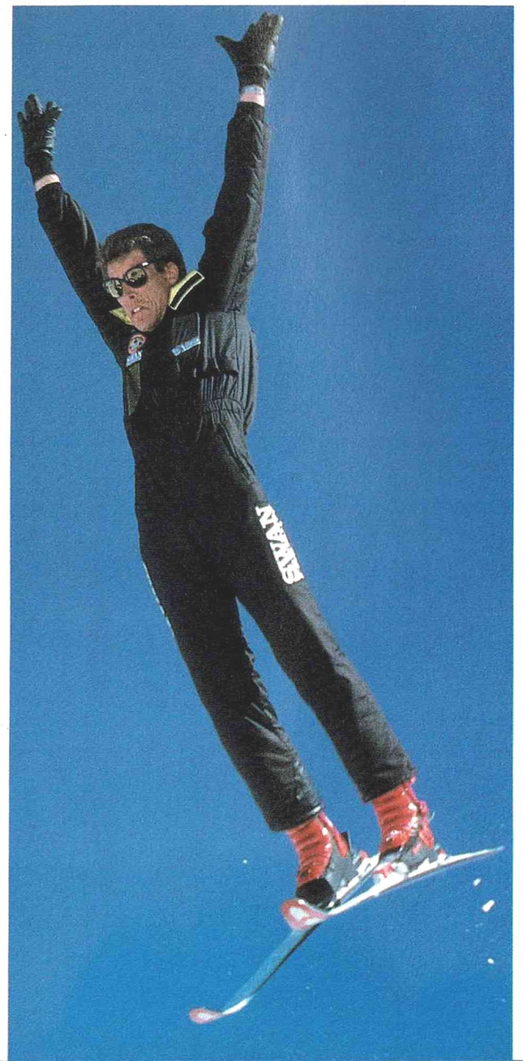
Freestyle skiing is the perfect sport for show-offs

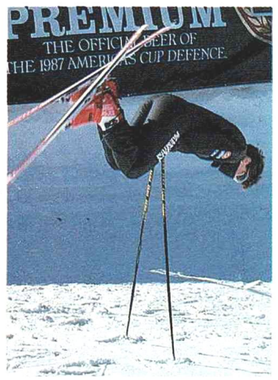
While most skiers are pleased with themselves if they can stay upright, the sport's big movers are turning the sport on its head — literally. These are the "freestyle" maestros, and they are characterised by a single-minded commitment to innovation and a gung-ho bravado matched by very few of the thrillseeker breed . . .

Where skiers once sought a style of cool control, and tried to look as "pretty" as possible, the freestylers are *hot*, tapping into all the flamboyance they can summon. Their art is sheer spectacle, a dazzling array of moves, flips and tumbles, even utilising music, choreography and costume. The top hotdoggers must have the nerve to launch themselves into the most breathtaking aerial manoeuvres, the grace and innovation of a Nureyev for the ballet section, and the balls and precision of a maniacal genius to hurtle down the most difficult and precarious of slopes at breakneck speed.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATE SAMPSON





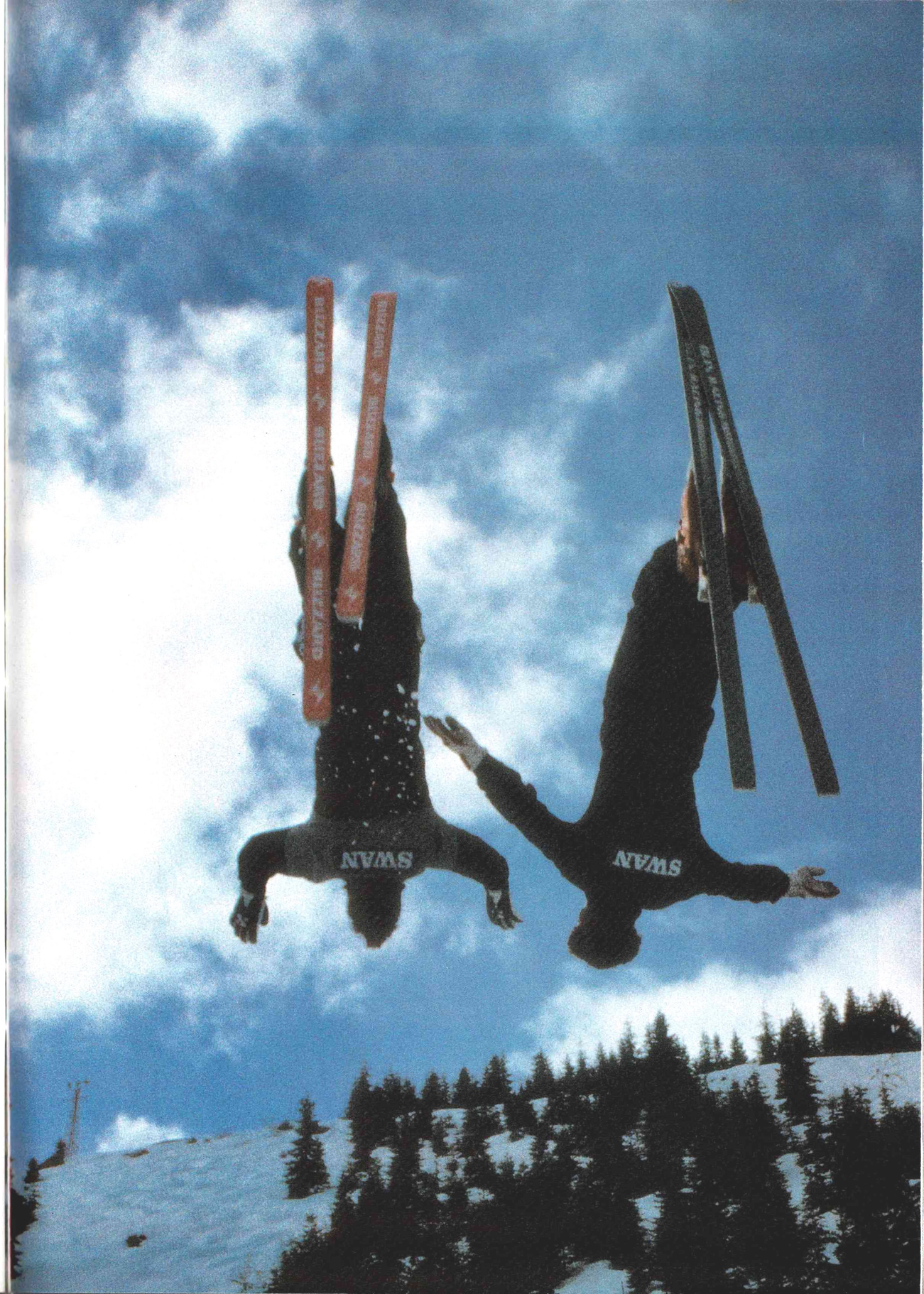


The pioneers of freestyle, when it first emerged about 15 years ago as a recognised pursuit, were branded everything from namby-pamby poseurs to screwloose mental defectives. Some advocates were even banned from practising for fear of the horrible injuries which were sustained — not infrequently — during their routines. Freestyle, or hotdogging as it was known, was for the Flash Harrys and the masochists, said the traditionalists.

Of course, the banning ensured its future. Around the mid-Seventies, a large US car manufacturer organised a series of televised competitions with big money for prizes. Such a lure attracted skiers from around the world and gave rise to such household names as Wayne Wong, Suzy Chaffee and "Airborne" Eddie Ferguson.

However, the organisers could not have anticipated the huge response, and could not control the large numbers of competitors. Rival tours quickly mushroomed as the whole gamut of promoters saw the chance for a quick dollar. The ensuing factional fighting quickly turned off the sponsors and the money dried up; freestyle skiing nearly died an ignominious death.

Fortunately, there remained a group devoted to the sport's ongoing



development, and thus freestyle was guided into the hands of the amateur sports federations who were able to rebuild it from the ground up. Now it is controlled by the International Skiing Federation, which organises an annual World Cup Grand Prix circuit, in which over 20 countries compete for World Championship honors. And in 1988 it will be the newly introduced demonstration sport at the Winter Olympics in Calgary, Canada.

At this level, freestyle skiing is made up of three disciplines: ski acrobatics, ski ballet, and the freeski (or mogul) event.

Ski acrobatics would have to be the most spectacular of the three. Skiers project themselves off large jumps to perform a variety of airborne flips and twists before landing, points being awarded for form, height, landing, and degree of difficulty. Ski ballet is something like figure skating on snow. Shortened skis are used on a wide, flat arena. Sophisticated steps and leaps are choreographed to music and points are awarded for presentation, choreography and the difficulty of the manoeuvres.

The freeski event is to decide the king of the mountain, as skiers negotiate a steep, bumpy course in pairs. It's man-on-man — the idea is to go as fast as possible, make as many turns as possible, and perform a number of leaps to outshine your opponent.

French Canadians have dominated the sport for the past three years and are favorites to take the Olympic medals. Allain LaRoche is three-times world champion and the current numero uno. His brother, Yves, is three-time world champion in the acrobatics. Other notables from the Canadian team include Lloyd Langois and Jean-Marc Rozon. Watch for Australia's best chance, the talented Marcus Lovett.

Australians will get the opportunity of a sneak preview when the freestyle circus gathers at Perisher Valley on August 1 and 2 for the Swan Premium Ski Show. All the above-mentioned hotshots, and many more, will be there to hone their skills in a more relaxed, non-competitive setting than the high-pressure atmosphere of a Grand Prix event. It will undoubtedly be the greatest show on snow this country's ever seen.

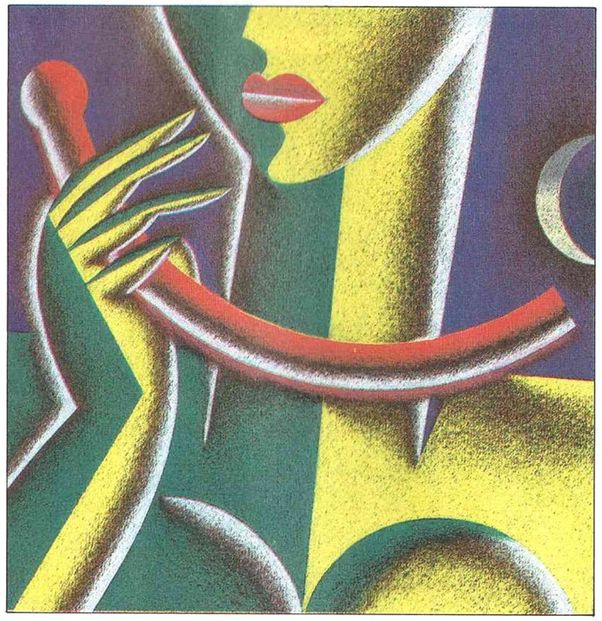
"To be absolutely safe, wear a self-sealing rubber, and maybe a surgical mask, plastic gloves, and galoshes as well"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

On AIDS

With the big scare going around (and rightfully so) about the AIDS virus, I would like to know your opinion. I'm having a hard time scoring because of all the hysteria and hype surrounding the subject. Even when I offer to use a condom, the attitude seems to be that everybody has to bring along a doctor or a mini laboratory for testing. — *J.S.*



The most frightening aspect of the AIDS spectre is our almost complete ignorance of the disease. We know what it does, but we haven't found out how it does it. The media is constantly coming up with more information, but how much is fact and how much is conjecture?

We know that once the disease has taken hold, it is invariably fatal. We have no vaccine against it, nor can we cure it. We can now apparently detect the presence of AIDS in the bloodstream; but, reading between the lines, I am not sure how accurate the tests are. It has been suggested that the virus has an incubation period of up to ten years, so it may be possible that there are people who have it now but who will not have any symptoms for years and can pass it on in the meantime. We know that it is carried in semen and blood, and it has been found in other bodily secretions in microscopic amounts. If it is present in vaginal fluid, saliva, tears, or sweat, is it contagious in these fluids? No-one seems prepared to come up with more than a maybe. Many are sponsoring AIDS-education programs and classes, but how can you teach a subject you don't know anything about?

Obviously, wearing a condom during normal sexual activities will help to contain the virus if it is present in a man's semen, but the condom should be one of the newer types that create a seal at the bottom of the penis, allowing no semen to escape. Condoms are not 100-percent safe as contraceptives, so they are not a total guarantee against infection. If cocksucking can be dangerous without a condom, what about sucking pussy? It has been suggested that women wear some kind of "shield" during cunnilingus. I shudder to think what oral sex would feel like with either device. One might as well suck a dildo or titillate his lover's vagina with a rubber tongue on the end of a stick.

If you are going to indulge in sexual intercourse at all (and in the opinion of our rulers, it is obviously much safer not to), the only way to feel at all secure is to stick to "normal" missionary-position movements. To be absolutely safe, wear a self-sealing rubber, and maybe a surgical mask, plastic gloves, and galoshes as well. The manufacturers of prophylactics have not yet come up with an all-over condom, but I am sure it is on the drawing board. Another safe-sex method I have just thought of would be mutual masturbation in adjoining shower stalls separated by a sheet of glass. And of course, that old favorite, telephone sex — but, gentlemen, please . . . don't come on the mouthpiece if it's a public phone.

I would like to see every taxpayer demand a governmental policy on AIDS. No expense should be spared until we have a vaccine and cure. Let us push the nuclear threat and Star Wars into the background and spend all our resources on AIDS research. If we can eliminate smallpox and polio, travel faster than sound, and walk on the moon, surely our technical ingenuity is not going to be baffled by this lousy little virus. I would like to see the curtain of international secrecy dropped for once, so that scientists and doctors from all over the world could meet and discuss their latest discoveries. Make medicine — not war.

If a multilingual report was published every six months to tell the world exactly what the medicine men are doing and what new facts have emerged about the disease, then we might be encouraged to avoid anything but sterile sex for the time being Let the governments build and staff magnificent hospitals where AIDS patients can live out their last years as painlessly as possible at the state's expense. Let us have everyone tested for AIDS in every country, and then we might be prepared to take the whole thing a little more seriously. To allow someone with AIDS to screw around unknowingly is like giving a loaded machine gun to a homicidal maniac. But I am afraid that the AIDS threat will have to get a great deal worse before any of these things happen, so what should we do in the meantime?

It seems that lesbians don't have much to worry about at the moment. If they have a secure one-to-one relationship they are super safe, but if they are promiscuous they would do well to avoid bisexual women. Bisexual women are statistically at less risk that heterosexual ones, but both groups should steer clear of bisexual men. Heterosexual men should carry and be prepared to wear a condom on request, and they should not demand oral sex.

I would say, be selective and don't screw around with strangers. Try and get to know your new partners before having sex with them, and when you do, keep a record of their names, addresses, and telephone numbers.

Artful dodger

I am studying at a large university, majoring in art. As a student trying to make ends meet, I took a job with the art department as a nude model for life-drawing classes. The pay keeps me going, but there is one problem. At times I find myself becoming erect when I think about being nude and with so many beautiful girls drawing me. As you can figure, this can be quite embarrassing.

My question is simple. I was wondering if there is anything to use or take to keep me flaccid, like the male porn stars appear to be. This would be greatly appreciated and would save me embarrassment. — *T.P.*

Countless men have asked my advice on how to get an erection, but you are the first one to want to know how not *to! Curiously enough, both questions can be answered in the same way.*

From the psychological point of view, you get a hard-on thinking about sex. In cases of impotence, the subject is afraid that he may not get an erection, and the greater his anxiety the softer his cock. In your case, you are worried that you will *get hard, and the more you worry, the more you think about the sexual aspect of the situation. So think of something asexual, like you exams, your financial situation, or foreign policy.*

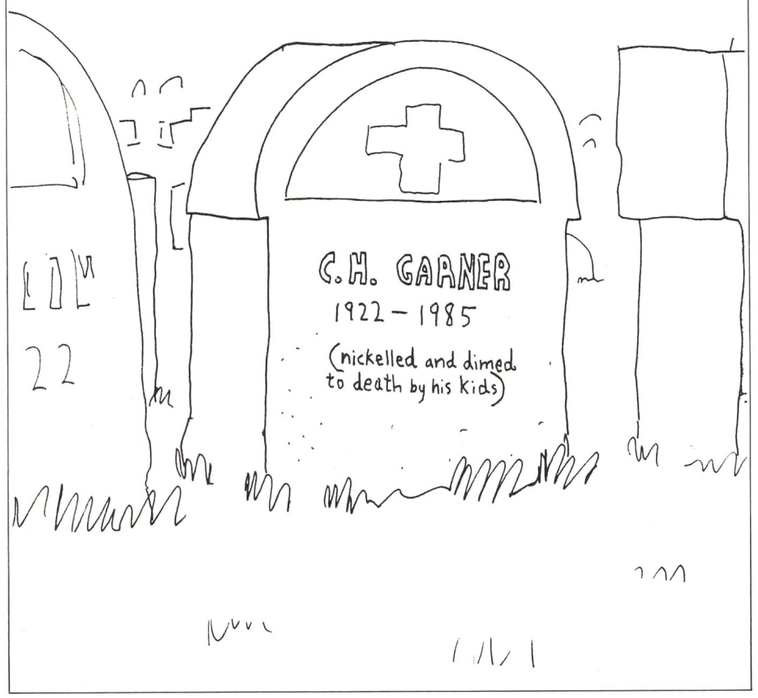
Artists have always been at the forefront of the movement against prudery. In representational art, it is impossible to paint or sculpt a clothed figure accurately unless the artist has a knowledge of anatomy and can draw the human body in its natural state of nudity. It seems sad to me that you, one of the few people in the world with the privilege of being allowed to exhibit yourself in all your glory, should be "embarrassed" to do so. A male painter wishing to paint a phallus can always study his own, but tell me how a female art student can get a chance to draw an erect penis? Only by attending classes with a model like yourself.

So I suggest that you go bravely into your class, get a magnificent erection if you can, and then see how long you can maintain it. This, I assure you, will be a useful accomplishment that will stand you in good stead all through life.

Laws of gravity

I am a 22-year-old female with blonde hair, a dark complexion, and a big figure. I'm considered to be very good-looking. I have a great sex life with my wonderfully sexy boyfriend. The only problem is that my breasts are not as firm as my boyfriend and I would like them to be.

When I wear a snug-fitting bra, my tits stick out and I get some very seductive looks from both men and women. I was wondering if you had any advice on how I could firm up my breasts so that they will stay up without having to wear a bra all of the time. I've tried to exercise, but it never seems to do any good. Could it be that my boyfriend is sucking on my nipples too often? — *S.D.*



Every month I receive dozens of letters like yours complaining about the deal the writer has received in the great poker game of life. "My cock is too small," "My cock is too big," "My tits are too small," "My arse is the wrong shape," they grumble, and now you say your breasts are "not as firm" as you and your boyfriend would like! How firm is that?

A woman's breasts consist of a cushion of fat and tissue around the mammary glands, and are there to produce milk in case she should ever have a baby. In its category as a physical attraction, the bust comes only third — after the face and legs — on a nationwide popularity poll, and as a secondary sexual attribute, its attraction is twofold: first, its appearance, and second, its feel and texture.

If you want to really firm up your tits, a visit to a cosmetic surgeon will do the trick. For a few thousand dollars, he will make them any shape you want and pump them full of silicone so that they will stay that shape even if you are hanging by your ankles from a hook on the ceiling. They will be so firm that hundreds of men, my boyfriend among them, will never want to lay

XAVIERA

hands on them again. Healthy young breasts vary enormously in size and shape; all have their charms for the admiring connoisseur and all obey the laws of gravity — the bigger they are, the lower they hang.

If you persevere with your exercises, you will strengthen the muscles that help to support the breasts and they will certainly look better. One good exercise is to lie flat on your back on something about the height of a coffee table and, with your arms outstretched, pick up two weights from the floor. Remember that the position of your boobs when cradled in a bra is a designer's idea and does not necessarily comply with nature. Massaging the breasts and sucking the nipples is good for them and may tend to increase their size, but it will not cause them to hang any lower; so tell you lover to keep up the good work.

Charm pit

I have read your column for a long time, and I have finally decided to write to you. I guess I'm a little different from most men. I really get turned on by the sight of women's armpits. Clean-shaven or hairy, I love them. In fact, a good pair of hairy ones really gets me hard.

Maybe I'm attracted because one rarely ever sees photos of women with hairy armpits. I wish more women would let the hair under their arms grow. Also, I would like to see more pictorials with women who have hairy armpits. Seeing a beautiful woman shaving her armpits is also a big turn-on for me.

What I would like to know is, when did women begin to shave the hair under their arms, and why? — *K.P.*

Hair is an important factor in sexual desire, but its presence or absence on the various parts of the human body where it normally grows is usually decreed by fashion, social customs, or primitive tribal and religious taboos. The Masai warriors from East Africa, for instance, grow their hair long and create fancy hairstyles by treating it with mixtures of clay and dye, usually red in color. Their women, however, invariably shave their heads, and a Masai woman with long hair would be considered slightly obscene and sexually undesirable by her menfolk. We Westerners are also for the most part slaves to convention — for example, note the rise and fall in popularity of the beard or moustache, or the amazing punk hairdos invented by the English.

The depilation of armpits has been going on for at least 2000 years, as Roman wall paintings in the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum clearly show. Although it may have been forgotten during some periods of our history, the shaving of the female armpit was almost compulsory in the Victorian era of strict morals, double standards, and off-the-shoulder evening dresses. There are many people, like yourself, who are turned on by the unusual. In a world of shaven armpits, it is exciting to see a tuft of hair curling coyly out of its hiding place.

One of the things I find most exciting is when my lover holds me from behind and I feel the harshness of his slightly stubbly chin titillating the smooth skin of my back. Then he nibbles lightly at my neck and shoulders, the tiny love bites gradually escalating as he works his way toward my armpits . . . At this point I usually go wild and turn round and grab him . . .

As you clearly cannot make up your mind whether you prefer your armpits hairy or nude, why not suggest that your long-term girlfriend shaves one "charmpit" and cultivate the jungle in the other?

Dial-a-date

I've seen ads that mention "escort" services. It seems to me that they are simply fronts for prostitution. Why would anyone want to pay $150 for an hour of sex when they could simply find a street-walking hooker for $30 or $40? I can think of two possible answers, and please correct me if I'm wrong: Number one, it's much more convenient for some customers to make a call, wait, and then pay by charge card. Number two, I'd imagine that the higher-priced call girls are required by their agencies to see a doctor every so often to make sure that they're not carrying any diseases that come with the job. That's what I want you to please explain to me, Xaviera. How often do these girls get checkups, and is it safe to have sex with them? — *M.K.*

Why would anyone want to pay a fortune for a Ferrari or a Jaguar when they could have a used Kingswood for less than $1000? Why would anyone want an expensive house when they can sleep in a doorway for nothing, or, to quote an undertaker's ad from the Thirties, "Why walk around half dead when we can bury you for $49.50?"

Your letter raises a more basic question: Why do men go to prostitutes at all? It would take more time and space than I have here to answer that one in full, but one of the reasons is that they are looking for something they can't get anywhere else: a kind of understanding. Basically it may only be an understanding of their sexual needs — which may be unusual or just the "wham bam etc" type — but almost always it is some form of communication that the poor john does not have with his wife, or in some cases with anyone at all.

About five years ago, when Spain was considerably less sophisticated than it is now, I was approached by a gentleman who wanted to open a smart bordello in Malaga. He offered me a half share in the business, for no capital investment. All he wanted was for me to find the girls. "But

"I have this recurring dream. I'm suspended on a gold chain between two of the biggest breasts you ever saw."

THE DRIVER'S TYRE

Toyo advanced technology has produced a range of genuine high performance, low profile, steel belted radial tyres.

Special high grip rubber compounds, combined with unique construction and tread designs ensure the ultimate in high speed response.

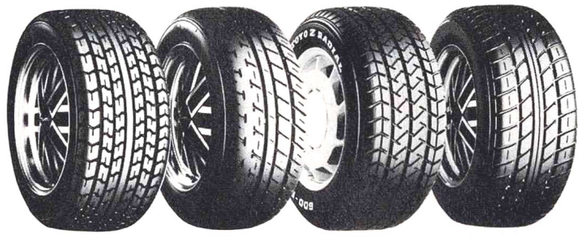
The critical balance between stiffness and flexibility, coupled with tread patterns for maximum water drainage, ensure outstanding grip, directional stability and cornering control in both wet and dry conditions.

If you prefer the confidence that excellent traction, sharp handling and smooth response can give you, you'll prefer Toyo performance tyres.

In testing many brands of tyres on the road and on the track, I have been most impressed with the Toyo range of performance tyres. With super handling qualities and outstanding durability, I have found their performance superior in both wet and dry conditions.

I have chosen them for my personal performance road car and thoroughly recommend them as most responsive high performance tyres for highway use.

COLIN BOND



Toyo Hi-tech tyres

Made to meet the Aussie challenge

TOYO

For professional, technical advice and details of your nearest Toyo dealer contact Toyo today.

SYDNEY (02) 642 0177 TOWNSVILLE (077) 75 5644 ADELAIDE (08) 260 4666
HUNTER VALLEY (065) 74 6583 BRISBANE (07) 277 9755 MELBOURNE (03) 460 2444 PERTH (09) 478 1377

TH 0787

XAVIERA

why?" I asked him. "The Spanish girls from Andalusia are among the most beautiful in the world." "Yes," he replied, "I already have some beautiful girls, but my clients are mostly Spanish, and when one of those girls opens her mouth, nobody wants her." "Bad teeth?" I asked naively. "Bad language," he said.

A client who uses an escort service has other advantages besides paying with a charge card. He can choose the girl he likes best from a description of her talents and also from photographs. She will be elegantly dressed and socially acceptable if he wants to take her to dinner or introduce her to his business associates. She will not take him to a sleazy room where he stands the chance of an ugly confrontation with her pimp. If he has any complaints, he can relay them to the agency. They will know who the girl is and where to find her. It is also more pleasant for a girl to work for an escort service rather than on the street. The agency will protect her from bad clients, and if she is unlucky enough to be landed with a nonpaying john, the agency will still pay her. Also, though it is not usual for an escort service to insist on medical checkups, a girl who can command a high fee is almost invariably reponsible enough to visit her doctor at least every couple of weeks.

Another advantage of the escort service is the time factor. I once sat at a side-walk cafe in the South of France during the Cannes film festival and watched the action in a small hotel opposite, where they obviously rented rooms by the hour, or in this case, probably by the minute. I clocked the time a girl spent inside with her client, and the average was seven minutes. As this included climbing and descending the stairs, dressing and undressing, not to mention a financial transaction, the actual time left for carnal activity was minimal. Date a girl from an escort service and there is no hurry.

In answer to your last question, how often do you *get a checkup, and is it safe to have sex with you? One assumes that a man who wants the best and is prepared to pay for it has higher standards of personal hygiene than Mr Cheapo, whose only criterion of quality is whether or not he is getting a bargain. In closing, I would say the risks with a high-priced call girl are less than with the economy hooker on the street.*

He-man blues

I often read the letters in *Penthouse* from women who write about their lovers with big penises. They all say how wonderful it is and seem happy with the sex they get. This makes me wonder.

I am 27 years old, reasonably handsome and sexy, and although I have a nine-inch cock, my life is not as great as the letters say it should be. Not only is my cock long, but it is also thick, almost three inches across at the tip. All the girls tell me that it is the biggest they have ever seen, and almost all of them tell me it hurts. I've tried to be gentle, go slow and easy, but still I am too much for them.

I tried having sex with older women, figuring maybe they wouldn't be so tight, but I really like girls my own age. Maybe young pussies are too small or something. I used to get it on with this little blonde, but although the sex was great, my cock felt like it had been beaten up after it was all over.

Last summer I met a beautiful girl who was so tall that she resembled an Amazon. I thought that a bigger girl would be better for me. But instead of a pleasurable experience, she turned out to be too tight, and we were exhausted from trying over and over again.

I'm not sure if the idea of "bigger is better" is true. I would like to be average-sized, and have a better sex life. — *P.A.*

I wonder how many times over the years I have consoled the owners of winkle-sized willies with phrases like, "It's not what you've got, but how you use it!" Then I get a letter from someone like you — handsome, healthy, in the prime of life, and endowed with a superb penis worthy of the god Priapus — and you dare to complain about it. Some people are never satisfied.

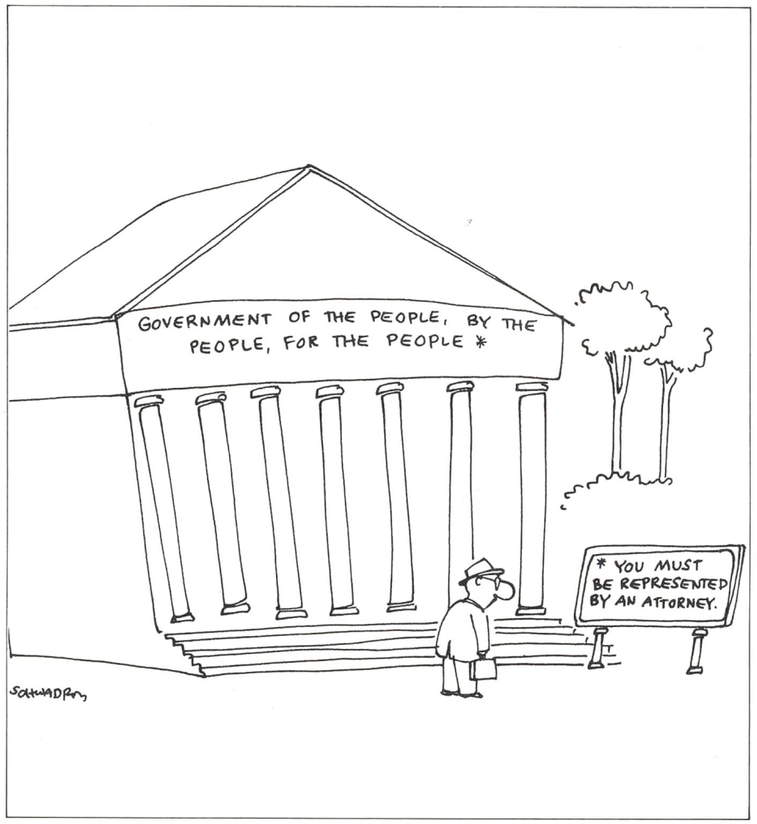
A very dear friend of mine, who is sadly no longer with us, had the most spendid cock I have ever seen. It was slightly larger than yours, measuring just over ten inches in length, and broad in proportion.

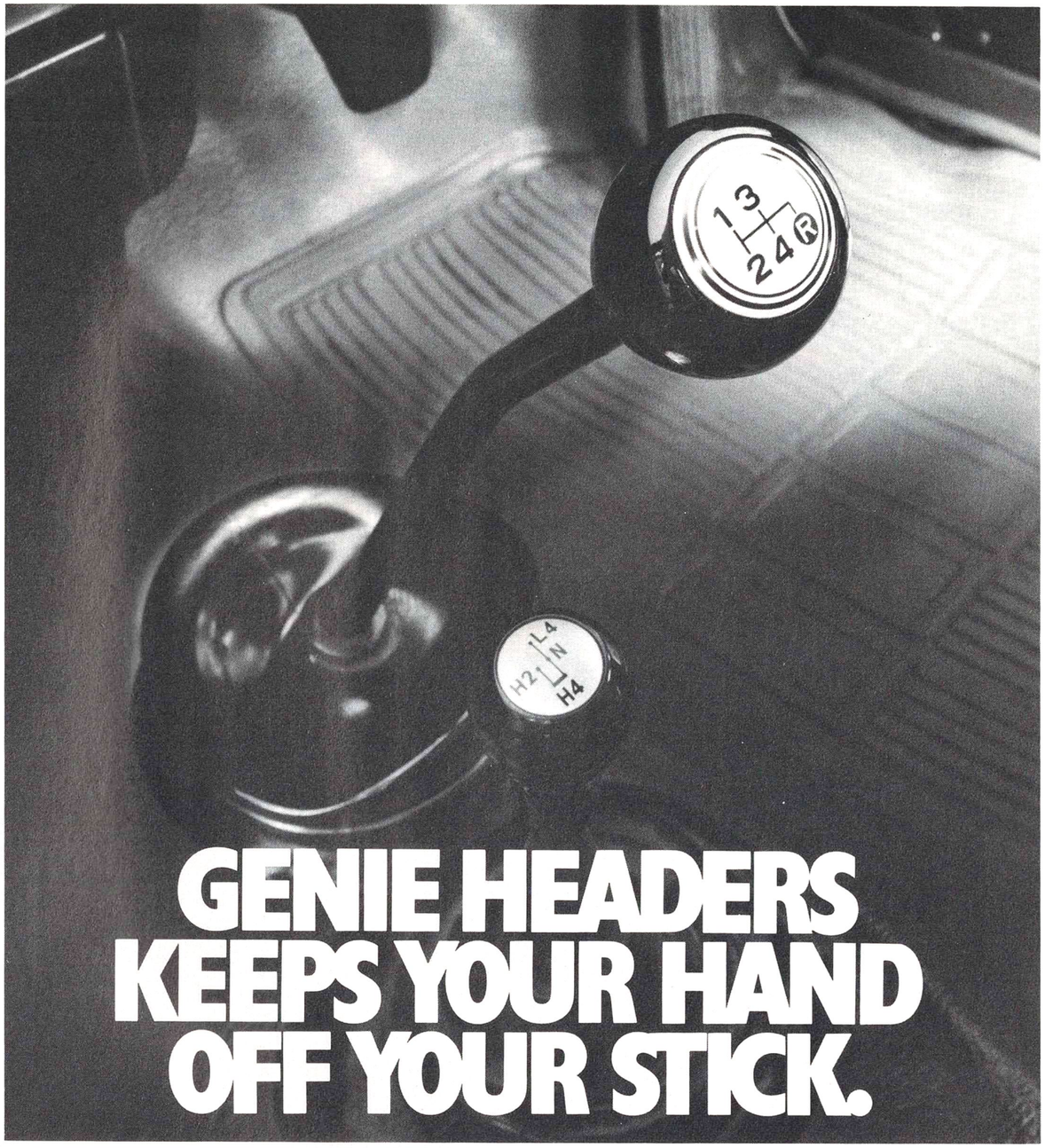
Joe, the brain behind this king-size kidney wiper, had learned over the years to wield his weapon with a gentle dexterity, which earned him the undying love and admiration of women on three continents.

"This thing is bigger than both of us," he would say as he produced Gargantua from his groin, with all the reverence of a museum curator unwrapping a priceless porcelain statuette. After that, it was pure delight to participate in his masterly manipulation of his magnificent member. Never was there a more appropriate sign displayed over his bed. I found it in an antique shop somewhere in Canada and gave it to him. It said, simply, "Man at work!"

Just as there is enormous variety in the shape and size of the human body, so there is in pricks and pussies. You have been unlucky so far in your search for happiness, but as you are not an average person, either, don't expect to find her, or them, on every corner. One piece of advice: Anatomically, the tall, slender type of woman is likely to have a smaller, tighter vagina than a girl with a wide pelvis.

So get on and and improve your technique, and if you can spread a little happiness among the older generation while you are doing it, so much the better.





Most 4WD vehicles hate hills. Mainly due to inefficient, restrictive exhaust manifolds.

And having to constantly change gears can be a pain in the arm as well as the pocket.

The answer is to fit a set of Genie headers.

You'll increase horsepower by up to 25%, improve performance, fuel economy, and your engine runs cooler and more efficiently.

And, unlike most standard manifolds, Genie headers won't crack under the strain of tough off-roading. To prove it, you'll get a 2 year replacement guarantee.

Genie high performance headers are available for nearly all 4WD vehicles. Fit a Genie. You'll flatten hills. And flatten bills.

Available at all exhaust and retail outlets.

GENIE

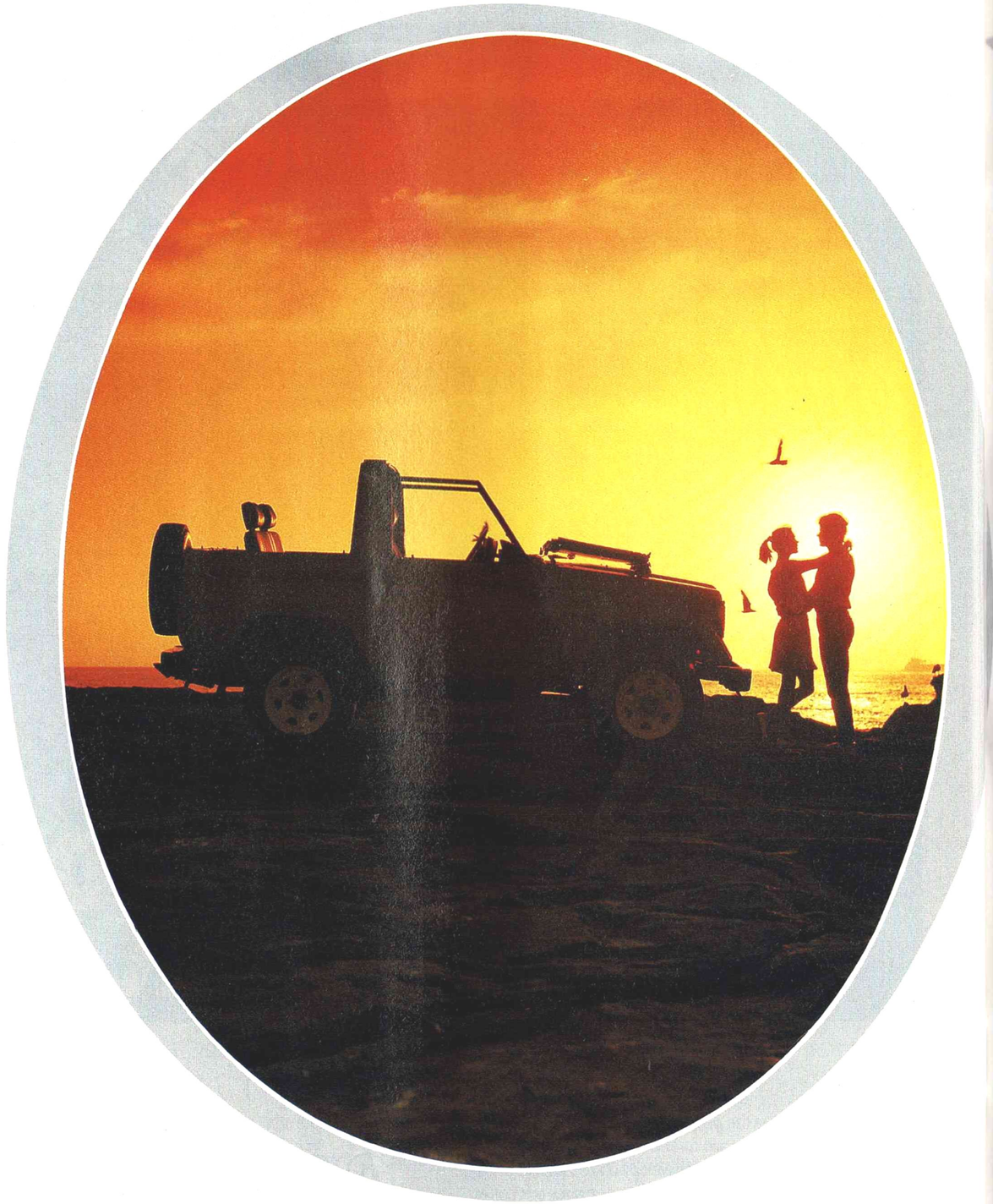
Manufactured and distributed by
GENIE PRODUCTS CORPORATION PTY. LTD.
38 Holland Street, Thebarton S.A. 5031.

DDB GPC 18PH

To obtain the name of the Genie Stockist nearest to you phone 008 888 303 TOLL FREE

ADELAIDE (08) 347 0066 • SYDNEY (02) 771 6644 • NEWCASTLE (049) 67 6455 • MELBOURNE (03) 350 6277 • PERTH (09) 330 6526 • DARWIN (089) 27 5771 • BRISBANE (07) 359 8022 • HOBART (002) 72 4155

BUNDERA SUNRISE



You've got to see it to believe it: dawn breaking on the edge of a new day. When you're there you know what freedom's all about. And freedom is something that comes naturally when you own Bundera. Because with Bundera you have all the go-anywhere toughness and ability of Landcruiser blended into a light, sporty package that's ready to set your world on fire.

While you're chasing the sun, you'll be urged on by a 2.4 litre Super Responsive petrol engine or 2.4 litre diesel turbo power that combines advanced technology with typical Toyota reliability. Fuel stops happen once in a blue moon thanks to Bundera's frugal economy of operation and cavernous 90 litre fuel tank.

And whether you're climbing up in the hills or cruising out on the highway you'll run smooth on all coil suspension. Creature comforts don't take a back seat in the mix: there's a light and easy five-speed gearbox, AM/FM radio, door pockets, fabric covered seats and digital clock/stopwatch.

For the fresh-air freaks, Bundera comes in cool convertible configuration, or, if you want to keep a lid on it, in Standard or De Luxe Hard Top specifications.

We can all use a little more freedom in our lives – and freedom starts with a stirring test drive at your Toyota dealer. Looking out for you has made Toyota Number One.

What A Feeling!

TOYOTA

BUNDERA

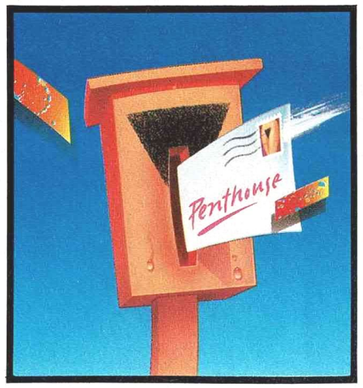
DFS/THI 144

STAGE FRIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Lauri Gilbert enjoys herself at work as an exotic dancer. "There's more to it than arty-farty 'expression' and stuff like that," she says. "You've got to fully appreciate the power factor involved. Life pushes us around. When I'm on stage, I'm pushing back."

At 22, her work has exposed her to all walks of life. "I can remember dancing to what I thought was an audience of women out on hen's nights. Halfway through my routine, I realised from the way they were cheering — like any men — that they were all raging, lusty lesbians."



FORUM

Continued from page 16

heels of my boots on the edge of the table, and opened my thighs wide to show them my feminine charms.

Unbuckling his belt, Archie pushed his trousers and shorts down to his knees. Snuggling up between my knees, he seized my waist firmly and held me on the edge of the table. When everything seemed right with him, he pushed his cockhead against my parted cunt lips and forced it inside.

His cock wasn't very long, but it was thick! Tightening his grip on my hips, he slowly fed all six inches into me. Panting and squirming in bliss, I ground my cunt around his prick. "Ohhh, Archie!" I squealed. "Fuck me, honey! Fuck me!"

He started to pump his hips, sending jolts of delight racing through my body. I trembled and mumbled at the same time and closed my eyes. It didn't matter if he was old and bald, I just wanted my hungry cunt to swallow up his thick cock! Holding me in position as he screwed me, he didn't allow my arse to slide backward one inch from his pounding. "Ahhh!" I groaned. "You're driving me crazy!"

His fucking increased in force and speed until squishing sounds emanated from my wet cunt. Passionate fuck noises filled the room as he worked noisily between my thighs. He fucked me until I felt that wild glorious sensation starting in my loins. My body trembled uncontrollably when my pussy juices burst forth, just as his come erupted. His prick shot load after load deep inside me, and it was all I could do to keep from going out of my mind. We stayed coupled together for several minutes while I used my cunt muscles to milk him completely dry. Then fully satisfied, I relaxed and allowed his cock to slip out. Turning to the rest of the guys, I asked, "Okay, who's next?"

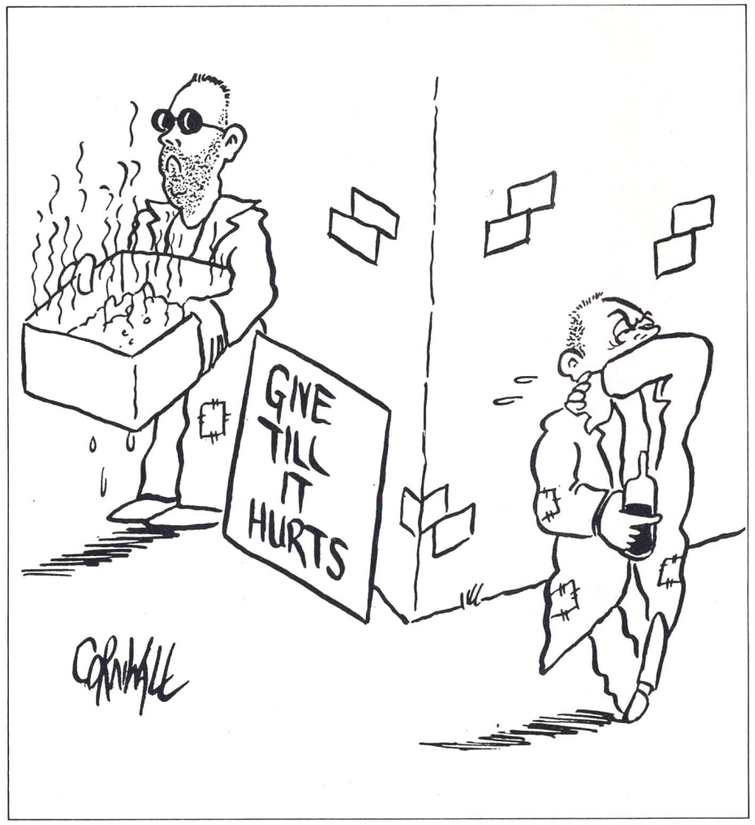
Everyone wanted to be next! Closing my eyes dreamily, I heard them say they'd draw for high card. Seconds later, I felt the next guy between my legs. He plunged his cock in, pumped his hips about six times, and shot off weakly. I felt him withdrawing his limp prick, and he was immediately replaced by another panting old guy. This one and the fourth guy didn't have any discipline either. You'd have thought this was their first piece of arse the way they came so quickly. The fifth guy aroused my passion again, though. I could tell this wouldn't be another quickie as his stiff prick tunneled into my cunt. He held me tight and kept pushing, making me moan at the hot contact. His cock was by far the largest out of the five of them. Bending forward at his waist, he clamped my cunt tightly around the base of his immense eight-incher. "Unghhh!" I groaned, shaking my head. "Your cock feels so fucking good!"

Seizing my thighs with both hands, he pushed my legs all the way back to my shoulders, thus giving the other old guys a juicy view of my cunt clenched around his meat. I loved the position in which he was holding me; it made my pussy very vulnerable and easy to fuck.

He thrust hard, his cock stabbing deeply, withdrawing halfway, then stabbing deeply again, sending tingles of pleasure racing all the way up to my brain. I worked my cunt as passionately as I could, wanting to return the pleasure. He drove his big cock in and out with wicked thrusts, making me squirm my arse frantically. I drooled and gasped as lightning bolts ripped through my hot cunt. This old stud knew how to use his big pecker and I wished it would never end.

His hot come blasted deep inside me and I gasped aloud. Throbbing mightily, he loosed powerful streams of come until I felt it running down the crack of my arse. Clamping my cunt lips down on his rock-hard prick, I held on to it as tightly as I could. As soon as he finished shooting off, I realised I was about to climax myself. Hot jolts shot through my nervous system as I flexed my fuck muscles, my own climax seizing me. It was out of this world and I couldn't have been happier. When the spasms passed, I attempted to catch my breath. Only then did his flaccid cock finally slip out of my grasping cunt.

They treated me royally after that. Two of them gently carried me to a divan in the next room and covered me with a sheet. A couple hours later, I served each old guy a generous helping of pussy again! I could almost consider a career as a waitress if I knew each night would be like this. — *Name and address withheld*



Strange customs

Being an extremely horny individual, I am always on the lookout for an exciting encounter with the opposite sex. Quite frankly, it never happens — to me at least. Well, this day was an exception, and what an exception it was.

I was scheduled to attend a one-day training class, which didn't seem all that exciting. Upon my arrival the first thing I gazed upon was a corporate version of Jessica Lange — the same angelic face, topping off a rather athletic-looking body that had just the right amount of flesh on it to nicely round it out. She was also graced with an exceptional pair of legs and a proud frame. I was impressed.

The class proceeded rather uneventfully until our first break. It was at this moment that my blonde beauty approached me. At first we made nothing but small talk until we got on the ultimate yuppie subject — careers. I saw an opening to make my first move when she complained about her lack of playtime and the fact she never got to see her boyfriend. I mentioned that it must really hamper her sex life. Her eyes lit up. I knew I'd struck a nerve. Thus encouraged, I asked if she'd like to meet for a drink after the class was over, and she agreed.

We stopped at a small bar nearby and proceeded to inhale our favorite drinks — margaritas. We picked up exactly where we left off — that is, we discussed our sex lives, telling each other our favorite turn-ons. The next thing I knew her hand was on my thigh and we were both breathing heavily. She told me she had a special fantasy and asked if I would be interested in helping her live it out. Would I! I accepted instantly, and she told me to meet her in the ladies' room.

Once inside the stall, we embraced and our mouths met. I brought both my hands up under her dress and cupped her plump buttocks. Her hands went right for my zipper, and my cock was in her hands in seconds. The next thing I knew, my pants were down around my knees and she was standing at my side. She reached into her purse and pulled out a bottle of baby oil. She lubricated her hands and started to pull my cock with a slow rubbing motion that felt great. At the same time, her other oiled hand reached under my balls and started massaging them. Between the rhythmic pulling of my cock and the movement of her hands on my balls, I was close to orgasm city! She was really into what she was doing, and doubled her speed. She murmured how much fun it was to touch me, and picked up the pace again.

I was kind of faint by this time, and she must have sensed this, because she slowed her movements. Starting at the very base of my cock, she slipped her hand right up around the head. It was all I could handle. I exploded in three giant spurts right into the palm of her hand. She took her hand and rubbed it over my balls.

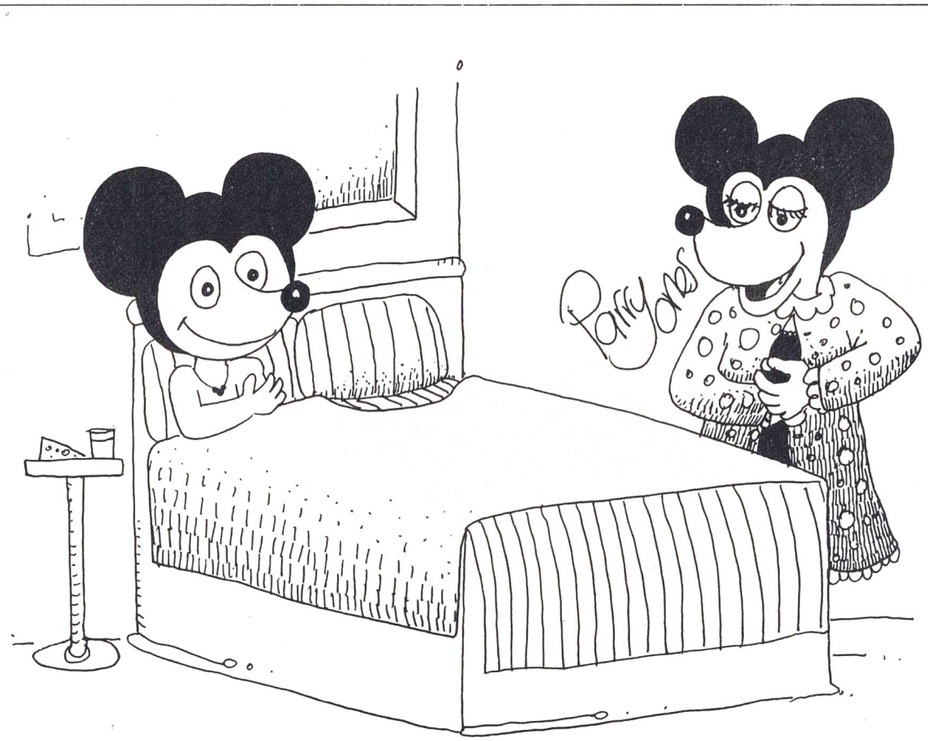
With that, she turned around and told me to get the fuck out of the ladies' room before she screamed rape. I was amazed! "Now," she continued, "with your pants down around your ankles and your balls smeared with your own come." Embarrassed and half naked, I scuffled out in my somewhat unusual state. With my luck, there were two nicely dressed women standing outside the bathroom. They took one look at me and didn't know whether to laugh, cry, or die. I didn't care. I picked up my pants and walked out, thinking of my wild Jessica Lange look-alike and wondering if all her secret fantasies were as bizarre as this one. One thing for sure, I was not going to stick around to find out. — *Name and address withheld*

Chef's surprise

I am a gourmet chef who works nights while my girlfriend Donna, a bank teller, works days. Obviously I don't get to see her as often as I'd like to so for my birthday I asked her to come over to my place and spend the whole day with me, preferably in bed. She told me that she had to work that day but that she would somehow try to make it a special occasion.

On the morning of my birthday, I was awakened by a car horn blaring outside my window. I hastily put on a pair of pants to investigate the continuous honking. To my surprise it was a taxi, with Donna sitting in the back gesturing me to come outside and join her. I quickly got dressed, ran a comb through my hair, and ran out the door to join my baby. As I got into the cab, I asked her where we were going, but she told me to lie back and relax and not to ask any questions. I was totally intrigued.

When the cab finally came to a stop, I looked out the window and to my surprise we were in front of a "no-tell motel." I fol-



"How about a little comic relief?"

lowed Donna out of the cab and noticed that she was carrying a gym bag. She still refused to answer any questions. Donna further surprised me by renting a room for the day, whispering to me that she called in sick to work.

Once we were inside the room, she immediately went into the bathroom with the gym bag and locked the door behind her. While I waited for her to come out of the bathroom, I stripped and lay down on the king-size bed. She finally emerged from the bathroom wearing a peach silk teddy and looking totally delicious. She smiled broadly and popped the cork of the champagne bottle that she held in her hand. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she deftly poured the bubbly into two fluted crystal champagne glasses. She handed me the glass, and as I was sipping the sparkling liquid, she took my already stiff cock in her hand and gently began to kiss its length, finally engulfing it with her whole mouth. Although Donna and I have participated in oral sex many times before, I was surprised because this time she had a mouthful of champagne. Its tingling coolness on my hard, hot cock felt heavenly; and the sensation of her mouth pulling and tugging, combined with that of the bubbly, caused me to come quickly. She climbed on top of me and began rubbing her small, firm tits, sheathed in silk, against my face and chest.

Next, she lowered her pubic mound on to my pulsing cock and began to grind her hips savagely. The silky smoothness of the teddy and the mounting heat from her pussy soon got me off again.

After we drank a little more champagne, Donna led me into the bathroom. She took off her teddy and pulled me into the shower. We soaped and groped each other for a long time, and finally headed back to the bedroom.

After a lot of sucking and fucking, I held her in my arms and thanked her for the best birthday present I had ever received. She smiled and told me that her surprise wasn't over yet, and to wait in the bathroom for two minutes and then come back out. I did as I was told, and when I returned to the bedroom I couldn't believe what I saw. Donna was lying on her back with her legs spread, two mounds of whipped cream on her tits, cherries on top, and a cherry stem sticking out from her cunt lips.

"What's a birthday without a birthday cake?" she asked coyly. I needed no further encouragement, and dove in to make a meal of her.

We ended up renting the room for an extra few hours. It turned out to be the best birthday and the best sex that I ever had. Donna certainly fulfilled her promise to somehow make my birthday special. I can't wait until next year. — *Name and address withheld*

Layover

While sitting at a small airport I noticed an extremely good-looking man approaching me. He had biceps that could almost break my heart, and my blood raced as I realised he was taking the seat next to mine. We immediately struck up a conversation and discovered that we were both taking the same flight. And I thought this was going to be just another boring flight! This was too much — my pussy was getting fired up already just thinking about the possible implications!

We boarded the plane and took our seats. Much to his chagrin, I pulled the latest issue of *Penthouse* out of my bag. After he got over his initial embarrassment, we began to read the letters together. I was getting hornier by the minute, so I started to lightly caress his massive arms and watched the goosebumps rise and fall. I commented on what big muscles he had. He got a sly look on his face and said he had a bigger muscle between his legs that I might like even better. All through our flight our breathing was labored and erratic as we panted our way through the entire issue. As the plane came in for a landing, we made plans to find a secluded, quiet place where we could work off all our excess energy.

The best place we could find in the airport was a stairwell that contained a lift. The fact that we could be discovered at any minute was an enormous turn-on for me. We didn't waste a minute. My Adonis picked me up, deposited me in the corner, and gave me a kiss that made my pussy drip. I let my fingers do the walking from his shoulders down to the ripples of his abdomen. He grabbed my arse and started to grind his rock of manhood against my hot love nest. I clutched at his bulge through his trousers, and a throaty moan left his lips as I found myself holding on to at least nine and a half inches of cock. He was definitely the best hung stud I'd ever held on to.

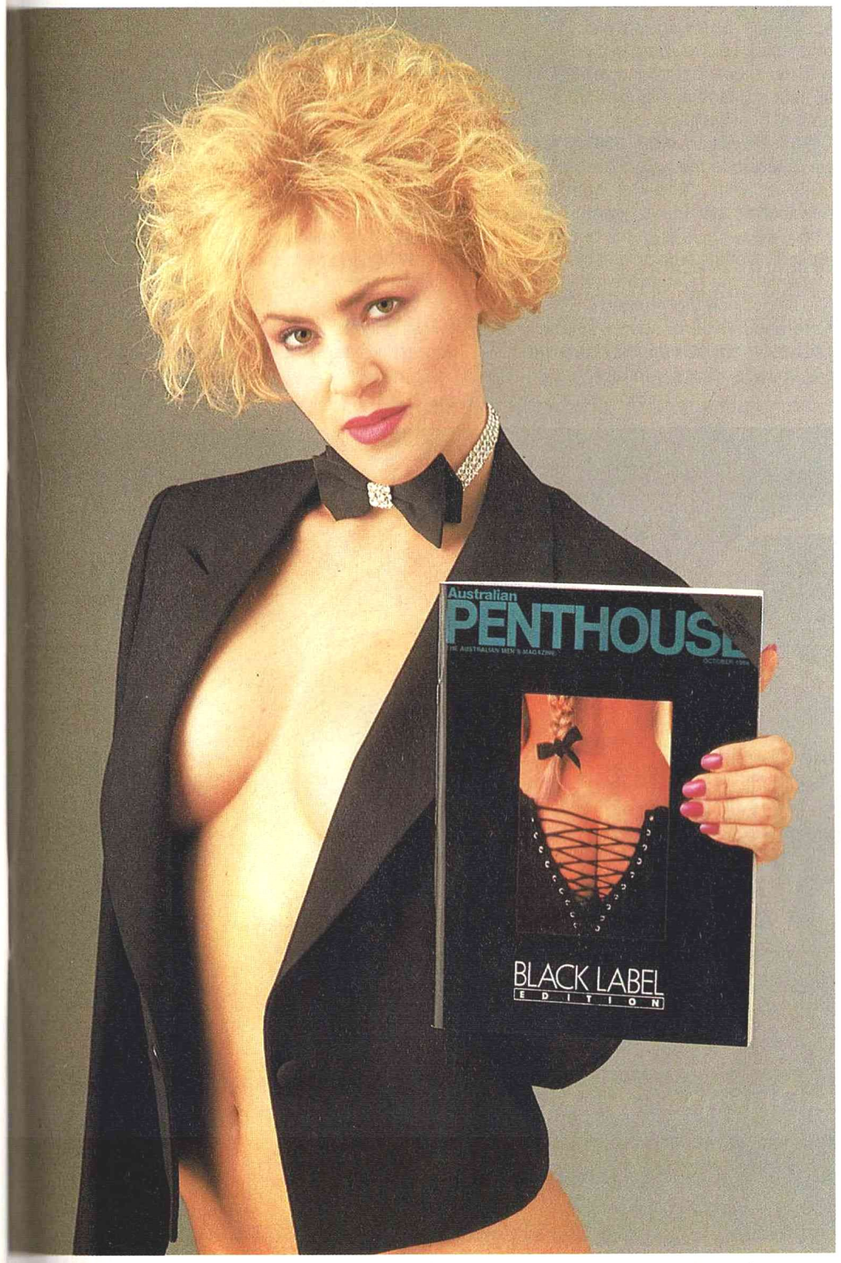
I unzipped his pants and out sprang his throbbing rod. I didn't have to think twice about my next course of action. I went down on this sweet meat so fast that I just about swallowed it. I pushed it down my throat as far as it would go. In a matter of seconds he exploded all his sweet come into my mouth. As I sucked up the last glistening drops, I looked up into his smiling face and we both laughed over our accomplishment.

We were startled to hear the lift door open. As I scrambled to my feet, two airport personnel stepped out with knowing grins on their faces. Could it be that we were not the first to find that little secluded corner? By this time my plane was boarding, and my Adonis walked me to the gate. We embraced and made promises to keep in touch. I know one thing for sure, whether or not I ever see him again, I have found a surefire way to alleviate boredom on planes and in airports. Flying will never be the same again. — *Name and adress withheld*

Hostess with the mostess

I am 23 years old with a slim, muscular body and firm, perky tits. In all modesty, I am quite desirable. A few weeks ago, my husband and I threw a huge keg party in our backyard. A lot of our friends brought their friends, so there were many people there that I'd never met before. Like a good

THE BLACK TIE PENTHOUSE.



This is your invitation to a very exclusive Australian Penthouse.

Australian Penthouse Black Label.

It's a different magazine from our regular Australian Penthouse because it contains very exclusive pictorial and editorial content.

And the only way you can get our Black Label is privately, through the mail.

Please R.S.V.P. quickly.

We're looking forward to the pleasure of having your company.

—R. S. V. P.—

I wish to receive 12 issues of your Black Label edition at $58 __ or 24 issues at $116 __. I enclose a cheque/money order. Please debit my
☐ Bankcard ☐ AmEx ☐ Diners
☐ Mastercard. No _____
_____ Exp Date __/__/__
Name _____
Address _____
_____
_____ P/Code _____
Signature _____
Send to: Australian Penthouse Magazine, P.O. Box 32, Cammeray, N.S.W. 2062.
Allow 6 weeks for initial subscription copy. Offer applicable only in Australia and to persons over 18 years of age.

PENTHOUSE BLACK LABEL EDITION

hostess, I started mingling, and soon got into a deep conversation with a pretty, curly-haired redhead. Annabelle had a cute, Kewpie-doll face above a body that was definitely stacked. We chatted about men, weather, and other trivialities until the conversation rolled around to sex.

I got the feeling Annabelle was trying to shock me when she said, "My boyfriend and I get into orgies." "I never engaged in any," I retorted a little haughtily. Annabelle leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "Do you engage in lesbian sex?" I nodded. I had had a light encounter in the past that ended at the heavy-petting stage. My partner at the time quit due to embarrassment, I guess. Whatever the reason, I dwelled on the disappointment and longed to make love to a woman who was willing, unashamed, and would really get into it.

At this point I felt my hostess duties were calling me, so I just gave Annabelle a wink and made the rounds. I glanced at her frequently, and she kept shooting me smouldering, sexy stares. After about an hour, we resumed our conversation, and to my relief, she made her move. Annabelle suggested we defer to my bedroom. As we giggled, she suddenly pulled me down on the water bed and asked, "What are we waiting for?"

She wasted no time in getting my shorts off. Before I knew it, she was between my legs, eating my pussy with a fervor no man I knew ever had. She wasn't shy about making slurping sounds and moaning noises, either. We broke down all barriers and verbally expressed our needs.

"Eat me, Annabelle. You eat me so good!" I purred. She lifted her head from my crotch and mumbled something about mutual satisfaction. I swung my body around and got between her legs. She was delicious. We rubbed our cunts together and talked dirty about what we would do to each other if we had some dildos. I went at her cunt like a horny virgin male with his first piece; I just could not get enough. In the meantime, Annabelle was a pro. Her tongue made large circles around my clit. It felt like she knew exactly where my hot spots were, all my special places that men often miss. I did my best to please her and, with her expert instruction, made her come all over my face as I lapped up every last drop of her love juice.

After we'd recovered from our orgasms, we returned to the party. We'd been gone quite a while, and my husband and Annabelle's boyfriend wanted to know where we were. "Oh, in the bedroom," we replied, "getting high on messing around." I later told my husband what happened, and he got incredibly turned on. We plan to have another party soon; Annabelle and her boyfriend will definitely be invited. — *Name and address withheld*

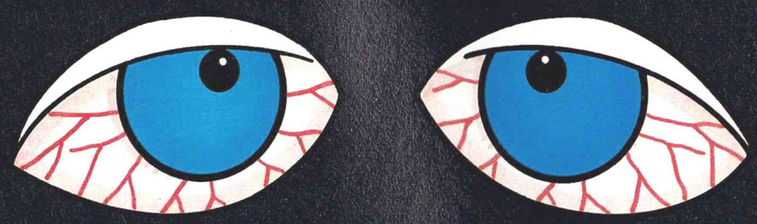
Dancing in the dark

I'm a 24-year-old male, not bad-looking. My girlfriend was out of town for a few weeks, so I took advantage of my freedom to hit a few clubs with my friend Leo. We decided to go to a new music club. Leo was feeling a little depressed because his girlfriend had just dumped him for another guy. Leo's kind of shy, so I decided to help him find another woman.

I spotted two cuties in the corner, one blonde and one brunette. After a little small talk, we all started dancing. Leo was getting nowhere with the brunette, so I figured it was time to leave. To be polite, I asked the blonde for her phone number and gave her a friendly kiss good-night. Well, that kiss turned into a major grope session. I noticed she had nice lemon-sized tits under her loosely knit black top. I also noticed that she was not averse to me grabbing them. We made our way to a dark corner of the club, and I started to feel her up.

By this time she was rubbing my rock-hard dick through my jeans. I was trying to persuade her to go outside to the parking lot, but she kept insisting that we were just fine right where we were. There were plenty of people around, but I figured what the hell, as they'd have to be right on top of us to see what was going on. Though, might I say, some of those slimy characters looked like they wouldn't have minded.

She had on pants with an elastic waist-



Antistine® - Privine®
It stops you seeing red.

The morning after the night before, you may need Antistine-Privine eye drops.

Antistine-Privine drops give fast, long lasting relief to red, sore eyes caused by late nights, allergies, pollen, dust or other irritants.

Antistine-Privine drops. They stop you seeing red the morning after.

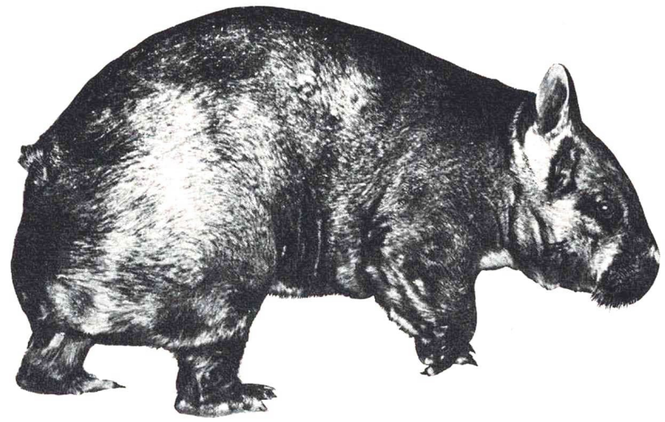
Antistine-Privine: A-P Eye Drops©

ANTAZOLINE SULPHATE 0.5% W/V NAPHAZOLINE NITRATE 0.025% W/V

©1986 CIBA-GEIGY Australia Ltd, 140 Bungaree Road, Pendle Hill, NSW, 2145.

APB4586-T APO8707

This is the hairy-nosed wombat.



Take a long, last look,

The hairy-nosed wombat is one of the most endangered mammals in the world.

As yet, we don't know why.

Even the populations living in national parks need special protection. And numbers continue to remain alarmingly low.

Saving this wombat is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries. Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

Please support our work.

or fill in this coupon.

To: World Wildlife Fund Australia,
Level 17 St Martins Tower,
Sydney, NSW 2000,
GPO Box 528,
SYDNEY NSW 2001.

Telephone: (02) 29 7572.

Yes! I want to help World Wildlife Fund Australia to save our endangered wildlife.

Tick boxes where applicable:

Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for $25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for $1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate $ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost $5.00 per year and the Club member will receive a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme T.V. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs – 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of $ _____

Or charge my Bankcard with $ _____

☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐

Bankcard Expiry Date __ /__ / 19__

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode: _____

51 Ogilvy MWW 0045.

FORUM

band that made it real easy for me to get three fingers up her wet cunt. As I fingered her hole, she smiled and unbuttoned my trousers. She fondled my eight-incher with skill, licking her fingers and running them up and down my shaft. She whispered in my ear, "I'm going to suck you until you come in my mouth," and the next thing I knew she was on her knees in front of me, licking the underside of my dick. She took the top of my cock into her mouth and began going up and down very fast, and it didn't take long before I unloaded a bucketful of jism into her mouth. She wiped what spilled out all over her face and hands.

Just as she was about to get up, a bouncer with a flashlight came by. He yelled at us to go outside to satisfy ourselves. About 15 people heard this exchange and saw her with come on her face and me buttoning myself up. I was a little embarrassed, but she seemed to enjoy the attention.

Leo is still bummed out, my girlfriend came back, and to top it off I lost the blonde's phone number. Oh well, it sure makes for entertaining fantasies every time I go to a nightclub! — *Name and address withheld*

Say "Ah . . ."

I am a young, single doctor in a small town. In addition to my private practice in general medicine, I am one of several physicians who work two days per month at the local clinic.

This particular shift had been mostly the usual cases for a clinic. I had done several sports physicals, seen the ordinary cases of flu and colds, done a couple of pregnancy tests etc. Near the end of the day the secretary asked me if I would be able to stay an extra half hour to do an exam on a girl who would be a little late. I agreed, and the secretary said she would have all the paperwork done before she left.

When the girl arrived, I gave her the forms. While Chrissy filled out the history, she explained that she was late due to a long lab test. She also stated that all she really needed was her annual gynaecological examination.

A physician is supposed to develop something called a professional attitude. This is comprised of equal parts education, self-control, familiarity, and boredom. As they say in medical school, "After the first thousand naked people, they all look alike." This doesn't mean a physician is blind; it just means that during ordinary medical procedures there is no sexual awareness. But with Chrissy, I was having a hard time maintaining my professional demeanor.

When I entered the examination room, Chrissy was seated on the edge of the examination table. I noticed she had a sparkle in her eyes and looked as though she was excited about something. This particular exam looked like it was going to turn out anything but routine.

I asked Kathy to slip the gown off her shoulders so I could begin the breast exam. She gave me a smile and dropped the gown into her lap. She then leaned back to show off a perfectly normal pair of breasts.

Each breast was full and smooth, slightly conical in shape, and firm. The nipples were pert and proud and colored that warm chocolate pink unique to brunettes. She knew I was admiring them. Nothing excites a woman more than to be admired and to be aware of the admiration. I cupped her right breast and began to gently explore it with my fingers. As I touched the nipple, it grew hard and pressed into my palm. It is not unusual for a nipple to respond momentarily to touch, but Chrissy's stayed erect. As I continued the exam, she closed her eyes and leaned forward, pressing her tits into my hand. She began to breathe deeper and the areola surrounding each nipple began to flush pink.

By now my professional attitude was taking a beating. Patients don't usually get turned on during a medical procedure so this was an unfamiliar set of circumstances. I wondered if this girl had set me up, but I decided to finish the exam.

I told Chrissy to lie back on the table and then slid the gown down until it just covered the dark bush of pubic hair. I lightly touched her belly, probing with fingertips into the softness above the mound of Venus.

I moved to cover Chrissy with the gown before finishing the exam, but she would have none of it. As I lifted her lovely legs so she could rest her feet in the stirrups at the end of the table, she pushed the gown off on to the floor and began to caress her own breasts.

I spread her knees apart and looked at the dark velvet between her thighs. The lips of her cunt were closed, but the engorgement from her excitement was evident. As I spread her apart with my fingers, I could feel the wetness of her heat. Her clit was hard and erect, flushed a bright pink. Chrissy's clitoris was not the only organ hardened by desire. By this time my own cock was hard and straining against my jeans. My professional attitude was on its last legs, having suffered a battering by Chrissy's obvious and genuine sexual arousal.

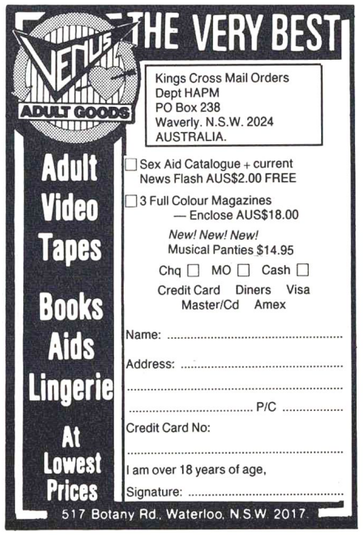
I slipped one gloved finger into her vagina. As I tried to insert a second finger, I found that her box was very tight. I gently stretched her vagina until I could fit both fingers into her. When I finally did, she gave a little moan and squeal and came, arching her pelvis up against my hand. This first climax didn't seem to slow her down at all. Her clit was still rock-hard, and her pussy was wet and hot. I gently brushed her clit with my thumb and massaged the soft pad of flesh inside the pubic arch called the G-spot.

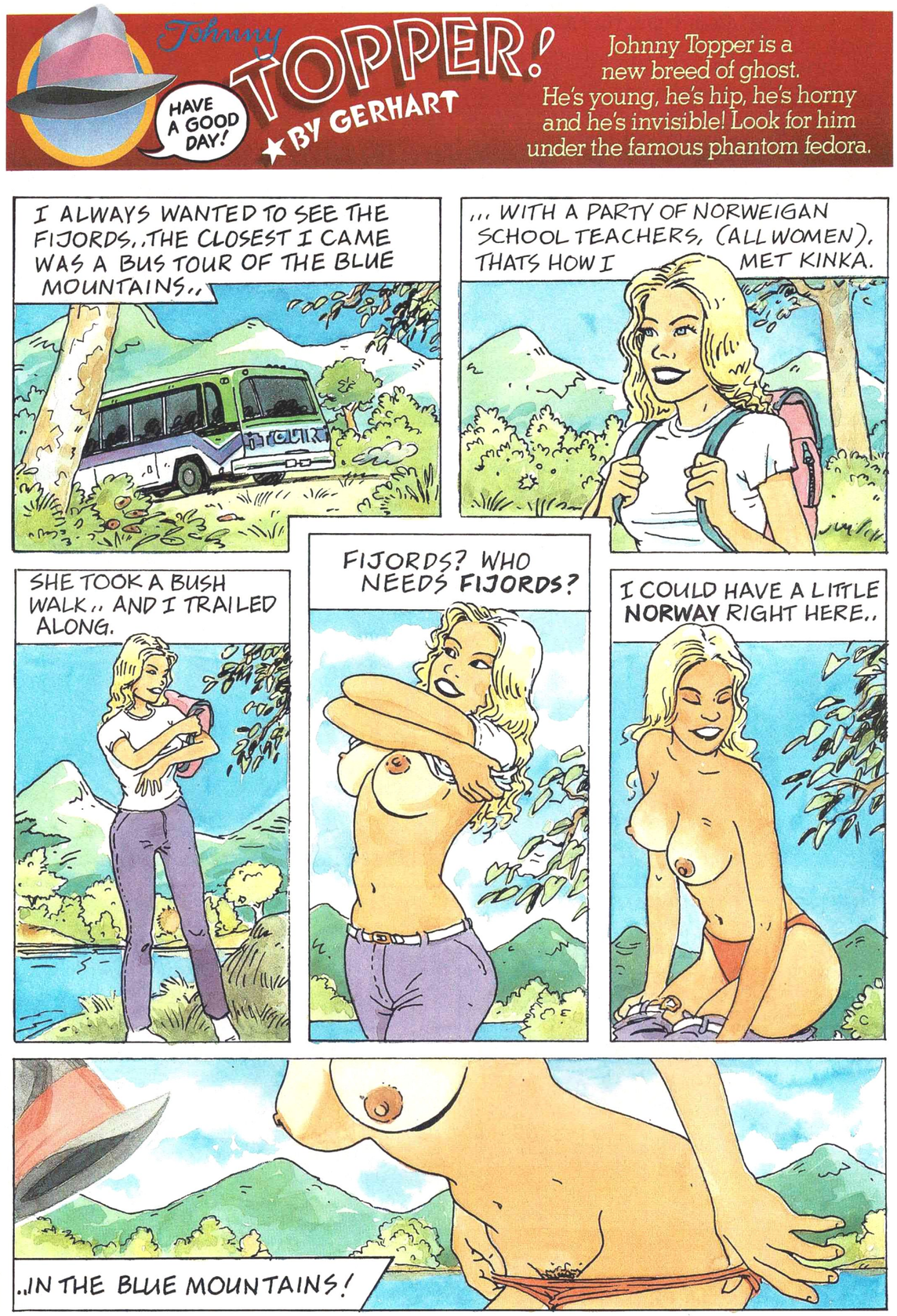
This caused a fresh outburst from Chrissy. She was moaning and massaging her breasts, rolling her nipples between her fingers. She began to talk softly at first, then louder: "Love me, Doctor, love me. Fuck me, please, Doc, fuck me now." Professional attitude, hell, this was too much! This girl was turned on and hot, and so was I.

I gave Chrissy's G-spot one last touch, pulled off my gloves, and stepped out of my jeans. My cock was hard and ready. I gently caressed her pussy with the head of my prick to pick up some lubrication. When Chrissy felt my cock touch her, she began to arch up against it, straining to reach me. I grasped her hips and placed myself in position. She was whimpering and moaning, completely engulfed in sexual passion. I began to press into her, only to feel the resistance of her tight pussy. I pushed harder and harder, finally sliding deep inside as her hot snatch accepted me. As I entered her, she moaned softly and climaxed again even harder than before.

Chrissy relaxed a little after her second climax, and that's when I went to work. I slid my rod in and out, enjoying the warm tightness of her vagina. I rubbed her clit with my thumb and lifted her hips to meet my thrust. Within minutes she was excited as before and it became a race to see who would climax first. She arched her arse up against me, accepting my every thrust. Faster and faster we went, until she reached a shuddering, creaming, breathless climax seconds before I came, shooting my offering deep into her quim.

Chrissy then told me that she had seen me around the place and found me attractive so she had arranged the after-hours examination. She wondered if I minded if she became my patient regularly. I certainly had no objections, but I told her that if we were to repeat our sexual activities, we should do it in more private surroundings. — *Name and address withheld*




Johnny TOPPER!
HAVE A GOOD DAY!
★BY GERHART
Johnny Topper is a new breed of ghost. He's young, he's hip, he's horny and he's invisible! Look for him under the famous phantom fedora.
I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THE FIJORDS,.THE CLOSEST I CAME WAS A BUS TOUR OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS,,
,,, WITH A PARTY OF NORWEIGAN SCHOOL TEACHERS, (ALL WOMEN), THATS HOW I MET KINKA.
SHE TOOK A BUSH WALK,, AND I TRAILED ALONG.
FIJORDS? WHO NEEDS FIJORDS?
I COULD HAVE A LITTLE NORWAY RIGHT HERE,,
..IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS!

IF TOPPER CAN'T GO TO NORWAY NORWAY COMES TO TOPPER.

G'DAY!

I'M TOPPER, THE AUSSIE WATER NYMPH.

KINKA WAS INTO FOLKLORE...

VEE HAVE VOOD NYMPHS IN NORVAY.

I SHOWED HER HOW THE AUSTRALIAN KIND DIFFERED.

OOH!

IT'S AN HONOUR TO BE CHOSEN FOR RAVISH-MENT.

RAVISH-MENT?

SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. I TOLD HER SHE WAS ABOUT TO BE FUCKED BY THE FAERY FOLK – SHE WAS HONOURED.

WE RAVISHED IN THE WATER...

HMMM.. I'VE HEARD OF GOBLINS RAPING MILKMAIDS IN BAVARIA..

..WE RAVISHED IN THE BUSH....

UH-HUHHH... AND FAERIES FINGERING FRAULINES IN FINLAND...

WE RAVISHED ON THE BEACH.

HUHH, UPH!... BUT NYMPHS FOKING NORVEIGAN SCHOOL TEACHERS IN AU.. AU.. AU! AU! AU!

AUSTRALIA!

DAT VAS INCREDIBLE! VAIT TILL I TELL MY COLLEAGUES!

OH, YOU MUST NEVER TELL ON THE FAERY FOLK.

BUT VEE ARE LEAVING FOR HOME TOMORROW

PLEASE NYMPH, FOR ME, COULD YOU JUST.

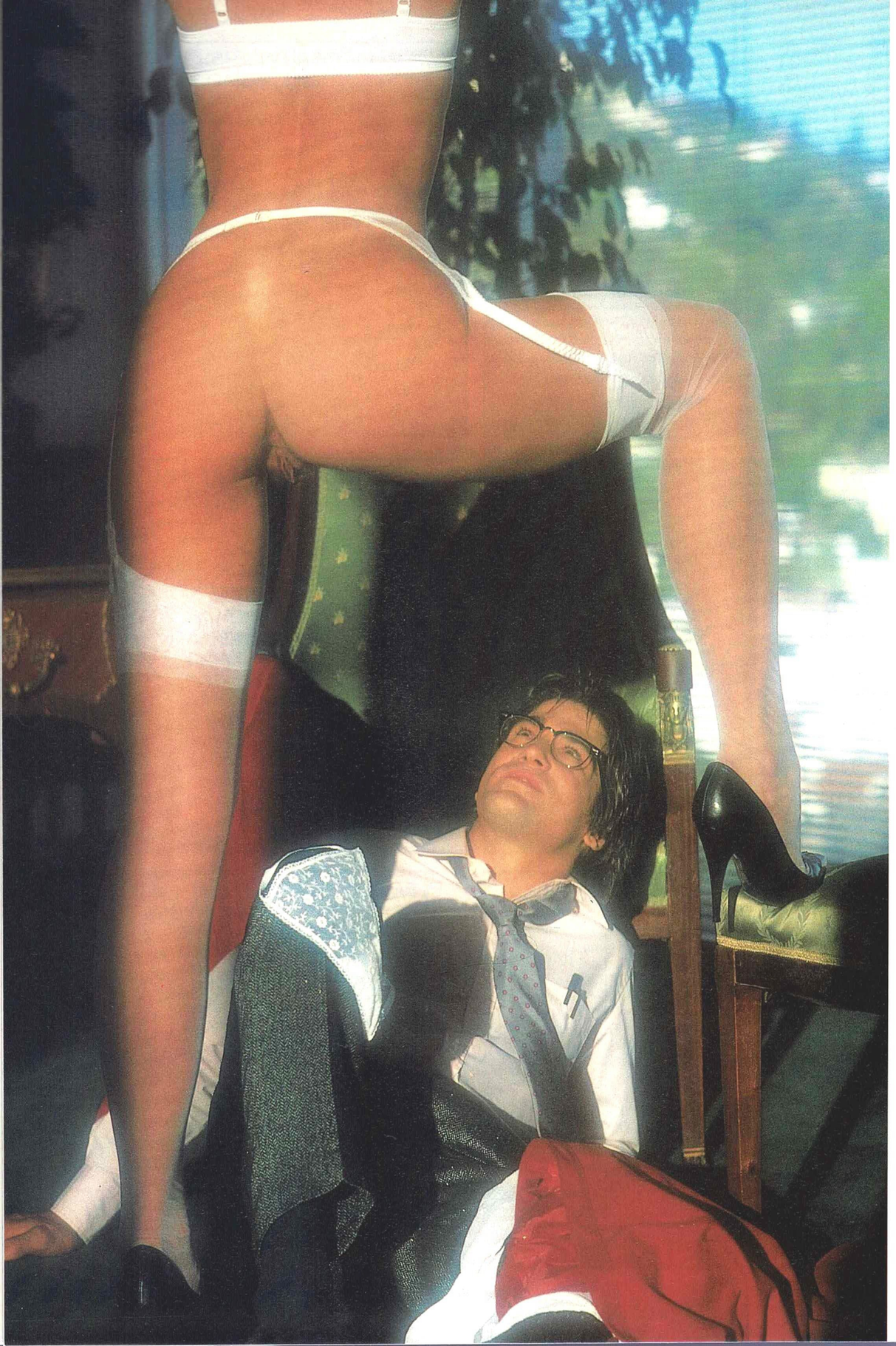
..RAVISH MY FRIEND EBBA TOO?..

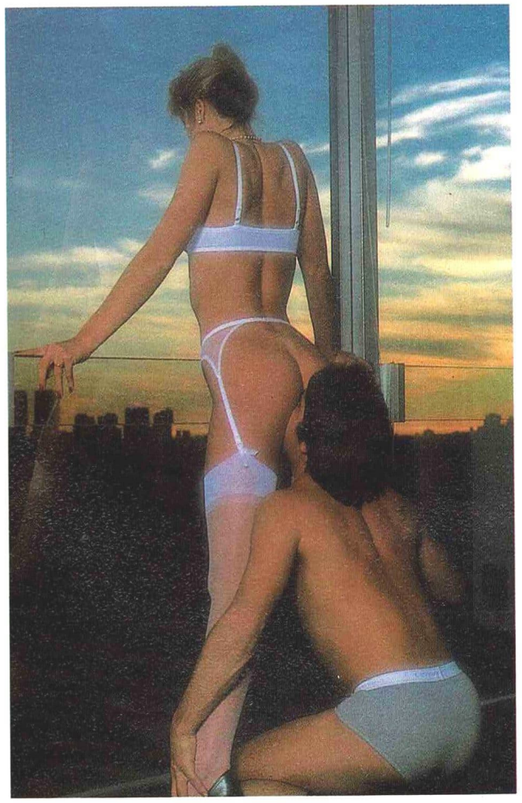
..AND ELKE AND INGRID AND..

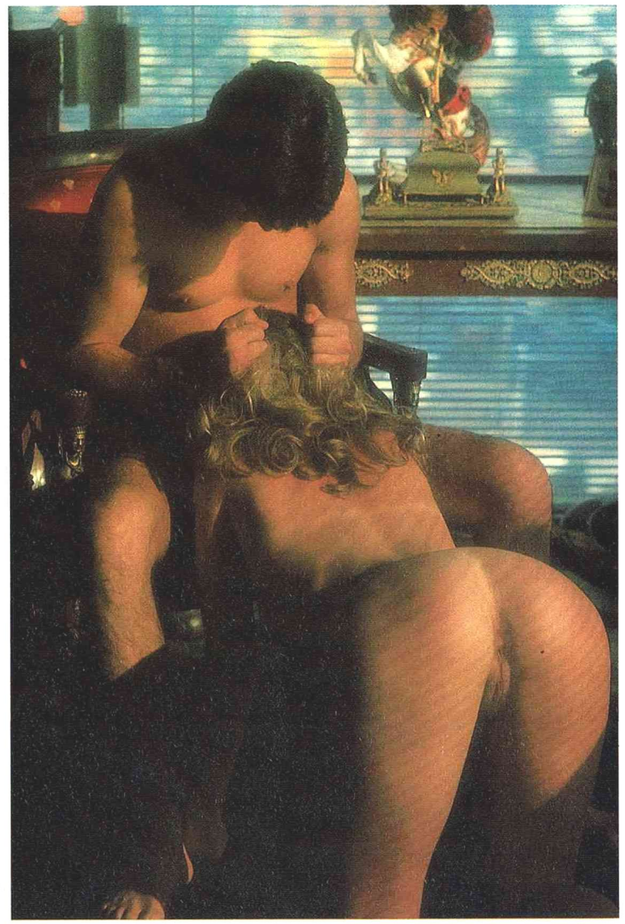
MERGER MANIA

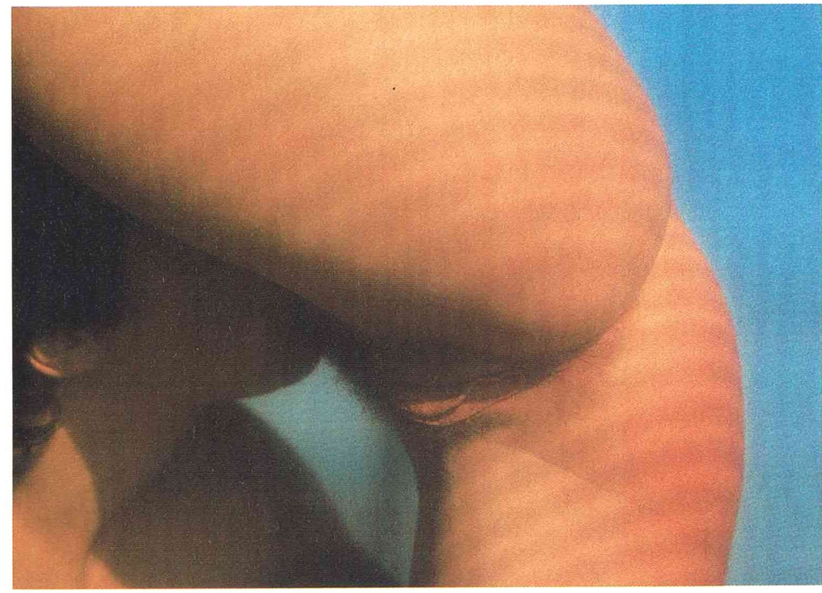
PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

The hours of tense negotiations had given way to an exhausted impasse between Michael and Margot. They knew their respective companies would best be served in a merging of interests, but it seemed that neither of them would give an inch. Finally, Michael gave an inch . . .

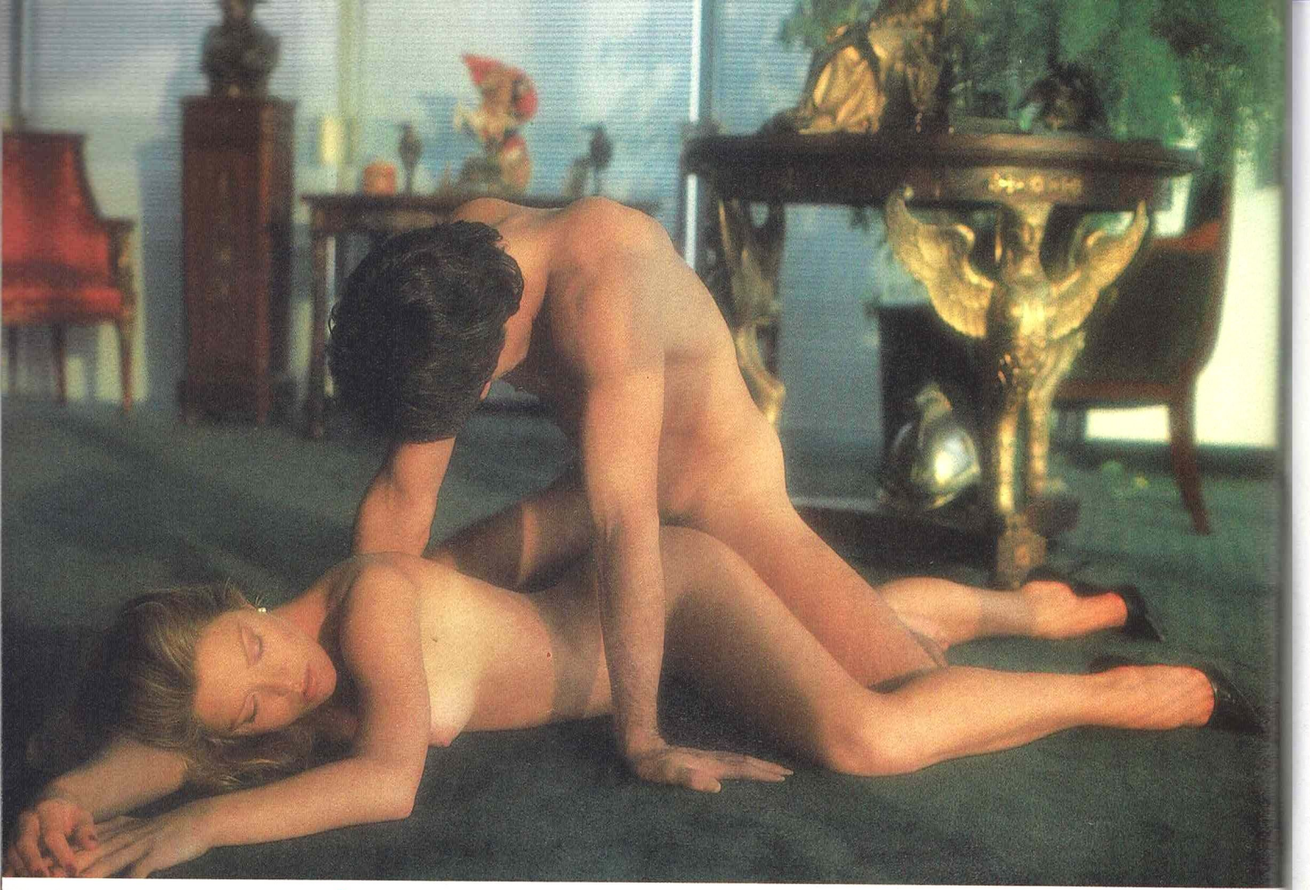








And that was all it took to break the deadlock. Margot immediately disclosed all her assets — all the subsequent details were fleshed out accordingly . . .



"You're a hard man to fool around with, Michael," said Margot when the resolution had been reached — and not for the first time. "No wonder corporate raiding is so popular lately. I thought it only involved fucking our balance of payments."

"There are two things about him I'll never forget.
One of them is Menāge."

JWT072P1613K2

Some
things
linger
in
a
woman's
memory.

Continued from page 58

parfumerie distills from Molly's old hatbands.

24. From the following list choose your favorite movie:
    (a) *A Star Is Born* (Judy Garland and James Mason version).
    (b) *The Boys In The Band.*
    (c) *La Cage Aux Folles.*
    (d) *Mr Mom.*
    (e) *Mommie Dearest.*
    (f) *F.I.S.T.*

25. From the following list choose your favorite food:
    (a) Mince.

26. Which of the following celebrities do you most admire?
    (a) Rock Hudson.
    (b) Liberace.
    (c) Noel Coward.
    (d) Sir Robert Helpmann.
    (e) They're all good blokes. The only good poofters are dead poofters.

SECTION B

This is a free-for-all section designed by leading psychiatrists to subtly probe your motivations and ascertain your secret sexual leanings. Tally your score in each question and add or subtract it from your pointscore in section A.

1. Score five points each if you have ever participated in the following activities:
    (a) Thrown a party where nobody spewed.
    (b) Renovated a divine little terrace house.
    (c) Worn your pyjama pants backwards.
    (d) Had a nervous breakdown at your best friend's birthday party.
    (e) Taken a late night dip in the Torrens River.
    (f) Taken a late night dip in a person you've just met in a public convenience.
    (g) Beaten off while viewing an adolescent boy's buttocks from beneath a glass coffee table.

2. Score five points each if you list the following among your *favorite* pastimes:
    (a) Wearing nice clothes.
    (b) Eating yum cha.
    (c) Rooting for the Australian Rugby Union team.
    (d) Reading anything written by Leo Schofield.
    (e) Looking up old friends.
    (f) Strolling through Paddington markets in leather trousers.
    (g) Reading biographies of dead movie stars while lying on Camp Cove beach with a black lycra G-string up your crack.

QUIZ

Add five points to your score if you've ever thrown a party where nobody spewed.

3. Score five points each if you have ever used the following words:
    (a) Fabulous.
    (b) Divine.
    (c) Exquisite.
    (d) Scintillating.
    (e) Stunning.

4. Score five points each if you have ever heard songs by the following musical artists. Score 10 points each if you have danced to them. Score 20 points each if you have listened to them while being gang-banged by a squadron of drunken sailors.
    (a) Donna Summer.
    (b) Elton John.
    (c) Bronski Beat.
    (d) Boy George.
    (e) Anything by Judy Garland or Edith Piaf.

5. Subtract five points each if you have ever participated in the following activities:
    (a) Voted for Fred Nile.
    (b) Shouted obscenities while watching *King's Kitchen.*
    (c) Attended a heavy metal concert and headbutted the speakers.
    (d) Attended a Gay Rights rally and headbutted the speakers.
    (e) Owned a panel van with a really ace Viking scene painted on it.
    (f) Attended the speedway (*not* the Grand Prix).
    (g) Referred to low alcohol beer as "poofters' piss."
    (h) Swilled copious quantities of beer while keeping one eye on the telly over the bar for the TAB results on the fifth at Eagle Farm.
    (i) Thrown a reverse flick pass to the five-eighth on the burst through the gap for a four-pointer under the sticks.
    (j) Understood what is meant by option (i).
    (k) Considered making a comedy film about AIDS and calling it *Carrion Up The Khyber.*
    (l) Felt a chubby coming on while polishing up your steel-capped bovver boots for a fun night of kicking the bejesus out of a gaggle of cowering, squealing, limpwristed, disease carrying, lisping, perverted faggots.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

All answers in Section A have been awarded point values which are listed below. For Section B, add or subtract your points from the Section A tally. Highest possible score is 450; the lowest, 50.

1. a-1, b-3, c-0, d-5
2. a-5, b-1
3. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-5, e-1, f-0
4. a-5, b-1, c-5, d-3
5. a-5, b-7, c-4, d-3
6. a-5, b-5, c-10
7. a-4, b-6, c-10, d-1
8. a-3, b-5, c-5, d-6, e-8
9. a-1, b-5, c-1, d-10, e-0
10. a-3, b-3, c-5, d-0
11. a-10, b-5
12. a-10, b-10
13. a-5, b-10, c-15, d-10
14. a-10, b-5
15. a-15, b-5
16. a-5, b-10, c-10, d-10
17. a-5, b-8, c-9, d-10, e-13
18. a-10, b-10
19. a-5, b-1, c-10
20. a-10, b-5, c-3
21. a-10, b-10
22. a-5, b-7, c-7, d-10, e-15
23. a-5, b-7, c-10
24. a-10, b-10, c-10, d-5, e-10, f-15
25. a-15
26. a-5, b-5, c-5, d-5, e-15

FROM THE TOP

If you scored 350-450 points:

First the good news. You are not a latent homosexual. We're all grownups here so I won't pussyfoot around with "cute" evasive terms like pillow-biter, freckle puncher, pile driver, jobbie jockey or rump rustler. You, sir, are a *blatant* homosexual — a 100 percent unadulterated fist-fucking faggot. And you know it too, don't you, you deve? You've just gone and wasted my time and yours by completing this quiz, you pathetic mincing queer. You know your perverted preferences like you know the back of your hand. By the way, check the back of your

Continued on page 144

LOOSE ENDS

THE WRITING IS ON THE WALL

Illustration by Mark Tremlett

Did you know that the ladies' toilets of Australia's teeming metropoli are chockablock with rampaging, Pentel pen-wielding bull dykes? Or at least with disturbing evidence of them? Maybe you haven't checked your local ladies' lately. If I'm to presume that you, Ronnie Reader, are a man, I'd be sort of comforted to know that you hadn't been loitering around women's conveniences. There's little worse than exiting after a quick wee and hair tease and confronting a leering pervert with his hands wiggling in his pockets. So you'll have to take my word for it. Or ask your girlfriend.

Just say you did venture a squiz in a women's toilet cubicle, what sort of graffiti do you reckon you'd find there? "CHERYL LUVS KEVIN. TRUE"? Or perhaps, "THEY DON'T CALL MY BOYFRIEND DONK FOR NOTHING "? Maybe even, "SEE THIS DUNNY DOOR. THE SPUNKRAT I'M GOING ROUND WITH BANGS LIKE IT"? *Nosiree.* These days you'd be pushing it uphill to find such witty old chestnuts. Maybe if you squinted you'd detect faint remnants beneath the screaming scrawl of militant lesbians.

I'm not exaggerating. Well, not much. I have recently had cause to urinate in public facilities in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide (I've *been* everywhere, man), and in each city I have found evidence of an alarming trend in dunny door defacement by dykes. I must say that I've been reading some lesbian graffiti in toilets for years. That old one about women needing men like fish needing bicycles has been cropping up since I was a teenager. I haven't got enough digits to count the number of times I've been sitting tinkling with the image in my mind's eye of a mullet on a Malvern Star. But that's small fry compared with the stuff one reads today. On a trip to the toilets during interval at the pictures recently I saw: "LESBIANS UNITE!", "WOMEN WHO LOVE WOMEN ARE THE HAPPIEST", "AVOID AIDS, BECOME A LESBIAN", "LESBIANS FOR PEACE", "LESBIANS FOR GOD", and "WIMMIN, STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS!" As the floor was decidedly dry I concluded that no wimmin had been standing up for their rights during interval. It gave me a good laugh, though. Indeed, if I hadn't been doing so at the time I may well have pissed myself.

I will admit that I was asking for it by using the toilet at an "art cinema." I've come to expect such scribble in the dunnies of any movie house where everyone hisses during the Peter Stuyvesant commercials. But I don't expect it in the lavatories of David Jones, city and suburban restaurants, railway stations, quiet little coffee lounges and — *quel horreur!* — those last bastions of tough teenage heterosexuality, shopping malls and ice skating rinks.

I am not what you'd call an *habitue* of ice rinks, but not long ago I attended a "do" where glittery types in tuxedoes and taffeta ate French food and guzzled French wine at tables set up on an ice rink. After said guzzling, an obligatory comfort stop revealed a plethora of graffiti — some of it of the "NOELENE 4 WAYNE" variety, but a lot of it of the "BEV, YOUR FACE OR MINE?" variety. In a Chinese restaurant just the other day I was confronted with two linked female gamete symbols and the words, "GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE TONGUES." Back at the table I looked around furtively trying to spot some lesbians. I was alert for bib and brace overalls, crew cuts, marker pen ink on the fingers and maybe a tattoo or three. No-one looked suspicious. I didn't even see any women eating fish. But they've got to be out there, pens ever poised to spread feminist lesbian doctrine in an insidious manner that grabs the Australian woman's undivided attention. I know they're out there because I read it on a toilet door at a coffee shop. In letters a foot high the message ran: "LESBIANS ARE EVERYWHERE." I studiously checked the bowl before I flushed.

I really couldn't give a monkey's who screws who and where and how. It's the business of the individual. But it does irk me to be confronted with man-hating propaganda from the sisters of the cystern every time I take a leak. To paraphrase the great Rex Mossop, I'm sick and tired of having other people's sexual preferences rammed down my throat. It irks me so that I'm even considering waging a counter-offensive. I've got me a marker pen so that next time I read militant cunnilingual claptrap I can lean forward and scribble something like, "EXCUSE ME, MS, I'M A FLATHEAD. GOT ANY BICYCLE CLIPS?" Or maybe, "HANDICAPPED BIKE RACKS FOR BLIND MULLET."

I haven't really given it a great deal of thought yet, but I'm working up to a full-scale campaign. Yes sir, from here on in no feminist lesbian is going to catch me with my pants down. — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

HATS OFF TO THE SORROWS

With gung-ho rock thrash-outs embalmed in cavernous production so much the current mood of many releases, it's easy to hear how the **Black Sorrows** are quietly out of step with such trends. However, it's almost inconceivable that a band of this calibre with a songwriter of Joe Camilleri's track record would have had problems finding a major label to release *Dear Children* (CBS). Elements of country soul have been no strangers to the airwaves. It's an area Elvis Costello has tapped on occasion, and although Camilleri's writing may not be as voluminous or as literate as that poet laureate of popular song, it deserves to be heard. The Black Sorrows have lost some of the Cajun/Tex Mex leanings on this release with the accordian replaced or augmented by Hammond organ. Camilleri has always mined his influences in public. *Hats Off Step Lively* had the direct influence of touring with Graham Parker. Here he's capable of the rock swagger of John Cougar Mellencamp and the lighter soulful feeling of Van Morrison. However, Joey and da boise make this piece of territory very much their own.

A more globally famous musical chameleon is **David Bowie**, whose latest album/world tour threatens to be his last (believe it when it doesn't happen). *Never Let Me Down* (EMI) mightn't alter the face of popular music but its thumping swagger neatly echoes much of what is in the air. Bowie and cohorts — long time associate Carlos Alomar (guitar), multi-instrumentalist Erdal Kizilcay, and former pin-up guitar hero and school chum Peter Frampton — are firing on all cylinders from the opening bars of "Day-In Day-Out."

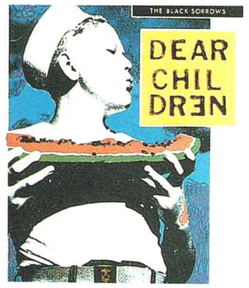
Tom Verlaine had his song "Kingdom Come" covered by Bowie on the *Scarey Monsters* album, but most of his material hasn't reached huge audiences and he has been lumbered with the label "serious cult artist" since his seminal work with Television in the late Seventies. *Flash Light* (Mercury) sees him with no diminished faculties. His guitar-based arrangements and narrative observations (of the style Lloyd Cole picked up on) command your attention and make listening worth your while.

Another high value double package comes from those disarming studio boffins **The Art Of Noise**. *Reworks Of Art Of Noise* (China/Chrysalis) includes their *In Visible Silence* album as well as one side of extended remixes and one side recorded live. Yes, gasp, this studio threesome actually made it on to the stage with the help of some friends — well two of them did anyway; programming maestro Gary Langan sat in the mobile and recorded the proceedings.

No stranger to mass adulation and world domination with Duran Duran and Power Station, guitarist **Andy Taylor** steps out on his own albeit in cahoots with one-time Sex Pistol Steve Jones. The music on *Thunder* (MCA) bears little relation to either of their previous bands — being full of over-blown guitar antics and one slow obligatory anthem in "French Guitar."

Fleetwood Mac have brushed off the cobwebs, patched up differences, saved up enough to dryclean all of Stevie Nicks' scarves, and ventured into the studio to *Tango Into The Night* (WEA). It's still possible that some of the band have only seen each other at photo sessions, though, as the album is almost like three solo EPs in the one package. If you like that sort of thing it's a classic Big Mac album (belch).

Patti Smith followed Cyndi Lauper's example by utilising (amongst others) most of the Hooters as writers and performers for *Never Enough* (CBS). The result is more of a hard rock



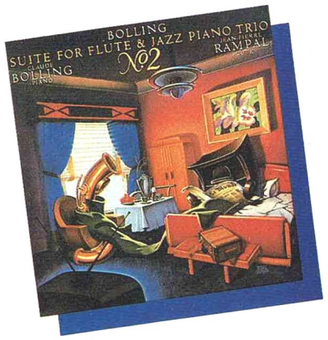
version of Suzanne Vega than any of Cyndi's songs. A convincing belter, Smith even has the good taste to cover Tom Waits' "Downtown Train."

The gentle atmospherics of the **Durutti Column** (guitarist Vini Reilly plus friends) are relived on *Valuable Passages* (Factory). Some Columnists have since found their way into another Manchester band, **Simply Red** — on brass, bass and drums. Ambience's loss is the dance floor's gain. *Men and Women* (WEA) is the second offering from singer Mick Hucknall's entourage of classic soul inspired songsters. Not above a ballad ("Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye"), the emphasis is on mid-paced lower limb motivators with sweet sounds from the throat of their carrot-topped leader.

After her part as main mouth for the born again disco of I'm Talking, **Kate Ceberano** has been indulging an earlier love — jazz and cocktail-latin classics. *Kate Ceberano And Her Septet* (Regular) was recorded live last year with some competent young Melbourne jazzers.

Meanwhile, from the land where jazz has been possibly more revered than in its native America, French pianist **Claude Bolling** and flautist **Jean-Pierre Rampal** (aided by a sympathetic rhythm section) make easy work of Bolling's second exposition of jazz style in a classical format. *Suite For Flute And Jazz Piano Trio No 2* (CBS) comes a decade after this couple's first highly successful collaboration.

If it's sweet country crooning you crave then the *Trio* (WEA) of **Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt** and **Emmylou Harris** should not be missed. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from the top: Black Sorrows a must-listen; The seminal Tom Verlaine; Classical jazz from Bolling and Rampal; Bowie doesn't let his fans down.

FILM

FUNNIEST THING SINCE SLICED BABIES

When you really sit down and give it some serious thought you've got to admit that there's very little inherently funny about babies. While someone else's chubby pink article may be appreciated from a suitable distance, it is seldom the generator of copious hilarity. In fact babies are sort of dribbly, hairless and noisier versions of the infamous John Brown koala. Similarly, over the years I have noted a decided lack of intrinsic risibility about high explosives and Harley Davidson motorcycles.

And so it came as quite a surprise to discover that when these three unrelated thingies are brought together on celluloid, sidesplitting comedy can be the result. Where do you get it? Try **Raising Arizona** — 1000ccs of offbeat mirth that blasts out of the left field of American humor.

An introductory plot outline will leave you none the wiser but here's one anyway. Hi McDonnough is a good-hearted and hapless small time crim who can't go past a convenience store without robbing it. In and out of jail on a seasonal basis, Hi strikes up a romantic attachment with Edwina, the police booking officer who has taken his mug shot more times than Lord Lichfield has had cucumber sandwiches. After extracting his promise to go straight, Edwina accepts Hi's marriage proposal and the pair settle down in a trailer home in the desert.

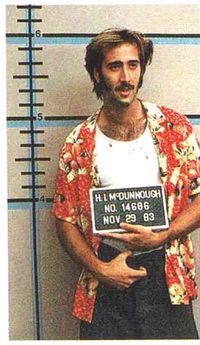
When their concerted procreative efforts fail, and Hi's criminal record precludes adoption, the pair hatch a plan to steal a baby from a white wood furniture tycoon whose wife has had quintuplets. The great baby heist (one of the funniest film sequences in memory) results in a bouncing, be-Snuggled baby boy by the name of Nathan.

The path from state pen to playpen runs not smooth, however, for outrageous circumstances and characters combine to thwart Hi and Ed's game of happy families. And those characters and circumstances ensure that the film lives up to its promotional subtitle of "A comedy beyond belief."

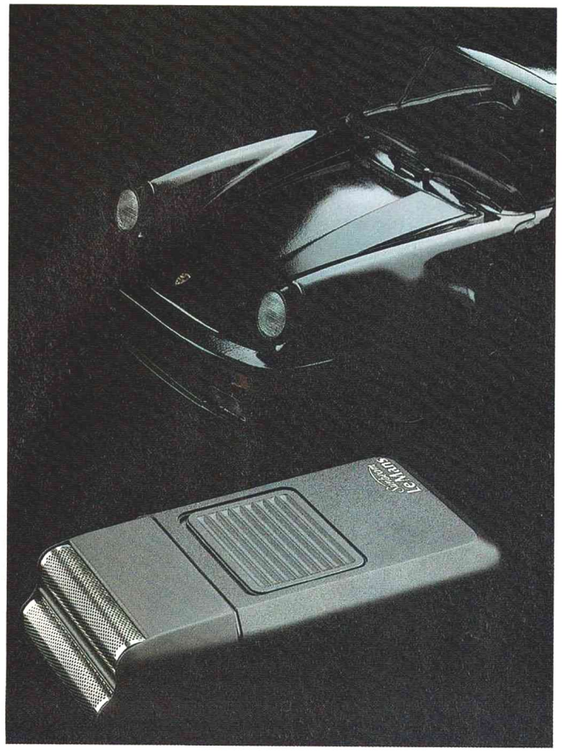
Raising Arizona is the work of young film makers Joel and Ethan Coen, the brothers who scared the pants of cinema goers a few years back with *Blood Simple*. Here they substitute uproarious humor for the horror of the previous work, and while both films have a commonality of crawling bodies, in *Raising Arizona* the bodies are very much alive, little and cute as a bug's ear. Nicholas Cage and Holly Hunter are heart-warmingly hilarious in their roles as Hi and Edwina and from a very funny supporting cast, John Goodman and William Forsythe are perhaps most memorable as Gale and Evelle Snopes, escapees who turn up at Hi and Ed's place after tunnelling out of jail through a sewage pipe. Best of all though is the script, written by the Coens from a recipe that includes a generous handful of quirks and surprises, a dash of hallucinogen, and a goodly slurp of the tincture of tenderness. Unequivocally recommended.

Another comedy with a lot of ticker is writer/director Barry Levinson's **Tin Men** starring Richard Dreyfuss, Danny Devito and Barbara Hershey. Well, it starts out as a comedy to lure you in; then the jokes become fewer and further between as the storyline plucks ever more heavily on your heart strings. What you've got is a yarn about the nature of love and friendship and the truism about not knowing what you've got until it's gone. Set in 1963 middle America, it's the story of a feud between two rival aluminium salesmen in which one maliciously appropriates the other's wife then accidentally falls in love with her. The laughs are provided by the inane small talk and cut-throat tactics of the two gangs of wonderfully scruffy salesmen and by the early nature of the vendetta between BB and Tilley (Dreyfuss and Devito.) Ticker tugging mounts as BB falls in love with Tilley's wife (Hershey) and Tilley falls on ever more pathetic hard times. Some very nice performances and a general feeling of integrity make *Tin Men* a film that bears thinking about, but it went on just a little too long for my liking.

Let us now step further back in time to the days when perhaps a very young John Laws was abusing callers down a handset crudely fashioned from a couple of jam tins and a bit of string. Back to the days when Bing and Tommy and Glenn and those sassy Andrews gals ruled the airwaves of the Western World. Do not attempt to twiddle your wireless, you're picking up Woody Allen's **Radio Days**. This gentle and amusing homage to the box they had before we had the box takes the form of a family saga to illustrate the dream power of radio in its glorious American heyday. It's got laffs, it's got pathos, it's got great toons, it's got Manhattan glamor and it's got appearances by just about every actor ever to have played in a Woody film. If you like Woody Allen, *Radio Days* will put a smile on your dial. I like Woody Allen. — *C.J. Mackay*



Above: Scenes from the quirky comedy Raising Arizona; Left: Danny Devito and Richard Dreyfuss star as feuding aluminium siding salesmen in Tin Men; Scene from Woody Allen's homage to the wonderful wireless, Radio Days.



FOR LES WHISKERS

The Niki Laudas of the world are used to close shaves. Now you can enjoy the same thrill from the safety of your bathroom. The quality of the Sunbeam range of shavers holds the key. Pictured is the top of the range Le Mans model — or you can choose from one of the International Series. They can turn on a sixpence. Available at leading department stores and electrical stockists.

SHADES OF WINTER

Look groovy, fab, full-on, far out, solid and supercool on the ski slopes this season with ski protection eyewear from Allso International. The cat on the left is wearing polarised shield wraparound ski glasses available in black, white or red. They retail for around $32.95. The spaced-out looking chick on the right is making the scene in ski glasses which feature gold mirror IFR lenses to block out 100 percent of ultraviolet and infra-red light. These frames also feature gas little leather side shields and curled temples so the glasses won't fall off and cause a heavy scene. Available in red, black or navy for $39.95. Psychedelic lip protection by Summergard Zinc Creme. Allso's ski glasses are available at selected ski shops Australia wide.

PACE SETTERS

Rossignol continues to push the limits of ski technology with their stunning 1987 range. Pictured here are the mid-priced Rossignol skis; then there's Rossignol's great new graphics on the mono ski, available in sizes of 170, 185 and 200 cms for around $595; while 1986 World Slalom Champion Jonas Nilsson shows how it's done on the 3G model. For the name of your nearest Rossignol stockist, call (02) 211 1422 or (03) 690 4533.

BUCKLE DOWN

Rodeo riding takes guts, so it would seem rather apt that the champions of the rodeo arena should be awarded trophies designed to be worn on the gut. Buckles like these pictured are often used as trophies at rodeos. At Thomas Cook's Boot & Clothing Co in Sydney and Melbourne, buckles depicting 15 different horse events in rolled gold and German silver are available for the cowboy brigade. They range in size from the merely manageable to suckers the size of dinner platters that, if actually worn, would really require a lot of guts. Also available are the exquisitely handcrafted Crumrine buckles featuring intricate scroll designs in pure silver and gold. Made in the States, the buckles are all set on a solid brass base and range in price from $29 to $245 at Thomas Cook's in George St, Sydney and Mollison St, Abbotsford in Victoria.

INFLATABLE FUN

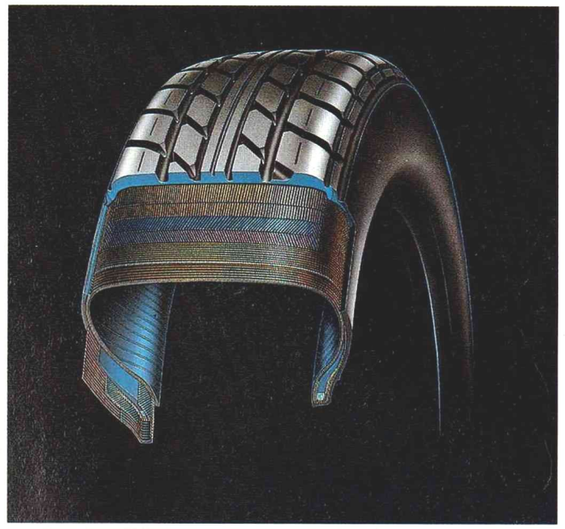
The announcement of the 1987 range of Zodiac inflatable craft marks the big half century of business for this highly successful international outfit. And there's no need to wonder how they've managed to stay around so long; they've pioneered this market and keep it practically a closed shop by continuing to develop and improve their models. Be your boat for sport, pleasure or profession, it's a case of more fool you if you don't check out their range next time you get the urge to blow up a boat.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

Ho ho ho and a hip flask of naughty nectar. Not just any hip flask — a Royal Australian Navy hip flask. These snappy flasks are just dandy for letting you move the spirit so it can move you wherever you are. Perfect for a quick swig while you're waiting in line for the ski lift, a bit of a gargle while you're waiting to reel in a whopper, a slurp of singing syrup at the footy, or a hit of nerve tonic as you stand on the bridge with a mother of an iceberg looming menacingly close to your port bow . . . and heck, they're pretty blokey. Affordable too — the smallest sells for $33, the intermediate for $36 and for the larger belt look at paying $39. Available at Red Anchor Tailoring in Potts Point, and Glendinnings Menswear, George St, Sydney. Both stores stock a range of naval supplies.

TOUGH TREADS

If you haven't considered the Toyo brand of tyres for your vehicle, then perhaps it's about time you got a grip of yourself — and the road — and checked out their many features. Offering the latest technology to ensure ultimate grip, high speed stability and cornering control in all driving conditions, the Toyo range covers many variables in size, profile, tread pattern designs and construction features — and features reinforced head sidewall and high filler construction. Let's face it: Australia is no motoring pipedream, but at least Toyo can keep you in the race.

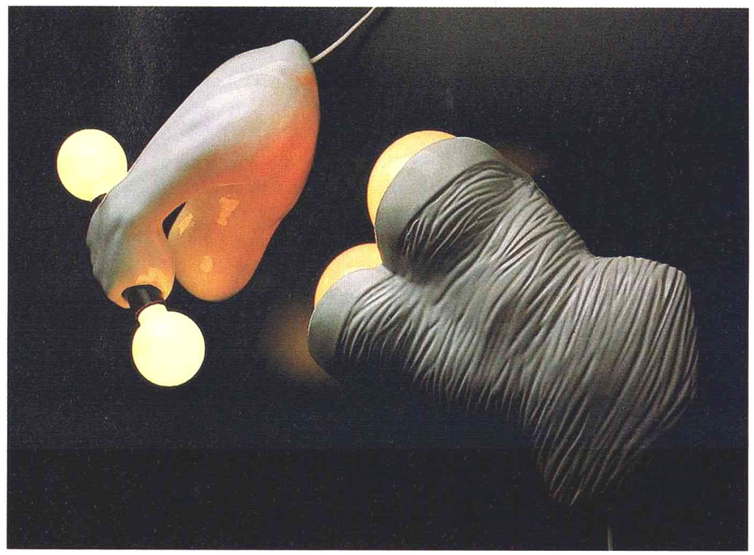


HANDY CAMERA

Just when all the video camera makers were announcing that they'd finally honed their products down to a truly portable size, Sony come through with the latest in vision technology in an even more portable and compact outfit: the Sony Handycam CCD-V30. This generation of 8mm technology from Sony overcomes the lack of portability of existing half-inch format. The V30 also incorporates the features most in demand among home video enthusiasts: auto focus, zoom lens, and built-in playback. It can be connected to any TV or monitor for instant review of a day's footage. Available from the Sony dealer network for close enough to $3000.

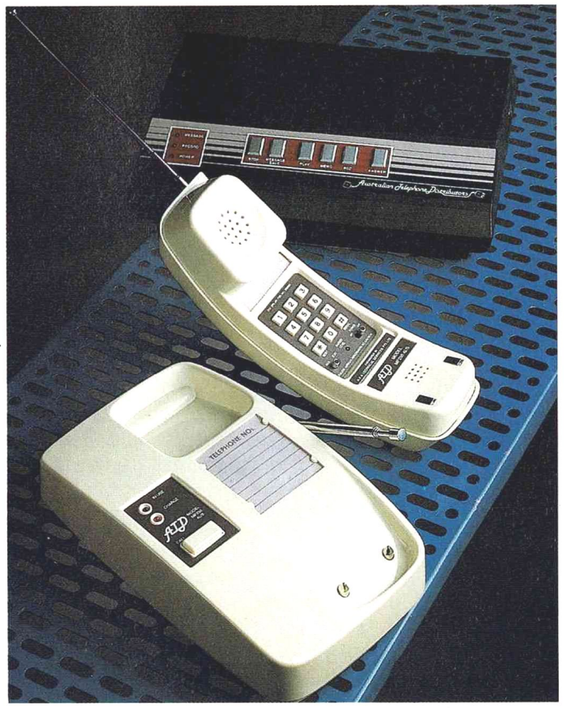
BRIGHT BODIES

Deck your walls with bits of bodies with these decorator lamps from Saywell Imports. They say that many hands make light work, but in the case of the muscle lamp it's a matter of just one — but it's one attached to an arm worthy of Rambo. Crafted in Europe and available in black or white, the muscle lamp sells for $270. Or if you wish to have a nicely rounded pair of breasts to brighten your life get yourself a torso lamp, also available in black or white, for a mere $159. Both lamps are available through stockists of Saywell Imports decorator and giftware. For outlets near you, phone (02) 519 5622.



RAVE REVIEWS

A locally developed guitar has been getting rave reviews from Australian musicians. The Trak Bass allows bass guitarists to play the synthesiser, but without the usual tracking delays of earlier developments. It means the synth and the bass sounds combine perfectly to form new sounds. It's new, but already Australia's most respected guitar manufacturer, Maton, has seen the potential and become the distributor. It's now to be found and tested through most reputable music outlets, and costs around $3990. Listen for it.



HOME AND AWAY

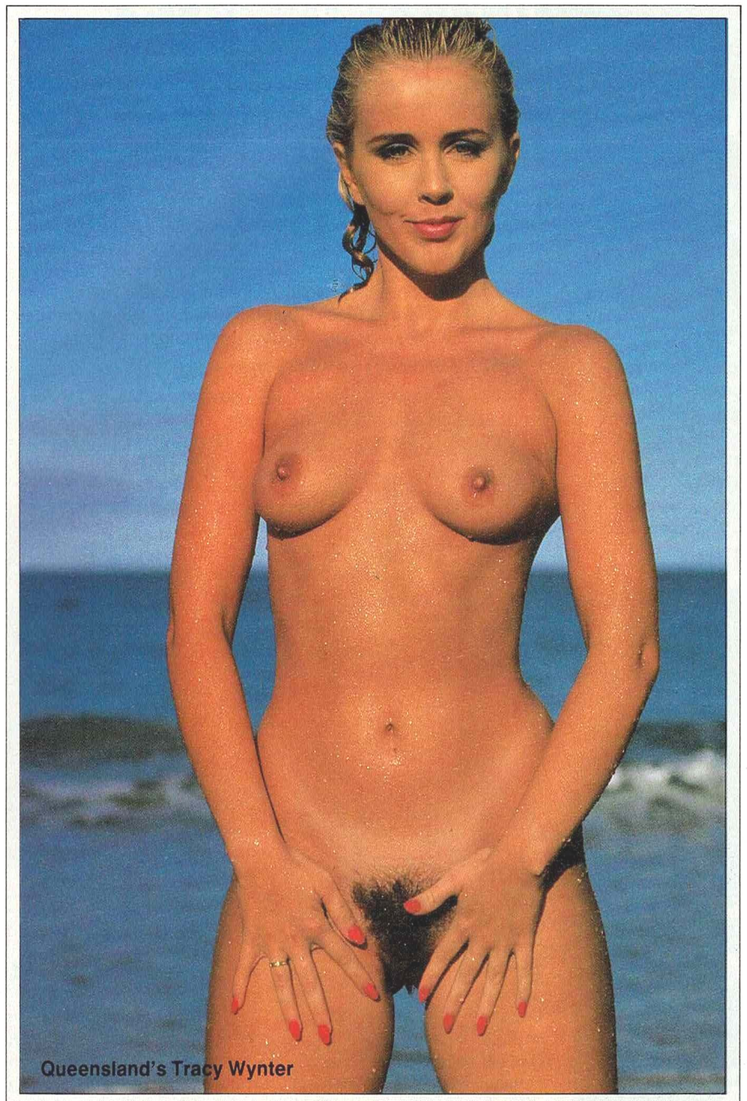
Two new products from Australian Telephone Distributors ensure that you'll never miss a call. The remote answering machine incorporates microprocessor operation to ensure reliability and trouble free usage. It features beeperless remote control which allows you to access your messages from anywhere in the world simply by using pre-programmed voice patterns — saving you the need to carry a decoder. It includes memo function, message and power indicators, adjustable volume and the latest in feather touch controls. Comes with an instruction manual and a year's guarantee. The cordless telephone features an intercom function, charge and in-use lights, battery level indicator, mute and redial facilities, and allows clear reception and transmission. It has a range of up to 250 metres. Both products are Telecom permitted and both sell for $299. For stockists phone Australian Telephone Distributors on (02) 858 2366.

WICKED WICKERS

Here's classic evidence to support the notion that it's better to give than to receive . . . though it can't be too strongly denied that edible condoms, chocolate tits, a piece of soap shaped like a bum on a piece of string, a wind-up willy, feathers, and a dork-shaped candle have their place. Novelty value is what it's all about, and novelty plumbs new depths in the new line of a Sydney business — Naughty Wickers. Where once a strippergram might have come — and gone — the malady lingers on with one of these collections of curios. Photographed is Flynn's Fantasy ($50), while other collections include Tonight Josephine, and Yes, Yes Nanette. All class — and delivered to all suburbs in Sydney. Other states can watch out for them. You could do worse than ring for a brochure or order on (02) 629 1310 . . . maybe.

FLOATING AN IDEA

Need an instant dock or marina, temporary jetty, boat landing, floating work platform or perhaps an emergency floating pontoon? The answer is Jetfloat, a system of interlocking modular floats with an accent on simplicity and time-saving efficiency. One connecting pin holds together four strong plastic floats, each measuring 500mm x 500mm x 400mm and weighing 6kg. A dock or a pontoon suitable as a small boat mooring or floating work platform can be assembled in 10 minutes. Advantages of the Jetfloat system include portability, load capacity (375kg/sq m), freedom of maintenance, stability and immunity from damage by frost, sea water or acids. For full information, contact Johnson Diversified on (02) 428 9111.



Queensland's Tracy Wynter

COMING IN SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Strange Customs—Most Australians probably view this country's Customs Service as a band of dedicated vigilantes guarding the nation from a flood of drugs and pornography. September *Australian Penthouse* demolishes that illusion with a startling investigation into the inadequacies of the Service and an analysis of the problems confronting the 5000 officers fighting against the tide of illegal imports.

The Cokeville Horror — Cokeville USA was a sleepy little town until self-styled "philosopher" David Young walked into the local school and took 160 pupils and teachers hostage. The terror that resulted turned one man's nightmare into a living hell for his prisoners.

Rajiv Gandhi Interview — His grandfather fought for India's independence from England and became her first prime minister. His mother was gunned down by religious fanatics at the height of her power. Now Rajiv Gandhi is faced with the daunting challenge of leading his nation into the 20th Century. *Penthouse* talks to the Indian prime minister about his country's future and how he hopes to bind the wounds of his strife-torn, poverty-stricken 800 million people.

Heat Treatment — Prepare to adjust your thermostats for the appearance of 20-year-old Gold Coaster Tracy Wynters in September *Australian Penthouse*. A liberal dash of her charming radiance serves as ample tonic to warm the cockles of any heart. And she's between these covers. Next month.

QUIZ

Continued from page 134

hand. That's not a liver spot, that's Kaposi's Sarcoma. So why not make a nice change by bending over and kissing your own arse . . . goodbye. *Adios amigo.*

If you scored 150-250 points:
Backs to the wall, boys! You are what is described by Kinsey and Masters and Johnson as a "wardrobe woolly woofter." You display many of the characteristics common to those in the higher points range but you're a lot more secretive about it, you shifty, beady-eyed closet queen. In this regard you are a lot more dangerous than your limp-wristed, panty-waisted, overtly pansy counterparts. You are the type of guy who says, "I'm not a poofter but the guy I screw alternate Tuesday nights while the wife's at china painting classes is." You probably drive a nice car, have a lot of expensive clothes and organise brunches where you dribble about Fellini retrospectives, don't you, nancy boy? You're a danger to the future of the human race and I bet you work in advertising.

If you scored 50-150 points:
Welcome to the real world, pal. You're our kind of people. There's just a teensy weensy problem in the area of homosexual latency. Are you sitting down? You see, you have a pronounced mattress munching tendency. Sure, you might know your way around a footy and a schooner of old and you might like a punt on the geegees, but at any time — next week, next year, later if you're lucky — there's a big chance that you'll be dancing the chocky cha cha. It will happen slowly, almost imperceptibly, at first. Like you may decide to grow a moustache or your wife might remark that you're walking funny and you'll say, "What do you mean, *funny*?" and she'll say, "Like you've got a bloody big cucumber up your arse." Then you might think that a pair of leather trousers would be just the thing to go with that leather jacket of yours — then you'll lash out on a natty little leather hat. You'll know you're really in trouble when you start to see merit in those dangly little wrist purses for blokes. From there it's a short downhill step to full-blown faggotdom. You'll be sniffing amyl and using Femfresh for mouthwash, squealing with delight when the fleet's in and hawking your quoit for peanuts along Oxford Street. It is not a pretty picture and it's one I'm loathe to paint, especially since you went to all that trouble checking the really macho options in the quiz. Just don't write whingeing letters to me when they diagnose you anti-body positive. There's no way I'm going near an envelope you've licked. You have been warned (you big poof).

UNMISTAKABLY GORDON'S.

UDG225APB 2491-A

THE BIGGEST 30'S BEAT THAT!

ALSO AVAILABLE
IN VIRGINIA AND MENTHOL

APB4558-C JWT1669K1